

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

APRIL • 25¢

**Is A Husband Always Right?
Help ROSEMARY decide a
wife's most difficult question**

Jack Berch's Easter Story

**There's My Husband
by MRS. EDDIE ALBERT**

**Also: ED WYNN
ART LINKLETTER
YOUNG DR. MALONE**

LUCILLE BALL
star of CBS's
My Favorite Husband





Lucille and Lois Barnes of Los Angeles. The Toni Twin says, "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking." Can you tell which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist.

Which Twin has the Toni ?

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*



Now—any day, any time—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft—like naturally curly hair...and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing \$20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as the finest beauty shop permanent—*feels* as soft as naturally curly hair. Lois, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

P.S. For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

"I'm not a twin, but I am a Toni fan," says Carol Maurer, student at Northwestern University. "Toni is the only permanent that seems to be just right for my baby-fine hair... never leaves it frizzy, but always soft and natural-looking."



TONI SPIN CURLERS
twice as easy — twice as fast



All plastic. No rubber bands.
They grip the hair... spin up the curls... and lock with a flick of the finger.

Available in combination with Toni Refill... only \$2.29

Keep your **WHOLE** mouth **WHOLESOME!**



Play safe—keep mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Never risk

halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care* for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better protection for your whole mouth!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to do both—provide double protection*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you must fight tooth decay, of course. But, dentists warn, *don't stop there*—fight gum troubles, too!

For unhealthy gums cause more tooth losses than decay...and, along with unhealthy teeth, breed unpleasant breath.

So guard against BOTH—tooth decay and gum troubles—with *doubly-protective, doubly-effective* Ipana care.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For *every* time you use Ipana, you help remove the sticky coating that traps decay bacteria.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Get this double protection—keep your whole mouth “Ipana wholesome.” You’ll enjoy that refreshing Ipana flavor, too.

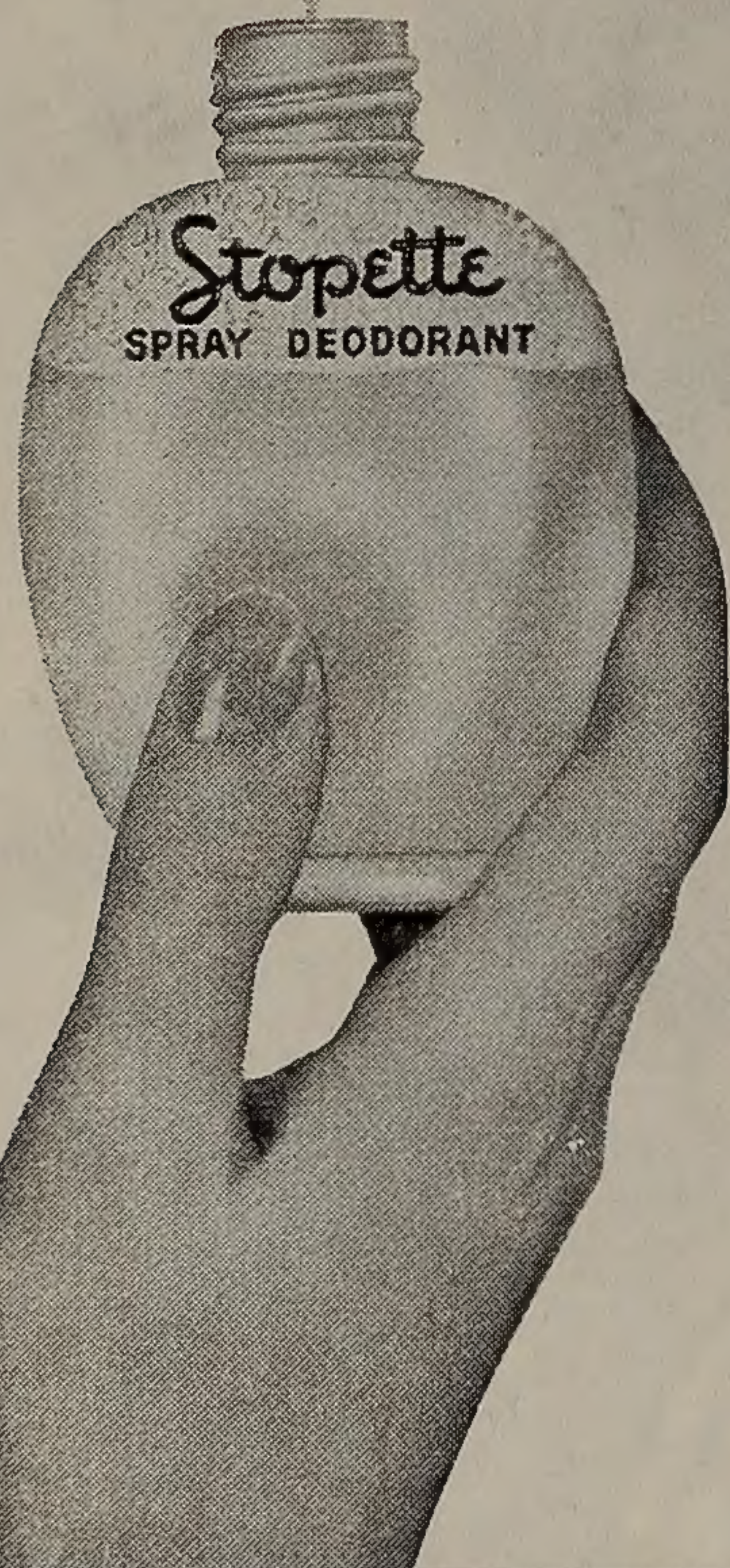
***Here's doubly-effective Ipana care**

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana's unique formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome*. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.



Healthier teeth, healthier gums... **IPANA** for Both!

Poof! There goes perspiration!



Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now *spray* perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

You never touch Stopette... hardly know it touches you. A quick squeeze and you have instant, long-lasting protection. Stops odor, keeps underarm free of excess moisture. Harmless to skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!
2 sizes: 2 1/4 oz. \$1.25; 1 oz. 60c.
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT



APRIL, 1950

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 33, NO. 5

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PLAYTEX FITS AND "BREATHES" LIKE A SECOND SKIN, GIVES YOU THE SUPPLE, VITAL "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

For the way they slim and trim under 1950's new narrow clothes

PLAYTEX® GIRDLES WIN TOP FASHION HONORS

In all the history of fashion, no girdle has been so enthusiastically hailed as PLAYTEX.

Designers of today's slim fashions acclaim PLAYTEX as the Girdle of the 1950's—Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Dessés, Cassini, Dache, Copeland, Mangone and other outstanding fashion authorities.

Millions of women who wear PLAYTEX say no

other girdle combines such figure-slimming power with comfort and freedom. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PLAYTEX slims and trims naturally, gives you a slender, supple silhouette.

Without a seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the narrowest new clothes. And it washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel.



JO COPELAND, known for her elegant, original designs: "To wear the newest, narrowest, most revealing fashions, you have only to wear PLAYTEX!"



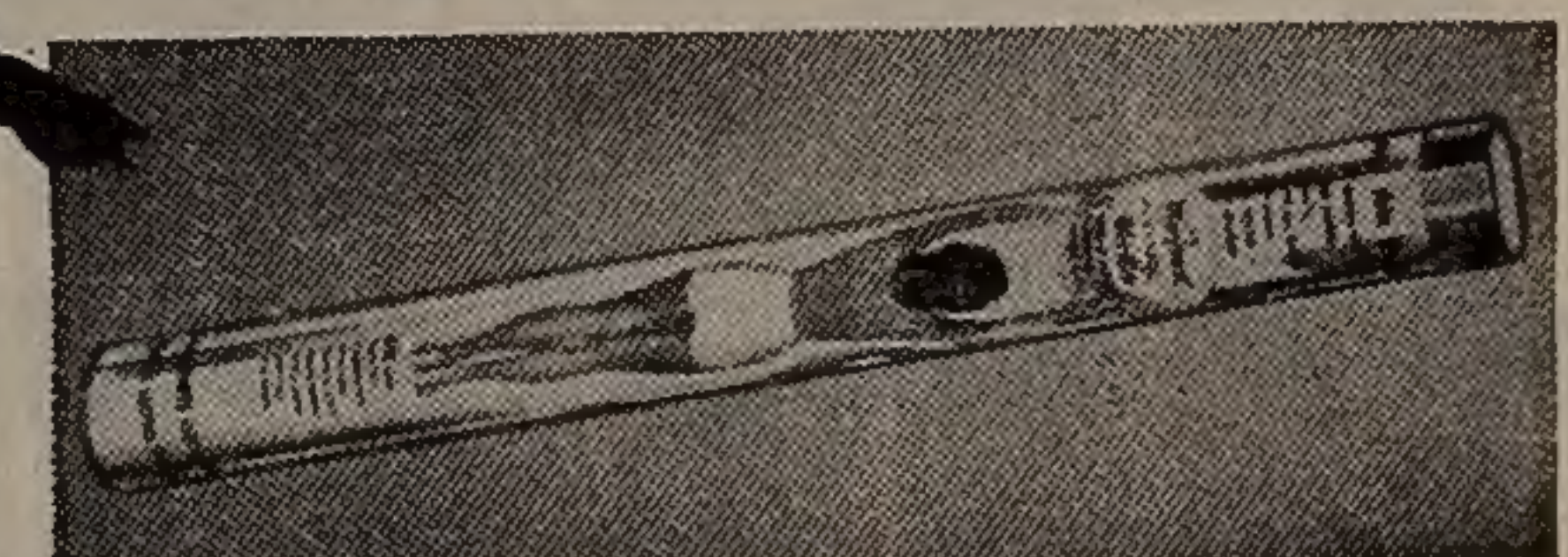
ADELE SIMPSON, famous New York designer: "PLAYTEX not only slims and trims you, but its all-way action-stretch gives you freedom of action."



ANTHONY BLOTTA, sensational originator: "For my newest fashions, you must have the figure of the 1950's, the supple, youthful PLAYTEX figure."

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE?

It's the newest of the sensational PLAYTEX Girdles! More than a color, PINK-ICE is a brand new kind of girdle—light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you. Touch it—and you'll feel the difference . . . wear it and you'll see the difference. PINK-ICE comfortably controls your figure whether you're sitting, standing or walking. Ask to see PINK-ICE today!



In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES, Pink, White or Blue . . . \$3.50 to \$3.95

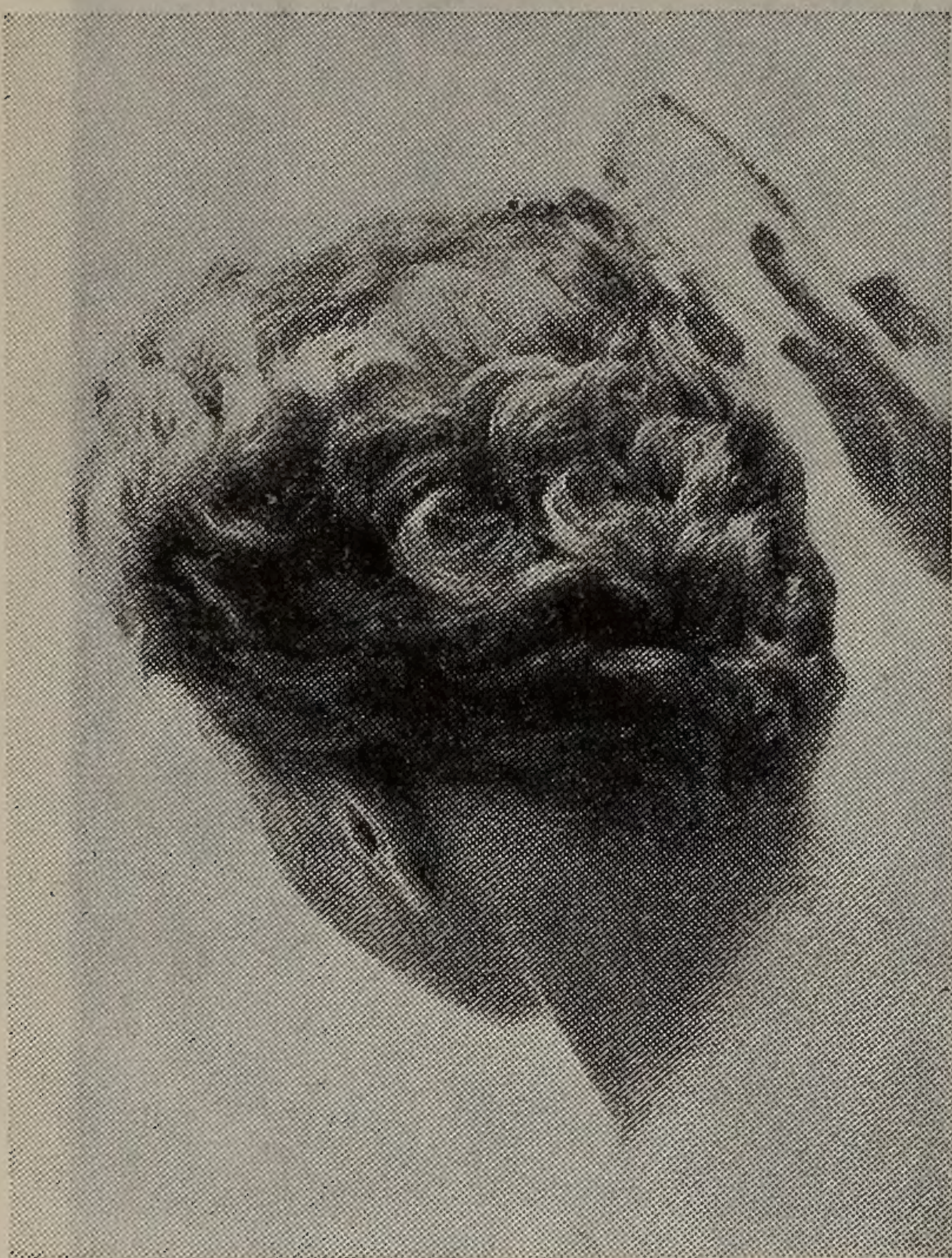
In SLIM, shimmering Pink Tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.

LEARN THE SECRET OF
"PERMANENT" PIN CURLS
...even in damp weather



set your hair tonight with
DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

Yes, you can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist drooping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins stay in day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.



The **brush bob** by Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set top in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

RULES FOR REDHEADS

*They're important to
follow, says Francey
—and she knows why*

Francey Lane sees red—a fiery red every time she looks in her mirror.

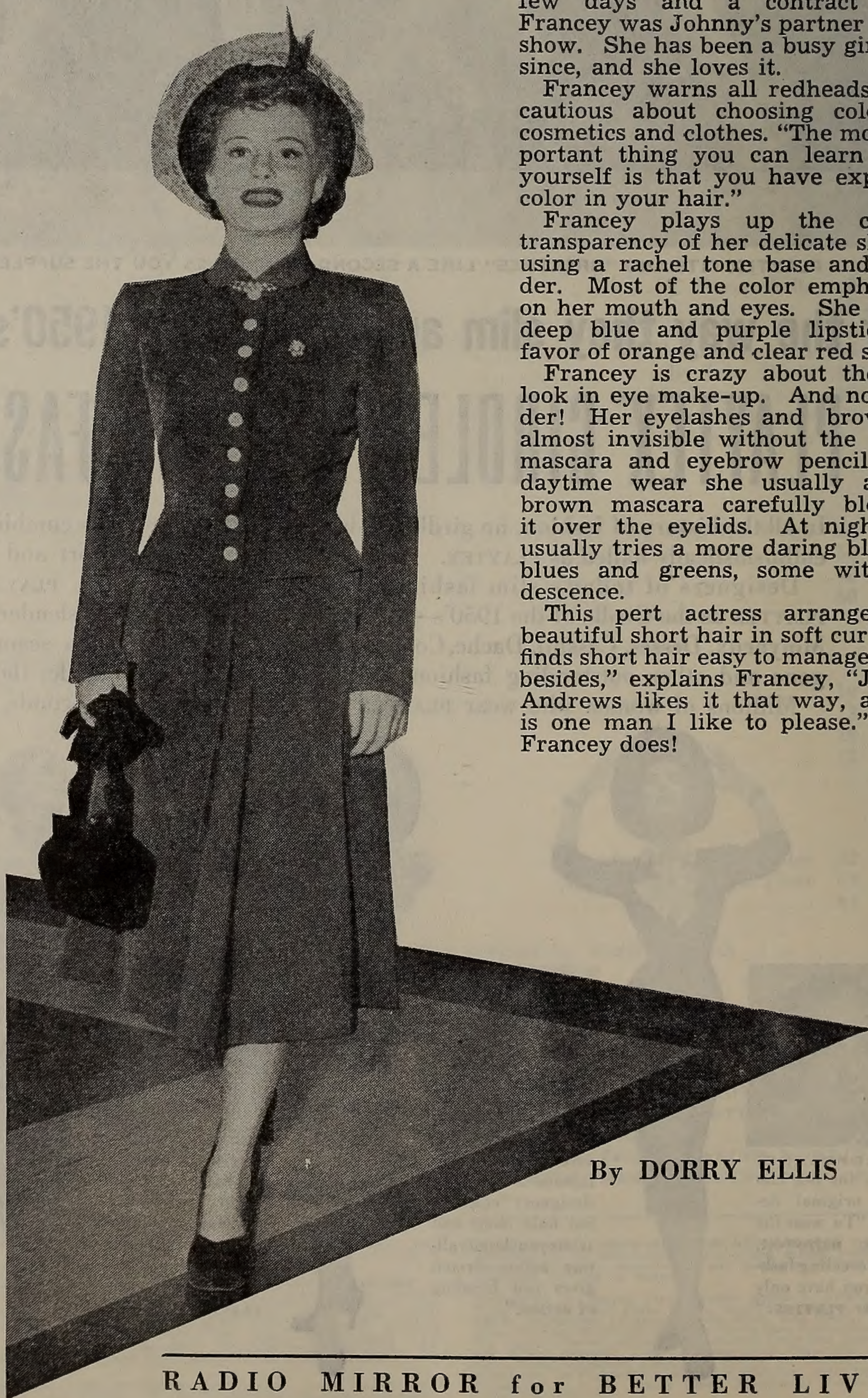
This pretty young TV star's red hair causes many a wolf whistle. But, Francey knows a good luck charm when she sees one, and her titian hair is "it!" It all started when Johnny Andrews, the star of WNBC's Easy Does It, watched one of Francey's auditions. Before she was through, he was asking everyone about "this talented redhead." A few days and a contract later, Francey was Johnny's partner on the show. She has been a busy girl ever since, and she loves it.

Francey warns all redheads to be cautious about choosing colors in cosmetics and clothes. "The most important thing you can learn about yourself is that you have explosive color in your hair."

Francey plays up the creamy transparency of her delicate skin by using a rachel tone base and powder. Most of the color emphasis is on her mouth and eyes. She avoids deep blue and purple lipsticks in favor of orange and clear red shades.

Francey is crazy about the 1950 look in eye make-up. And no wonder! Her eyelashes and brows are almost invisible without the use of mascara and eyebrow pencil. For daytime wear she usually applies brown mascara carefully blending it over the eyelids. At night, she usually tries a more daring blend of blues and greens, some with iridescence.

This pert actress arranges her beautiful short hair in soft curls. She finds short hair easy to manage. "And besides," explains Francey, "Johnny Andrews likes it that way, and he is one man I like to please." And Francey does!



By DORRY ELLIS

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



ANSWER:

still wandering

OF COURSE he is wandering . . . and he won't be back. The romance was over scarcely before it had begun. And she'll never guess why*.

How is Your Breath Today?

Your other charms count for little when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)*.

Why run this risk? Why take your breath for granted—*ever*? Or trust to

makeshifts only momentarily effective?

Instead, call on Listerine Antiseptic, an *extra-careful* precaution against off-color breath. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

Freshens Breath Instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly sweetens the breath. Helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the extra-careful precaution
against Bad Breath

Cold coming on? Gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic . . . it kills millions of germs on throat surfaces . . . often helps head off much cold misery.



Joan Davis looks askance at advice offered by "Pops" (Joseph Kearns) in the CBS comedy, Leave It To Joan.



Hamming it up in a serious way are William "Hopalong" Cassidy and Bing "Sagalong" Crosby as they appeared on the Groaner's Wednesday night show.



What's New

By
**DALE
BANKS**

Seeing eye to eye on The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes are Ben "Holmes" Wright and Eric "Watson" Snowdown.



Pearl of wisdom: Dagwood's "Blondie" (Ann Rutherford) admonishes "Alexander" (Jeffrey Silver) in ABC's comedy.



FROM COAST TO COAST

Two institutions as American as hot dogs and apple pie—the disc jockey and Jo Stafford—have invaded Europe, by means of Radio Luxembourg. Called the Jo Stafford Show, the program features the eight most popular tunes of America and Europe each week, as well as a news section called Hollywood Headlines. It is beamed to London, the Netherlands, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. We sincerely hope the Hollywood Headlines will not be as confusing to Europeans as they are to Americans!

How young is old? Juvenile Jury has had to "retire" two panelists for old age. Peggy Bruder and Patsy Walker both reached the twelve-year age limit which automatically forces them into retirement from the show.

The case of the turned table. The unexpected happened to vocalist Hal Derwin (the voice used by Lee Bowman in the motion picture, "My Dream Is Yours") when Lux Radio Theatre presented a radio adaptation of the flicker. Bowman was unavailable for the part and Derwin was selected to play, as well as sing, the role.

In case you've been wondering, Lassie, the canine wonder of the air waves and

silver screen, has more stand-ins than any actor we know of. Should Lassie fall ill, there are five collies (all of which have identical markings) panting to step into her role.

Ezra Stone, "Henry" in the radio version of The Aldrich Family, has taken over directing chores for the TV version. In view of the fact that Stone has been with the show since its radio debut in 1939 (with the exception of time out for the Army) we can think of no one better qualified for the position.

In a new version of having your cake and eating it, too, is Muntz TV, Inc., with its sponsorship of Mutual's new radio program, Rebuttal. Be that as it may, the television manufacturer knows a good show when he hears it!

Note to the Misses: Maestro Elliot Lawrence, who batons the youngest name band in the business, has more bachelors in his musical crew than any other band. Statistics show the average age of the bandmen to be twenty-four, and of its twenty members only three are married. Heading the list of bachelors is Lawrence, himself, who was twenty-five on St. Valentine's Day.

Rumor has it that Sammy Kaye is negotiating to purchase a small night club on

**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH
RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



**Exhaustive Research by Eminent
Dental Authorities Proves How Using
Colgate Dental Cream Helps
Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!**

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay!

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!



**No Other Dentifrice
Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!



What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

New York's smart East Side. It is a small club designed for an intimate type of entertainment—and is too small for the maestro's band.

* * *

Recently a rehearsal for Mr. District Attorney was held up forty-five minutes. Although the show has been at the same old NBC stand for ten years, someone delivered the scripts to the wrong place . . . adding insult to injury, to the wrong network!

* * *

An unknown songwriter has put Hildegard on the spot. One of the songs of her present repertoire, "In The Park," arrived by mail without a signature. Hildegard would like to give the composer the full credit he deserves, but thus far has been unable to locate him.

* * *

Evelyn Varden, heard as Mother Malone on the daytimer, Young Dr. Malone, recently received a unique distinction. In order to enable her to make a film for them, one movie company paid for the radio time Evelyn already had under contract.

* * *

Ever wonder what actors and theatrical people dream about? After a discussion with performers and crew of NBC's Screen Guild Theater, it became obvious that worry dreams rate tops. Director Bill Lawrence has nightmares in which he's trying to direct a cast of thousands and can't get anyone to listen to him. Writer Harry Kronman has recurrent dreams of having to finish a script after the program's already on the air. Actor Griff Barnett often dreams of being late for a program and rushing to his dressing room, only to find there are fifty dressing rooms all alike, and he can't tell which is his.

* * *

Dan Seymour, Sing It Again emcee, has come up with a new adult game which is due to be marketed this month. The game is based on improvisation of parodies of popular songs similar to Sing It Again's technique. However, the game requires no piano or musical instrument.

* * *

Bob Hope has been chosen "Sportsman of The Year" in a poll conducted by Harry Wismer, sports director of the American Broadcasting Company. The distinction was awarded "as much for his sportsmanship as for his actual sports participation." Hope, an ardent golfer and frequent participant in golf tournaments for worthy charities, is also a backer of the Cleveland Indians and Los Angeles Rams. However, the prime reason for the citation was Hope's "countless contributions of public service in support of all sports."

* * *

Pert vocalist Doris Day will be completely deglamorized when she appears with Ronald Reagan and Ginger Rogers in the film, "Storm Center." The highest-priced dress she'll wear is three dollars and nineteen cents.

Cathy Lewis has been turning down TV offers right and left. "When I appear," she says, "I want to be seen first as Irma's friend, Jane Stacey, so I prefer to wait until My Friend Irma becomes a television show."

* * *

HUMOR TECHNIQUES. A stitch in time may save nine, but a laugh in time is what saves a comic. What it (the laugh or the comic) does to the listener is strictly a personal matter, which we won't go into here.

But let's take a moment off to look behind the scenes at the serious side of radio comedy. For it is a serious business—witness the balding pates of your favorite comedians. VP Hubbell Robinson, Jr., CBS Director of Programs, takes the bull by the horns and throws comedy into four general classifications: (1) "stand-up joke," (2) "situation" comedy, (3) "premise" comedy, and (4) "personality" comedian.

The Stand-Up Joke style is the routine calling for a string of unrelated gags, a stooge, and an orchestra or its equivalent. It is the grandfather of all comedy shows, but is now struggling against the tide. There just aren't enough new jokes, and the old ones have been dished up in every conceivable form. Currently, the "stand-up" joke is being served as hash—and, as every cook knows, that's the last word.

The Situation Comedy, a comedy story with a plot that has a beginning, middle, and end, is well represented on the air waves today. Amos 'n' Andy, Burns and Allen, and Fibber McGee and Molly might be called pioneers in this field. Successful followers of the technique are Our Miss Brooks, My Favorite Husband, Red Skelton and Joan Davis. Joan Davis and Burns and Allen, whose vaudeville training made them masters of timing, started out in radio as "stand-up joke" comics. But when the handwriting on the wall presented itself, both switched to "situation" comedy. From where we sit, an enviable situation!

The Premise Comedy is exactly what its title implies. Probably the noblest exponents of them all are Jack Benny and Fred Allen. Their shows are not based on plots. For example, Benny takes a premise, such as what he and his cast did on Ground Hog Day. Most of the fun on his half-hour show will be related to and spring from that basic premise or theme. Allen is apt to select some topic of current events, such as "Do you think teachers are underpaid?" or "What do you think of the new Parisian flat-chested look?" Whether the premise be serious or ridiculous, the result is a barrel of fun.

The Personality Comedian is a rarity, and there have probably been more casualties in this branch of the comedy field than in any other. Arthur Godfrey is an outstanding example of the "personality" comic, as is Bing Crosby. Neither has plot nor premise, and although they do tell jokes, neither relies on them exclusively. The success of a "personality" comedian is hard to explain. It seems to add up to the fact that, "well, he's just Godfrey, that's all."

There is one point the "situation,"

"premise," and "personality" formats have in common—a clear and consistent delineation of the characters. For example, Jack Benny is always a penny-pincher; My Friend Irma, a scatterbrain living in a world of her own; Our Miss Brooks, a pessimist always prepared for the worst; the earthy Lum and Abner; and, of course, the irascible but adorable brat, Charlie McCarthy. Extreme care is taken with each joke or humorous situation to make certain it is in strict keeping with the carefully established personality of the character who utters it. Many is the joke that was sure "boff" but was struck out because it was not in character. Take Burns and Allen as an example. Gracie is seldom on hand in person at the preliminary script sessions, but always in spirit—"Now, Gracie would be thinking this way . . ." or "Gracie would say . . ." But when neither the writers nor George are certain as to whether "Gracie" would really react as the script indicates, George puts through a fast call home, and the fate of the gag is settled with a brief "good" or "sorry, no." Gracie so completely understands her comedy role that she knows immediately whether a situation is "in character" or not.

It's a serious business, this funny business. There's gold and glory in the funny-bone, but you have to know how to tap it!

* * *

OFF THE LINE: Look for Fibber McGee and Molly to do their first TV show sometime this Spring. Scripts and sets are ready and have been approved by stars and sponsor . . . The new song hit recently recorded by Fred Waring, "Come Dance With Me," was composed by Dick Liebert, organist for the day-timer, Second Mrs. Burton . . . May 24th broadcast of Dr. Christian will be the production of the prize-winning play of the ninth annual Dr. Christian Award competition . . . congratulations to Brian Donlevy in his new NBC adventures series, Dangerous Assignment . . . MGM is negotiating with Jimmy Durante for a role in the film portrayal of Enrico Caruso's life . . . the shimmering metallic-cloth, mink-trimmed gown worn by Margaret Phelan at the opening of her Waldorf-Astoria singing engagement, set her back a cool \$2,000 . . . Charlie Spivak's personal manager, Lou Zito, is being primed for the next New York State Senatorial race.

* * *

Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra will make a coast-to-coast concert tour this Spring. We advise you to get your tickets as far in advance as possible, and in order to help you in your mad scramble, here are tour dates and cities: April fourteenth, New York City; seventeenth, Baltimore; nineteenth, Richmond; twenty-second, Atlanta; twenty-fifth, New Orleans; twenty-seventh, Houston; twenty-ninth, Austin; May first, Dallas; third and fifth, Pasadena; seventh, San Francisco; ninth, Portland; tenth, Seattle; thirteenth, Denver; fifteenth, St. Louis; seventeenth, Chicago; nineteenth, Detroit; twenty-first, Cleveland; twenty-third, Pittsburgh; twenty-fifth, Washington; and twenty-seventh, Philadelphia.

* * *

Lanny Ross is organizing his own TV producing company, to film operettas . . . that's all for now.

You'll look more beautiful
than you really are

PAN-CAKE^{*} by MAX FACTOR

creates fashion's new

dramatic make-up effect

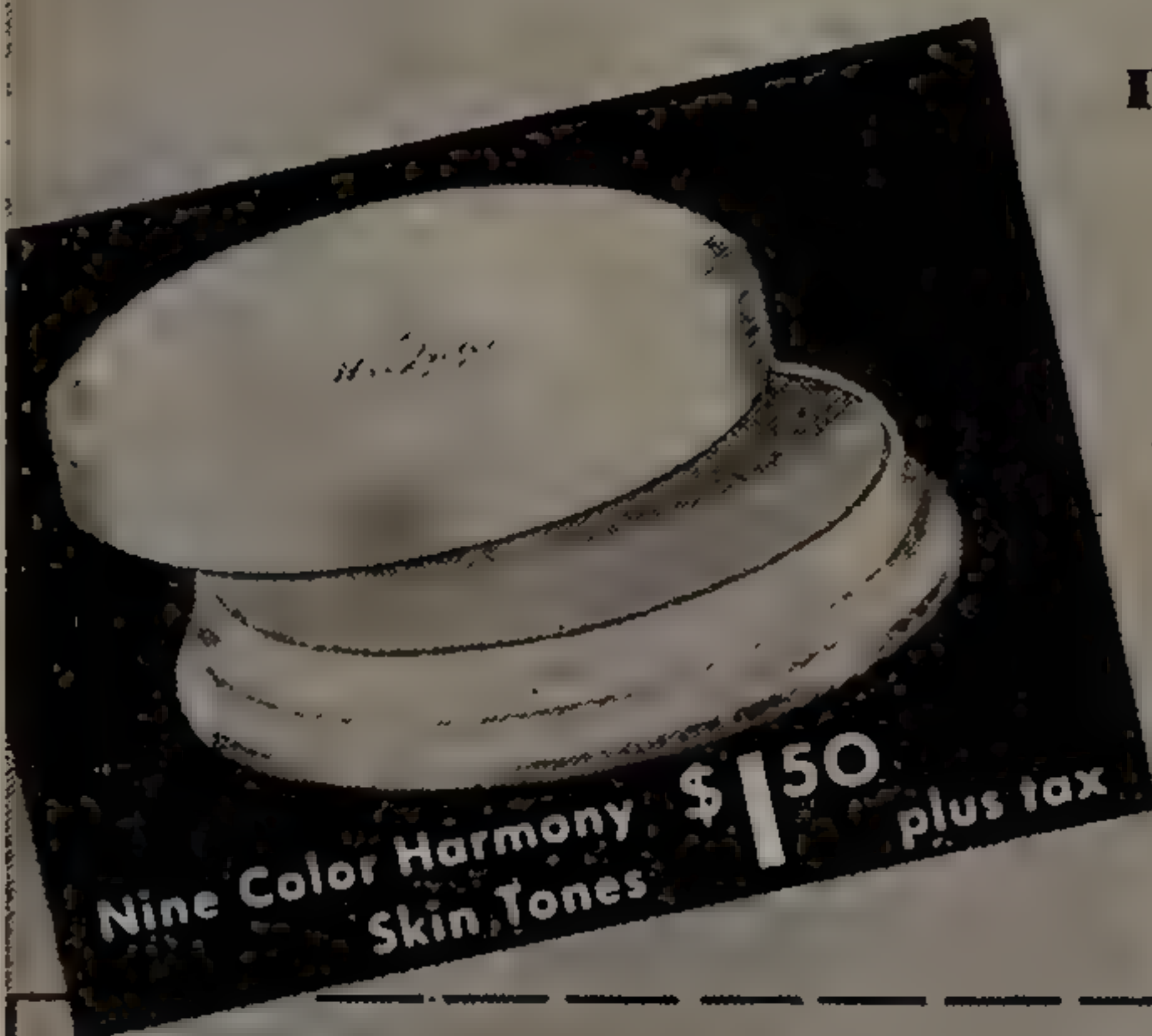


Angela Lansbury

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"The Red Danube"

FASHION adores the new, provocative make-up effect that Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-Up creates...In just seconds, new, utterly feminine complexion beauty is yours. Pan-Cake instantly conceals a drab, blemished complexion that may often mar your natural beauty, and you know that with Pan-Cake, your new make-up effect stays lovely hours longer. Pan-Cake guards against dryness, helps keep your complexion soft, smooth, young-looking. Apply Pan-Cake sparingly for sheerest, porcelain-fine complexion beauty.



Pan-Cake, the original cake make-up by

Max Factor

HOLLYWOOD

Max Factor invites you to try Pan-Cake:

Discover the reason more women use Pan-Cake than any other make-up in the world. You will receive a trial-size Pan-Cake in your correct Color Harmony Skin Tone...your personally prescribed Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart... plus "The New Art of Make-Up", 32-page color-illustrated booklet, all by Max Factor.

SEND FOR THIS EXCITING PAN-CAKE OFFER TODAY!

FILL IN AND CHECK CAREFULLY THE INFORMATION CHART BELOW AND MAIL

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me your exciting Pan-Cake offer. I enclose 10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Address _____ Age _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

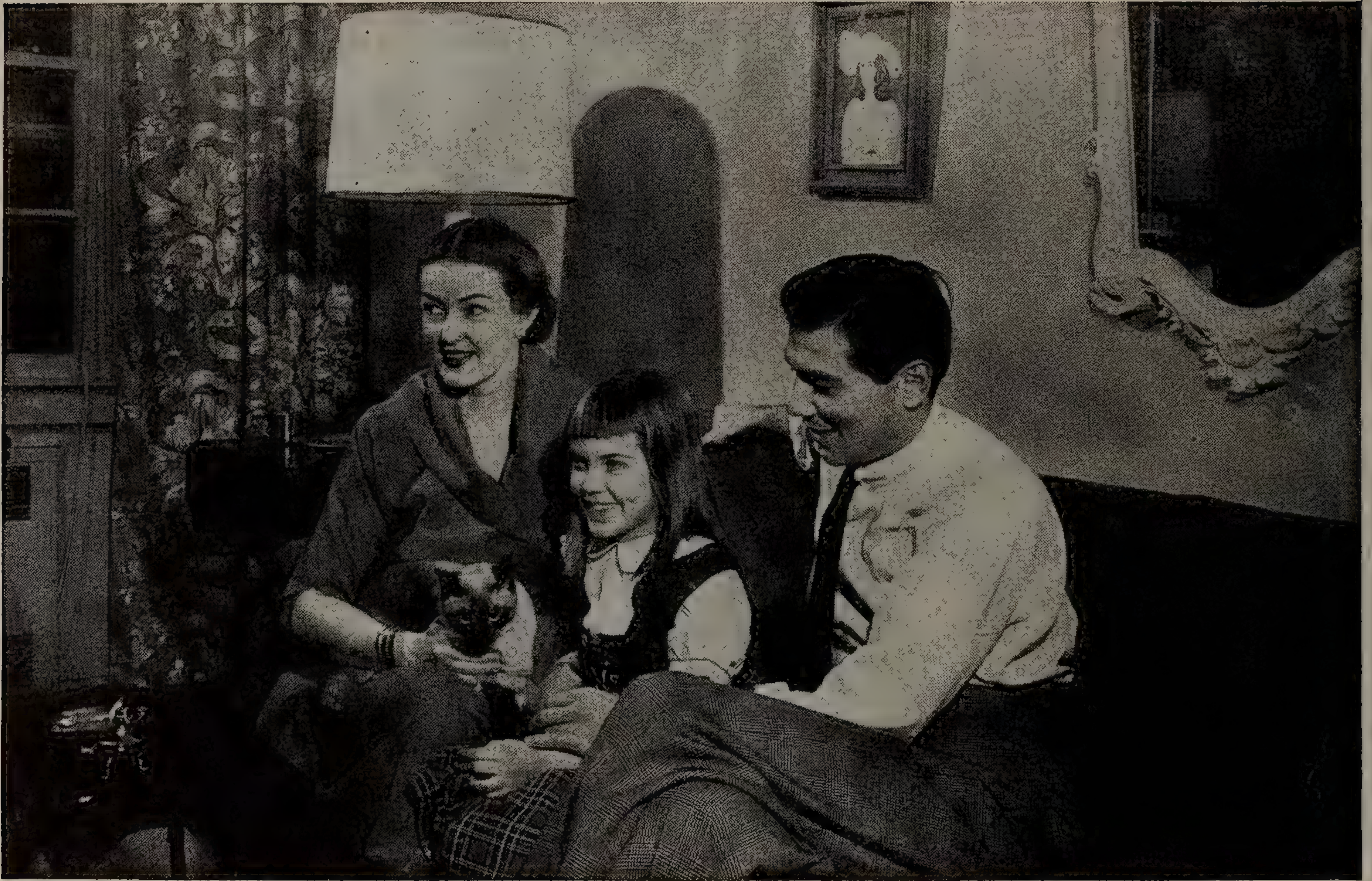
COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	LASHES (Color)	GRAY HAIR
SKIN: Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	Check here <input type="checkbox"/> also check
Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Med. Dark	former hair coloring above

1450-41P

*Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up

R
M

Madame Cocoa glares balefully as WNEW's Gene Rayburn, his wife Helen and daughter Lynn smile for the cameraman.



MORNING MÊLÉE

Although on the map, Chicago, Illinois and Binghamton, New York are over seven hundred miles apart, every morning from six o'clock to nine-thirty there is not more than the width of a studio between them.

Chicago (as represented by Gene Rayburn) and Binghamton (whose honor is upheld by Dee Finch) converge for three and a half hours Mon.-Sat. in Studio Six of New York's WNEW.

Gene Rayburn and Dee (for Durwood) Finch have been broadcasting together since 1946 when, upon their discharge from service, they both returned to WNEW where fate (or the program director) threw them together.

Finch is married to his childhood sweetheart, Betty, whom he "rescued from the teaching profession." They both love flying—Finch has his license and Betty is working on hers—skiing and their three-year old cocker spaniel, Mike. Finch also has been a licensed ham operator for the past fifteen years.

Rayburn's family consists of his wife Helen, a former model; seven-year-old Lynn and a Siamese cat named Madame Cocoa. Rayburn, too, is a licensed pilot (he was an Air Force bombing and navigation instructor) but his pet hobby is photography—his family furnishes him with endless subject matter.

Friends as well as coworkers, Rayburn and Finch live within a few miles of each other, Rayburn in Briarwood and Finch in Lake Success, Long Island.

The other half of Rayburn and Finch relaxes at home with his pert wife, Betty.



Information Booth

Step Up, Ask Your Questions,
We'll Try to Find the Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

BOB HOWARD



Bob Howard

Dear Editor:

Would you please publish a picture of Bob Howard, the male vocalist on the quiz program Sing It Again?

Miss C. J.
Lindenwood, Ill.

Herewith is Bob himself.

FAN MAIL

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me how I can contact the following singers: Frank Sinatra and Perry Como, NBC; Jack Smith, CBS?

Miss V. W.

Carbondale, Pa.

The singers you mention, and any other radio stars, may be reached at their respective networks. CBS is at 485 Madison Ave.; NBC and ABC are at 30 Rockefeller Plaza; MBS is at 1440 Broadway. They are all in New York City.

VANISHED



Ned Wever

Dear Editor:

Would you please let me know if the serial Lora Lawton is still on the air? I can't seem to find it anywhere.

Mrs. E. G.
Greensboro, Vt.

Lora Lawton is no longer on the air, but here's a picture of Ned Wever, who played Peter Carver.

STAFFORD DATA

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on Jo Stafford. Does she have a radio program? Is she married? Where was she born?

Mrs. D. N.

West Albany, N. Y.

Radio and recording star Jo Stafford has her own show on CBS, Sun. nights at 10; the singer was born in Coalinga, California, and she is not married.

(Continued on page 13)

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...



Not a soap! Not a liquid! But Kay Daumit's cream shampoo with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1. Jars and tubes: 49c, 25c.

- 1 **Leaves hair silken soft**, instantly manageable... first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.
- 2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
- 3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean**, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

ONE-MAN MARATHON



Alan Scott airs an average of thirteen TV shows a week on WCAU. Scott also covers Philadelphia special events.

Alan Scott, WCAU-TV news analyst and emcee for Cinderella Weekend, completed his 1000th television show shortly after the first of the year.

Unbelievable as it sounds Scott's TV career began sixteen years ago, even though the show was a monitor telecast which didn't go outside the studio's walls.

Scott continued his pioneering in the new medium in 1935, when he was master of ceremonies for a television show which originated from Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel. Scott clearly remembers the details of that show—it was a bathing beauty contest.

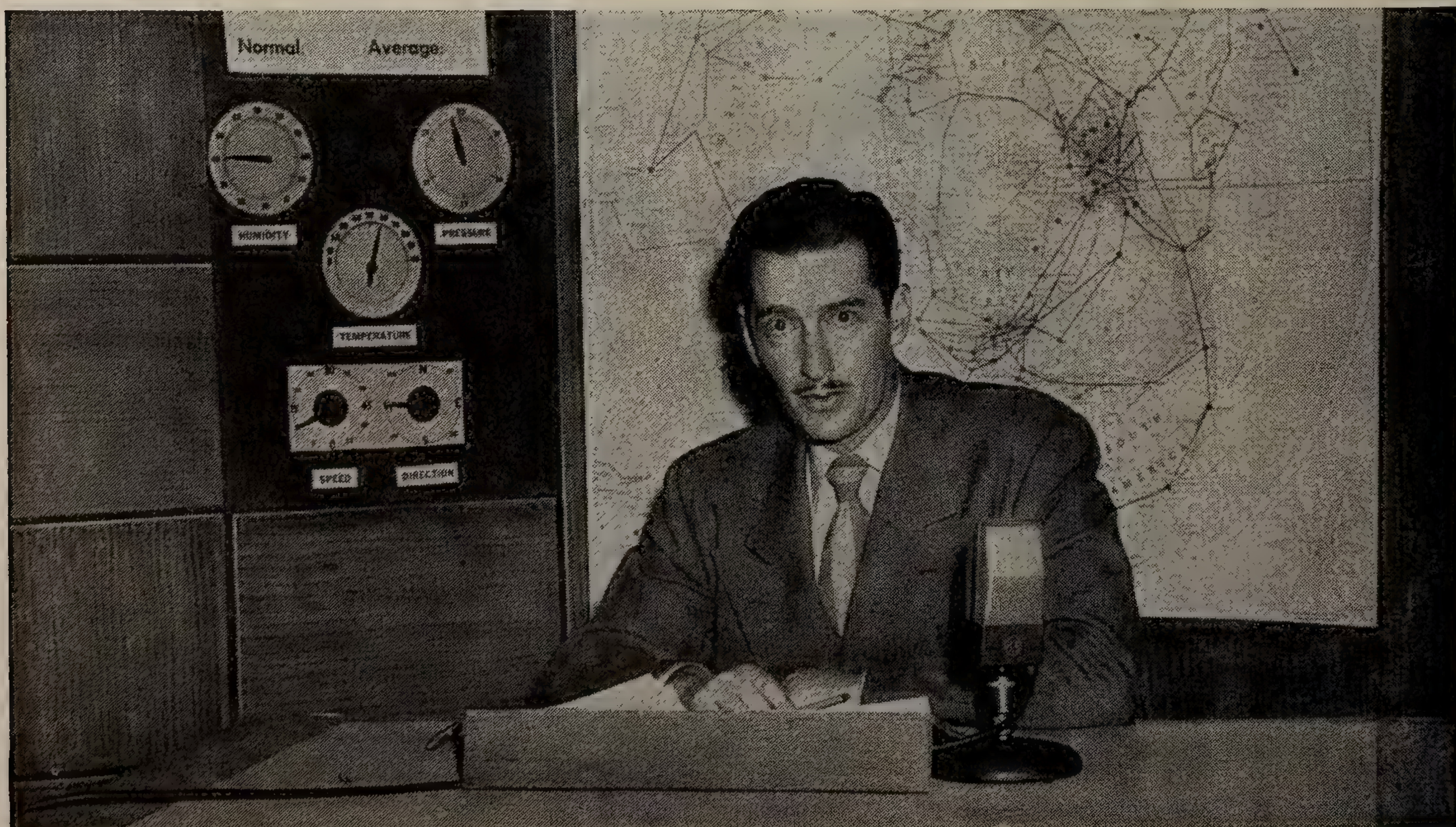
Scott's most regular duties involving television have dated from July, 1948 to the present time. In the summer of 1948, back from the Navy and the Mutual Broadcasting System in New York, he returned to his home town of Philadelphia and WCAU, where he had

begun his radio career in 1931. At WCAU, he was assigned to television exclusively.

Since that time, Scott has emceed Cinderella Weekend, a half-hour show for homemakers, seen Monday through Friday afternoons and recorded simultaneously for broadcast the next morning. Alan also analyzes the news of the day on the Bulletin TV News. Then on Wednesday evenings Scott delivers another television newscast and he also handles two quiz shows.

In addition, until this past September, Scott was editor of NBC-TV's Television Screen Magazine, which took him to New York every Saturday for hours of rehearsal prior to the program.

Scott, his wife, Maralene, and their four-year-old son, Jeff, live in Drexel Hill, a suburb of Philadelphia. Under hobbies, Scott lists Jeff (first) and golf (second).



Scott says of TV, "It is much more taxing on the performer than radio because it is difficult to stay in camera range and, at the same time, keep active so that the show doesn't lose pace." Scott has amassed a total of 350 TV hours.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

SOME NEW FACES



Helen Gerald

Dear Editor:

I enjoy seeing the pictures of the top stars in Radio Mirror, but how about photos of some of the newer beauties like Helen Gerald and Rebel Randall?

D. M. G.
Newport Beach, Cal.

Well, here's Helen.

BACK AGAIN

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what became of Alice Reinheart, who used to play Chichi on Life Can Be Beautiful?

Mrs. D. A.

Granite, Md.

Alice Reinheart temporarily left radio for Broadway's "Leaf and Bough," which folded after several performances. She is back on the air as Kitty on Wendy Warren and the News (CBS, 12 Noon EST, M-F).



Jack Webb,
Barton
Yarborough

DETECTIVES

Dear Editor:

I would like to know who plays Ben and Joe on NBC's Dragnet (Thurs., 10:30 P. M. EST).

Miss A. S.
Denver, Colo.

Sergeants Ben Romero and Joe Friday

are played by Barton Yarborough and Jack Webb, respectively.

NATIVE NEW YORKER

Dear Editor:

Ever since Robert Q. Lewis replaced Arthur Godfrey on his TV show last summer, he's been one of my favorite personalities. Could you tell me where he was born, and when? Does he have his own television show?

Miss G. V.

Bronx, N. Y.

Twenty-nine-year-old Robert Q. Lewis is a New Yorker, born and bred. He can be seen on WCBS-TV, Thurs. at 9:30 P.M.

FRANK MUNN



Frank Munn

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me what happened to Frank Munn? I used to hear him on Waltz Time and the American Album of Familiar Music.

Mrs. L. A. M.
Chariton, Iowa

Frank Munn has retired from radio, but here's a picture for old time's sake.

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

Scientific tests* show Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion (containing 22% more of the effective ingredient) leaves hair

springier and stronger... less apt to break... than most other home permanent waving lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing... no frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen. Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference.

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

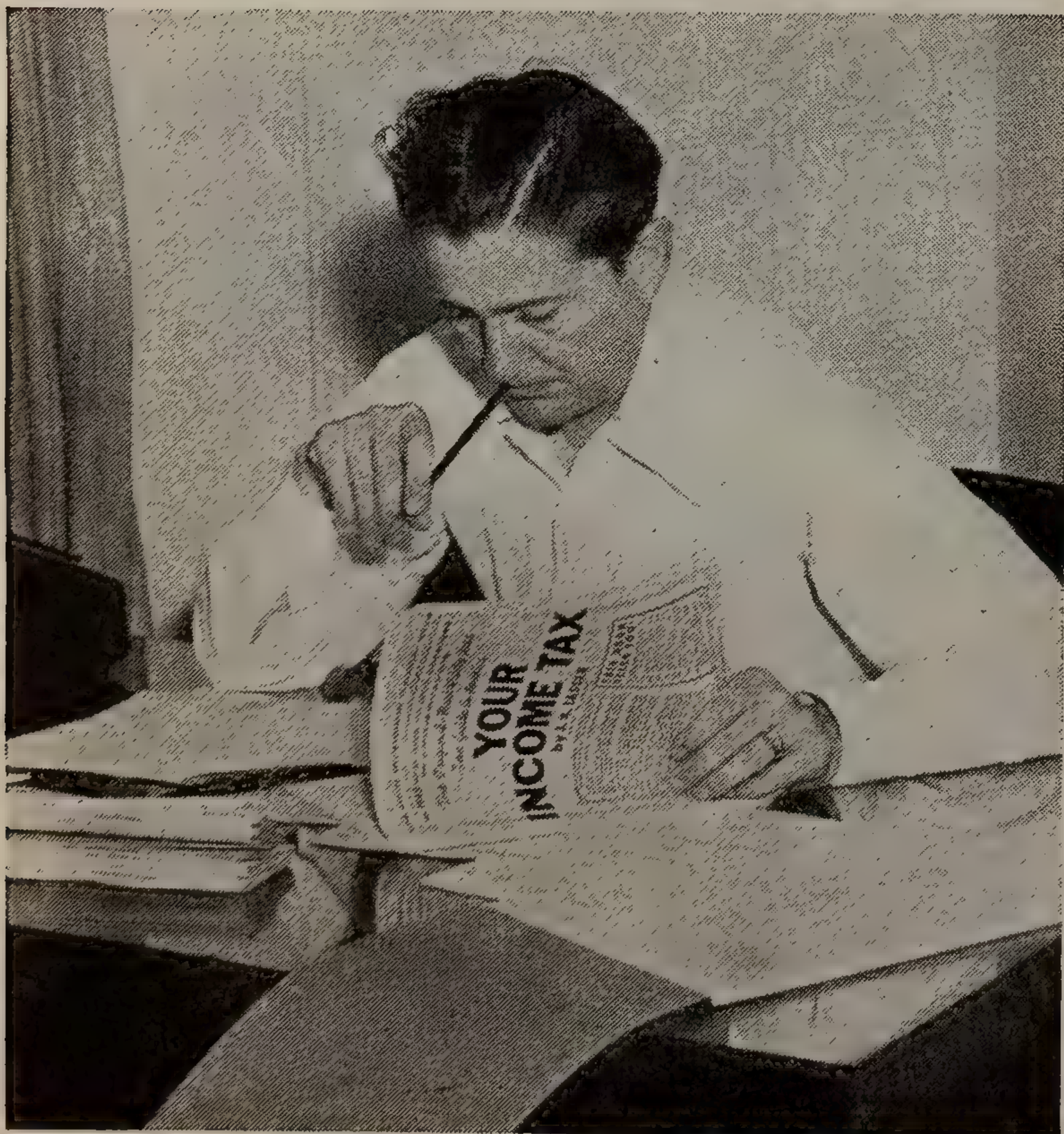


Kit \$2.75
Refills \$2.00 and \$1.50
(PRICES PLUS TAX)

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights



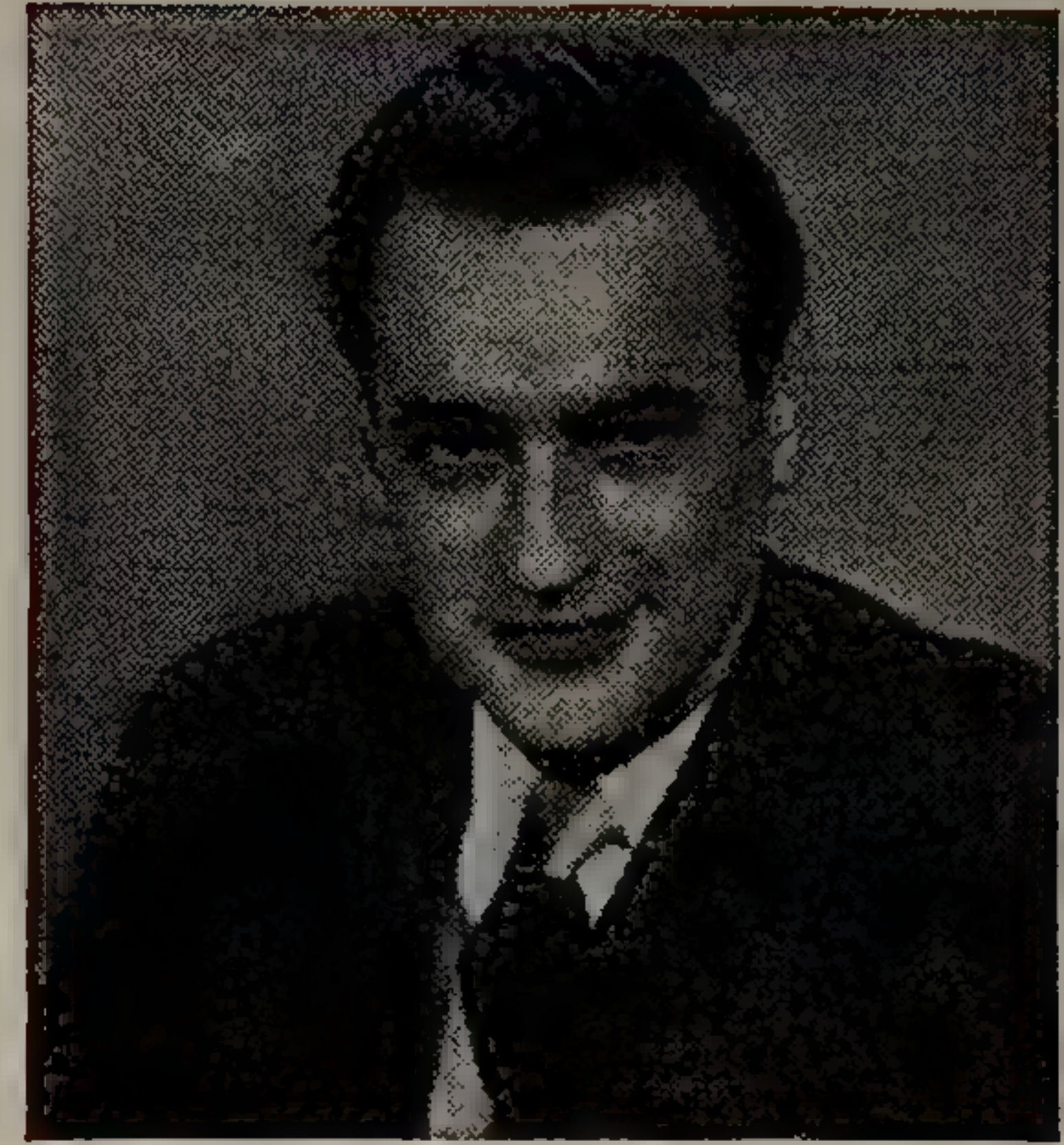
Tony Martin's latest disc, "I Said My Pajamas," probably will win a prize for the oddest title.



Like everyone else, if not more so, Lawrence Welk (Wed. 10 P.M. EST, ABC) had trouble computing his tax.

FACING

BY BOB POOLE



The Bob Poole Show is heard M-F at 11:15 A.M. and 3 P.M. EST, on MBS stations, including WGN, Chicago, and KHJ, L. A.

Now that Vic Damone has signed a movie contract with MGM, there's much speculation as to the type of film he'll be seen in. Hottest rumor of all is that Vic will be teamed with Kathryn Grayson in a re-make of "The Student Prince."

* * *

It might be a good idea to keep an eye and an ear on a twenty-year-old French singer called Robert Clary. Young Bob was orphaned during the last war and even spent some time in a Nazi concentration camp. He already has made a few discs for Capitol Records, but the big push on making his French accent the most popular since Jean Sablon will start in a few months.

* * *

Some of the greatest of all the popular Tommy Dorsey records of old included the drum technique of Buddy Rich. And now, after being on his own as a bandleader and night-club attraction, Buddy has decided to rejoin Tommy's band. Not very long ago a new Rich-Dorsey contract was signed.

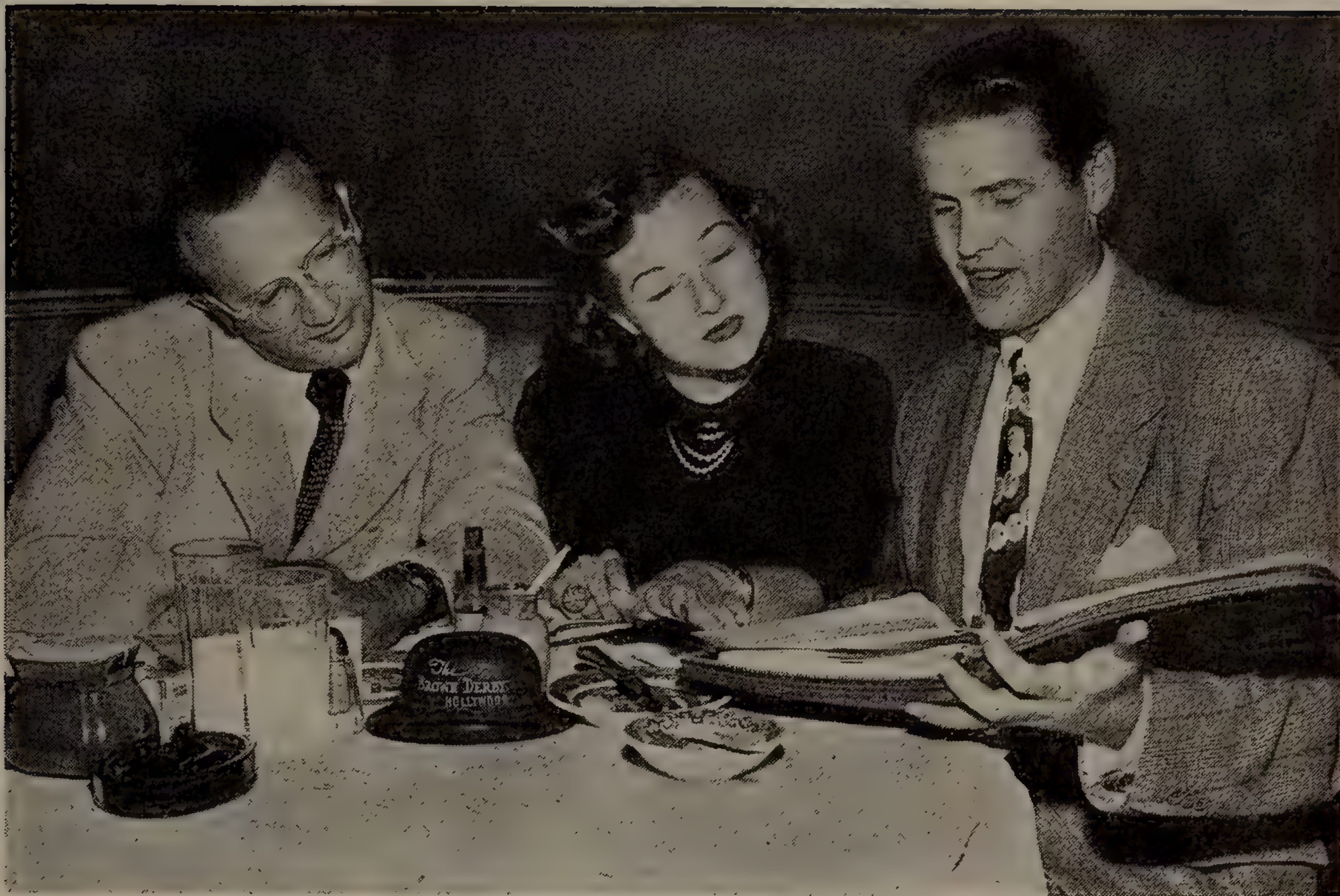
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Youthful Elliot Lawrence has been named chairman of the bandleaders' division of the 1950 March of Dimes campaign. From personal experience, Elliot knows the value of the work done by the Fund in battling infantile paralysis. He himself started to learn piano when he used the finger exercises to rehabilitate his paralyzed fingers.

* * *

It may be difficult to understand how a busy band-

the MUSIC



At Hollywood's famous Brown Derby restaurant, singers Jack Smith (right) and Jo Stafford discuss future recording plans with orchestra leader Paul Weston.

leader like Tex Beneke gets enough time to work on so many hobbies, but Tex actually does it. He built his own television set, operates a ham radio station (W2CKD), has had eleven different cars within a year, built an air-conditioning unit and is the general repair man in his own band—fixing the musicians' electric razors, radios and cars.

* * *

It was twenty-eight years ago that the great Enrico Caruso died at the height of his operatic and concert career. Yet, at this time, his records are still on the RCA-Victor best-selling lists. Recently issued is an album of some Caruso favorites including "Vesti La Giubba" and "Celeste Aida."

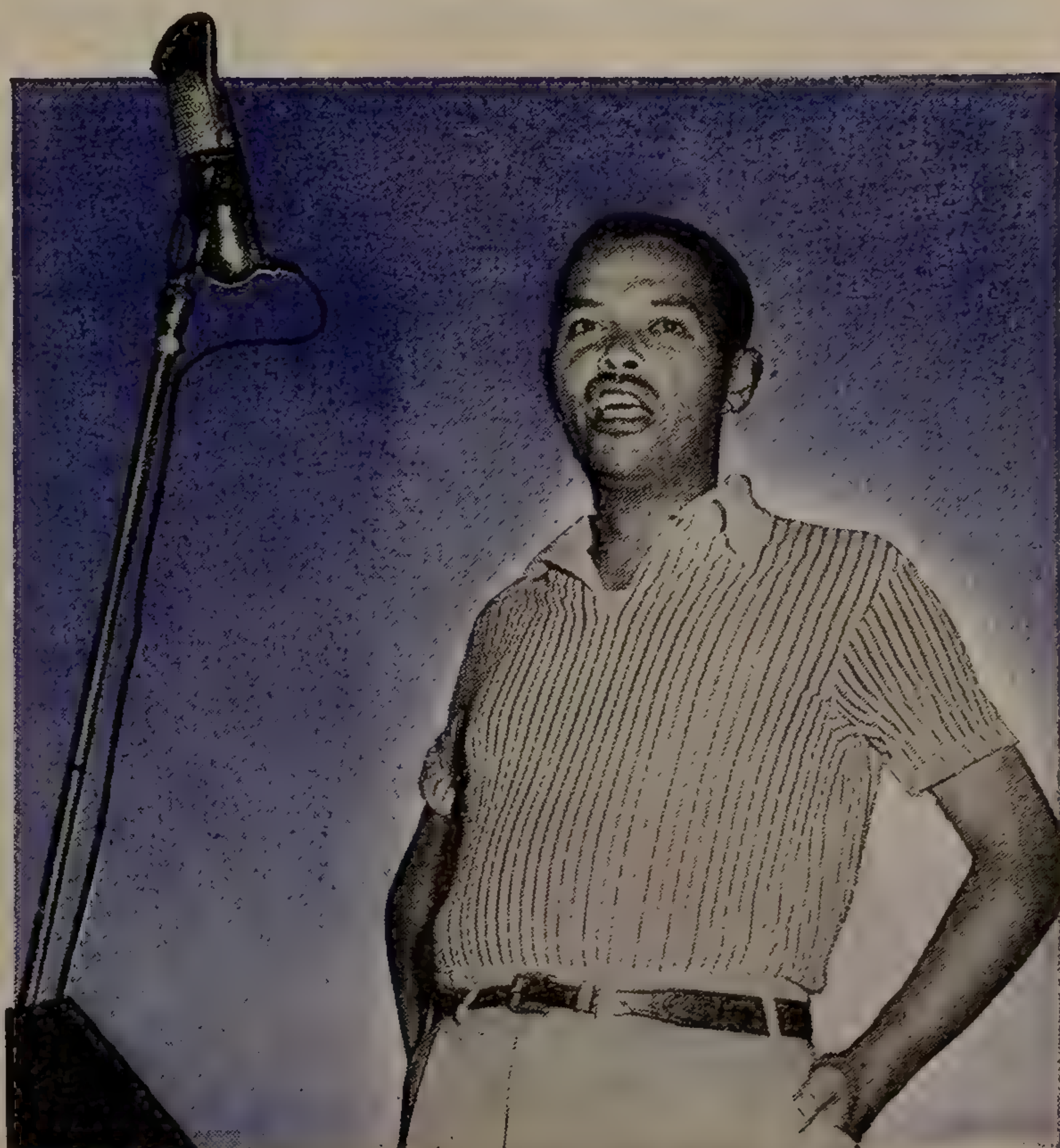
* * *

A perfect example of the show business tradition of giving of talent for charity is the March of Dimes radio fund raising campaign. Among the top names who've recorded special discs and programs for the March of Dimes are Billy Eckstine, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Russ Case, Art Mooney, Blue Barron and Jimmy Durante. Como, Durante and Frankie also made a special appearance in Jersey City, New Jersey for the purpose of raising enough money to buy a snow plow for the tiny Italian village of Capracotta, which is snow-bound for six months of the year.

* * *

There'll be a big birthday celebration held in San Francisco during April when the city's music lovers honor the conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, Pierre Monteux, who will be seventy-five years old.

(Continued on page 16)



Billy Eckstine teamed with Sara Vaughan, who used to sing in his band, for "Sitting by the Window."

have a

"party hair-do"
all day long



HOLD-BOB
bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do.

Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully—keep hair-dos lovely—easy to open—hold better.

There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB than all
other bobby pins combined



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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 15)

Arturo Toscanini, conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, made his debut at the age of nineteen as a conductor of opera. Today at eighty-two he is the acknowledged master in both operatic and symphony music. He is a "living legend." Yet he remains one of the most modest of men. Conducting is his job and he performs it as best he can. He still cannot understand why such adulation is heaped upon him.

In this country, Toscanini's career has been in three segments. He first came here in 1908 as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera. He remained with that organization for seven years, bringing it great glory. In 1926 he became conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. His stay there was a period of glory for the orchestra and the music lovers of New York. In 1936 he decided to retire.

Samuel Chotzinoff, NBC's general music director, went to Italy to bring Toscanini back to America to conduct an orchestra being formed especially for him. Toscanini accepted and returned here to inaugurate the broadcasts of the NBC Symphony Orchestra on Christmas night, 1937. Since that time his association with his new orchestra has resulted in many great musical performances.

Turning again to his great love, opera, Toscanini has presented on NBC radio and television, a number of complete opera performances, including, "Fidelio," "La Boheme," "La Traviata," "Otello" and "Aida." He plans to do "Falstaff" in the coming months.

Toscanini demands much from his musicians and singers; but he demands no less of himself than he does of others. He is a tireless worker. No matter how well he knows the music he is about to perform, he restudies it and continually finds new values in it.

His prodigious memory (he doesn't use a score) is equalled by his fantastic energy. He is still as vigorous and active in rehearsal and performance as he ever was. His interest in new artists and musical trends is unabated.

Strange how the little things can complicate the life of a disc jockey. In their desire to promote the playing of their potential hit records, the recording companies go to great lengths to arouse a disc jockey's curiosity and interest. In the last few weeks, my desk has become the repository for a rubber tube that makes razzing sounds, a child's pony whip, an imitation ear of corn and a miniature bottle of wine. The rubber tube refers to the Frankie Laine record of "Cry of the Wild Goose," the whip, of course, belongs to "Mule Train," the ear of corn is a gift from the Korn Koblbers and I don't remember the reason for the wine bottle. Looks like I'll be needing warehouse space soon.

The new music director at RCA Victor records is proof of the long, hard pull required of musicians who aspire to top jobs in the radio and recording industry. Hugo Winterhalter started with a college campus orchestra at St. Mary's in Maryland, graduated to night club work in 1933, to Larry Clinton's band in 1938 and then a series of playing and arranging positions with Ray-

mond Scott, Will Bradley, Claude Thornhill, Vaughn Monroe, Jimmy Dorsey, Kate Smith, Tommy Dorsey and so on. He also worked as musical director for MGM and Columbia Records before RCA Victor acquired his talents. That's seventeen years of professional musicianship for the one big job!

Since his sell-out concert of rare recordings at the Metropolitan Opera House, Wally Butterworth (Voices That Live, ABC) feels like the man who caught hold of a tornado. The tremendous quantity of fan mail that flooded his apartment and office after the record concert has resulted in Wally's taking a part of his 6,000 records "on the road."

The latest Western singing star to hit the big-time is MGM Records' Claude Casey, who was discovered on radio station WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina. Now Claude has completed two Western movies; "Swing Your Partner" and "Square Dance Jubilee." In each film he sings three of his own songs. All the tunes, by the way, will soon be available on records.

RCA Victor has announced the importation of some great recordings from England. Now available are such records as those made by Beniamino Gigli, Benno Moiseiwitsch, Artur Schnabel, and George Melachrino.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

That Liltin' Martha Tilton lets her arranger, Gordon Jenkins, pick out her tunes; her husband, Leonard Vannerson, pick out her clothes; and her old friend and tutor, Benny Goodman, pick out her husbands (well, anyway, he picked out Leonard who was his former manager)? . . . That she stalked out of her first big audition midway through a song when Benny Goodman left the room—only to learn later that Benny had told his manager: "The girl is good, let's get her"? . . . That she took her first singing lesson six months after joining the Goodman band? . . . That her career began because she sang a song on a dare at a party? (An agent heard her, just like in the movies.) . . . That her biggest selling records were "And the Angels Sing," "I'll Walk Alone," and "Loch Lomond"? . . . That her own favorite among her records is, "I'll Remember April"? . . . That she was the original "Miss" in the "Four Hits and a Miss"? . . . That she covered 40,000 miles in wartime personal-appearance tours (the "Foxhole Follies," she called them), singing for GI's from Caledonia to Milan? . . . That a group of native children in New Guinea ran away screaming at their first sight of her (she was the first white woman they had ever seen)? . . . That she is determined never to sing with a traveling band again (she's fed up with one-nighters)? . . . That she was born in Corpus Christi, Texas, but refuses to live anywhere except Los Angeles (Chamber of Commerce, please note)? . . . That she is the featured singer on Curt Massey Time, heard five evenings a week over CBS.



PAUL FREES

Paul Frees is heard Sunday at 2 P.M. EST on NBC Theater.

Anyone who has heard the story of the young artist starving in his garret might well look twice at the astounding success of actor Paul Frees. Three years ago, Paul Frees was in a veterans' hospital, recovering from injuries received in the service. To occupy his mind, Paul took up painting. Within six months, he had won a national award for his canvases—and that without ever having taken an art lesson in his life.

The only trouble was that the award wasn't negotiable. Frees had a wife to support and no job in sight. He cast around for a short while and finally hit on radio.

That was in 1946. In less than one year after that, Paul Frees had earned more than \$8,000 by radio acting, and had become one of the most sought-after "voices" on the West Coast.

Today, his yearly income is far greater, and he is recognized as one of the finest character actors on the air waves. As a narrator, he was partially responsible for a special award received by CBS from the National Conference of Christians and Jews for the network's Memorial Day Broadcast of 1948, For This We Live.

Paul Frees' life has a rare directness of purpose, and perhaps this is the key to his success. Born in Chicago in 1920, he was an unusually talented mimic as a child. By the time he was fifteen, Frees decided he was ready for the professional stage and decided to leave high school after only two years of it. He wangled a job in a vaudeville troupe and left home.

That went on until he joined the Army at twenty-one. The next three and a half years were spent in military service. After his discharge, Frees went out to Hollywood, where his parents had moved during the war.

Paul Frees' radio credits include Suspense, Philip Marlowe, Family Hour of Stars, Sam Spade and Dr. Christian.

That he can paint so well is a little astonishing even to him, but it shouldn't be. Anyone who has trained himself from childhood to the kind of observation that a good mimic has to have, has unconsciously been training his eyes to see the way a painter has to see.



Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

And—

Cashmere Bouquet
is actually milder for
all types of skin—
than most other leading
toilet soaps!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".



**Cashmere
Bouquet**

— In a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!

Now — At the Lowest Price In History!



DRY SKIN! "I had very dry skin until I used Noxzema as my night cream," says June Tarlier. "My complexion looks so much softer and smoother that now it's my daily beauty aid. I love Noxzema's clean smell . . . its soft, creamy texture."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Doctor develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

● If you want a more alluring complexion, if you've suffered from dry, rough skin, *externally-caused blemishes or similar skin problems—here's news.

A noted Doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a *greaseless* skin cream—famous Noxzema—has a gentle, *medicated* formula that helps heal such blemishes . . . helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin's outer surface . . . helps your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here's what you do:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels. **2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "creamwash" your face. **4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a

greaseless cream. And secondly, it's Noxzema's *medicated* formula—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!

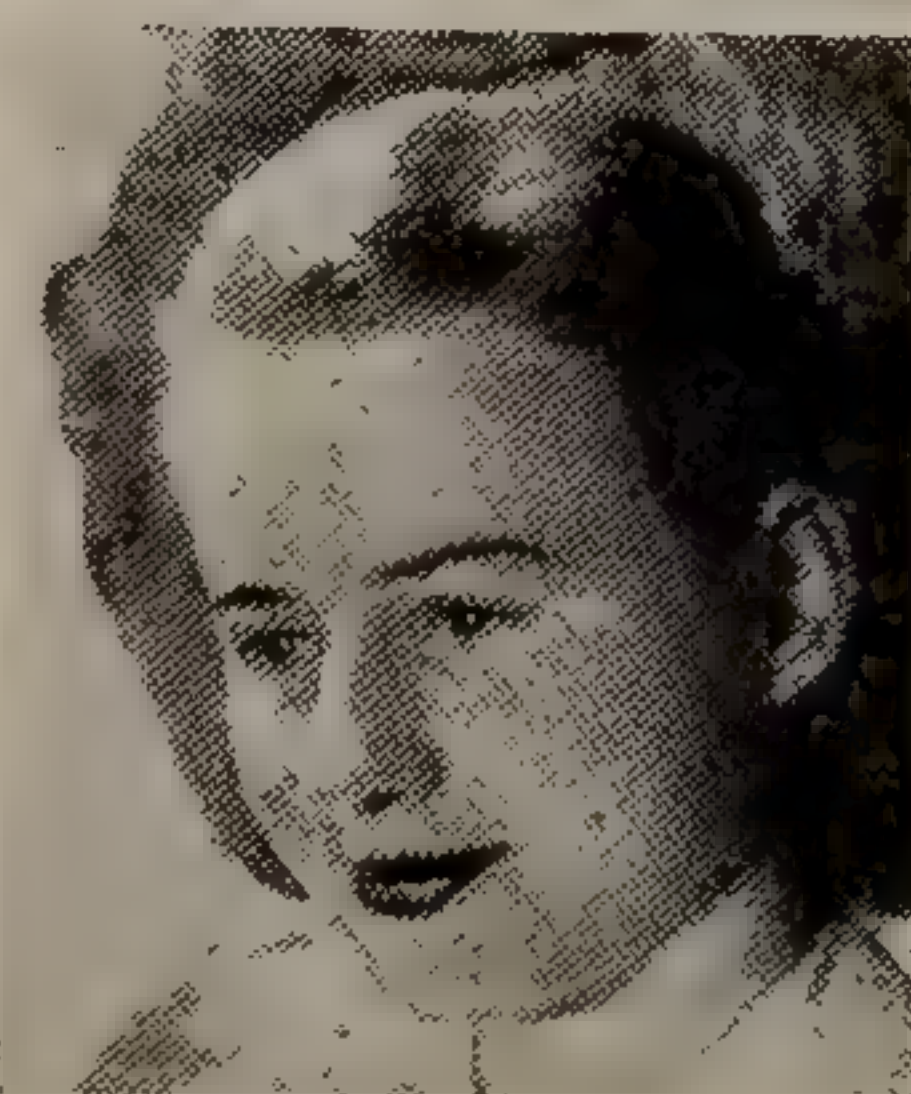
Money Back If Not Satisfied

Try this Doctor's new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you don't see a real improvement in your skin, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. That's how sure we are you will be wonderfully pleased with the results.



Blemishes! "A friend recommended Noxzema to help heal blemishes*," says Bernice Cole. "It worked! Now I use Noxzema morning and night. It helps my skin look softer and smoother."

Powder Base for lovely Marilyn Frost! She says, "I use Noxzema instead of soap and water. It's my powder base, hand cream and all-around beauty cream, too."



Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream is the favorite beauty aid of scores of actresses, models, and nurses. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are used yearly! At all drug and cosmetic counters. **40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.**

POETRY

NIGHT SONG

The wind sings low in the trees
tonight,
A song both sweet and sad.
It weaves a tapestry of dreams
Of things we might have had.

It whispers low of things long past—
Of wild, sweet nights we knew.
It wakes my heart and stirs my soul
To many thoughts of you.

"How could you know," the pine
trees sigh,
"That years would come between—
That paths would part—and in your
hand
You'd hold a tattered dream."
—Elizabeth-Anne Howell

SLOW GREEN WIND

Turn back again to April; let your heart
Remember the slow green wind and slant-
ing rain
And how pink apple petals burst apart:
There is more to such remembering than
pain.

Turn back again to hillsides where the sun
Dappled the wind bent foxgrass into gold
And where the white birch stood like a
young nun:
There is much more to remember now than
being old.

Then there was loveliness on all the land,
Which lingers yet like starlight in your eyes,
And life is still a seashell in your hand:
Gentle remembering is wonderful—and
wise!

—Anobel Armour

GOIN' FISHIN'

A little can of scrawny worms,
A pole cut from a tree,
A fishing line from off his kite,
He's happy as can be.
On his head, a warped straw hat,
Patched, and faded, are his jeans,
But safe within their pockets,
Lay some grimy jelly beans,
A sandwich, and a piece of cake.
He's ready to set sail
Where else, pray tell, is there more
fun,
Than fishing in a pail?

—Goldie M. Pritchard

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY TEN DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in
each month by readers. Limit poems
to 30 lines, address to Poetry, Radio
Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street,
New York 17, N. Y. Each poem should
be accompanied by this notice. This
is not a contest, but an effort to pur-
chase poetry for use in Radio Mirror.
Every effort will be made to return
poetry if accompanied by a stamped,
self-addressed envelope.

Collector's Corner



BY TOMMY DORSEY

(Tommy Dorsey celebrated his fifteenth year as a bandleader by signing a new recording contract with RCA-Victor which called for an additional fifteen years on the Victor label. During his long association with the company, Tommy has recorded over 295 different songs. Along with "Der Bingle," Tommy Dorsey holds the record of having consistently recorded for the same company the most number of years.)

In the fifteen years I've been knocking the tar out of a trombone on the country's bandstands, I've heard all kinds of music—but like everyone else, I have my favorites.

Harry James once recorded something called "Trumpet Rhapsody" which is mighty close to what any horn player dreams about doing before he dies.

Benny Goodman's Trio recorded a superlative version of "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise" with Mel Powell at the piano. And have you heard Jack Teagarden's "Lover?" It's well worth a listen.

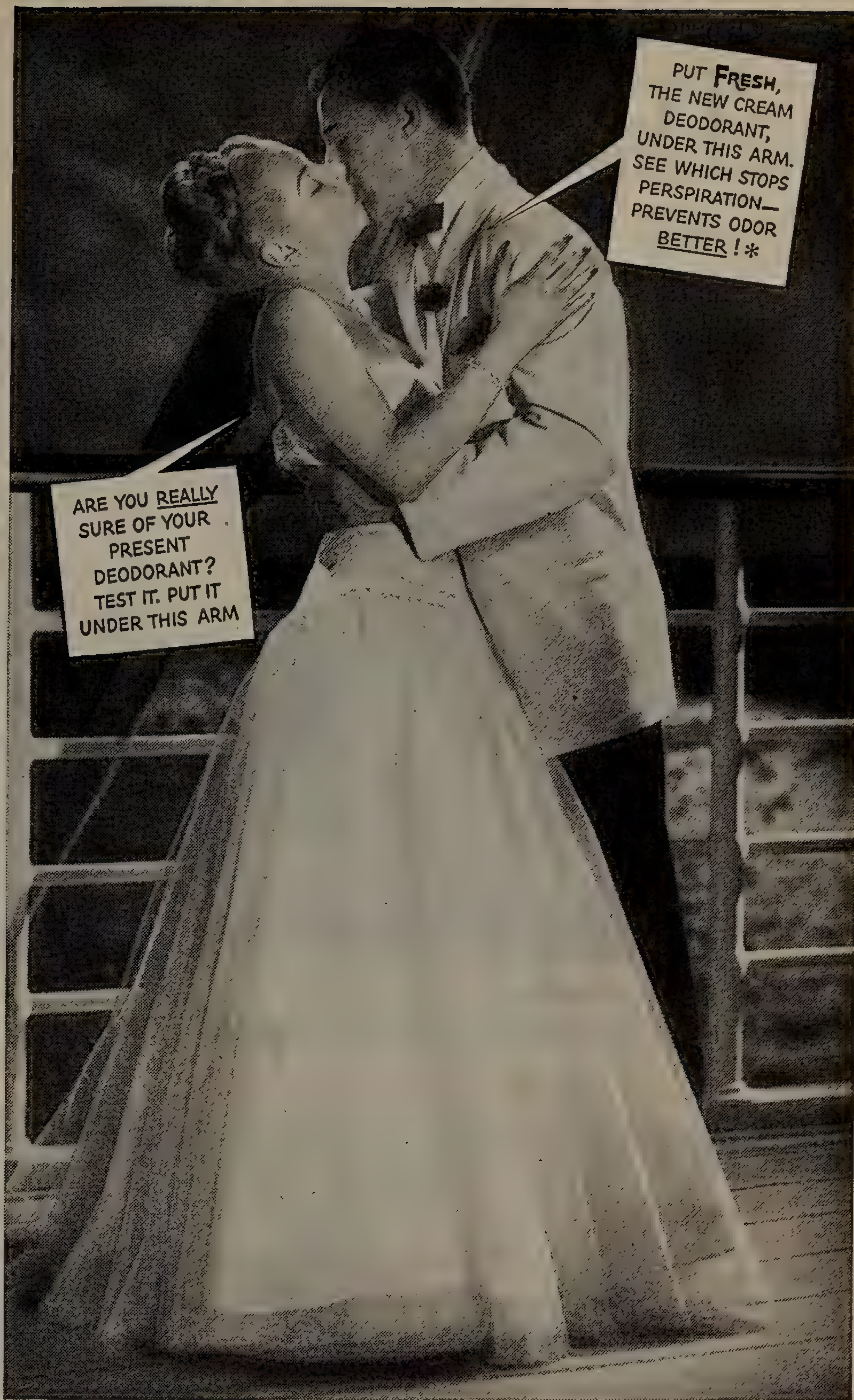
Bunny Berrigan was one of my boys for a long time. The great Berrigan disc, naturally, is "I Can't Get Started With You."

A terrific record by Louis Armstrong is "Potato Head," a blues piece with plenty of what it takes.

There's a fellow who does quite well with a clarinet. I'm thinking about Artie Shaw and his playing of "Begin The Beguine."

Then there's Gene Krupa's fascinating waxing of "Drum Boogie," and the great Glenn Miller's "Tuxedo Junction."

My brother Jimmy and I have been getting by with a little music, too. His recording of "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" rang the bell with me and maybe I'm prejudiced but I like the way the boys in my own band played a number called "The Continental."



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference... and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH Cream Deodorant.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Send 10¢ to cover handling charges to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.



* Constant research at a great American university is your assurance that FRESH is the most effective deodorant and anti-perspirant that can be used.

EARLY BIRDS



The coffee stand in KDKA's lobby was a popular place as guests at its annual Farm-Radio Conference waited for air time. (Breakfast was served after the Farm Hour.)

How would you like to take part in a meeting which begins at 5:45 A.M.? That's what fifty-nine men and women did when they were invited to take part in KDKA's Eighth Annual Farm-Radio Conference. Every year the group sacrifices sleep to attend. KDKA's personnel also sacrifice their sleep to be host to the visitors.

This year's conference speaker was A. W. Robertson, chairman of the Board of Directors of Westinghouse Electric Corporation. W. E. Benoit, vice president of Westinghouse Radio Stations Inc.; J. E. Baudino, KDKA's general manager; Franklin A. Tooke, station program manager, and educational director Victoria Corey also spoke.

Homer Martz, KDKA's agricultural director, was in charge of the show which got underway at 5:45 A.M. with coffee in the studio lobby. From 6 until 7 A.M. guests stood by while Martz aired his Farm Hour. Breakfast was served after the broadcast and the meeting got underway with rural leaders of the Pennsylvania-West Virginia-Ohio area, which KDKA serves, discussing ways to improve radio service to the farmers.

In addition to the general forum panels, the farm leaders were also requested to fill out a questionnaire prepared by Martz covering highlights of the Farm Hour format. They dealt with market reports, weather information, farm news, world-wide news, music, and commercial announcements.



Agricultural director Martz, who airs the Farm Hour, was in charge.

WHO KNOWS BEST?

In the December issue, RADIO MIRROR editors offered to purchase the best letters sent in by readers on the subject, "Who Knows Best—Father or Mother?" in connection with the Father Knows Best radio program, starring Robert Young (NBC, Thursdays, 8:30 P.M., EST) and the Mother Knows Best show (now off the air).

The best letter, in the opinion of the judges, RADIO MIRROR's editors, on the subject:

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

was submitted by Mrs. Leo H. Flowers, El Paso, Texas, to whom RADIO MIRROR has sent a check for twenty-five dollars. Here is her letter:

Recently Diane was given five dollars. Should she be allowed to spend it, or forced to bank it?

Father said to bank the money—teach the child thrift. Mother said, "Let her spend it. When I was young I wasn't allowed to spend money I received, so money didn't mean anything to me. It was just writing in a bank book. I learned no thriftiness—just disappointment."

Diane spent her money on gifts. Five dollars didn't go very far—wouldn't buy Daddy a suit, Mommy a fur coat! Diane ended up in the dime store. Now she knows she'll have to save lots of money to give more worthwhile gifts!

RADIO MIRROR's check for twenty-five dollars has been sent to Helen Houston Boileau, Covina Highlands, California, for her letter on the subject:

FATHER KNOWS BEST

Mom wouldn't face facts. Dad wanted to discuss the future, in case of his death. Mom would get weepy and sentimental and discussion would be postponed—indefinitely.

When Dad died, Mom was left at sea as to what she had, what to do, how to start. But Dad, in his wisdom, had quietly provided for Mom. Financially she was well off—but more important, Dad had left detailed instructions on what she should seek and expect, how to start. All the things that sentiment kept them from discussing in life, Dad had taken care of. He guided her still.

"PLEASE, DAVE..PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE LOCKED OUT FROM YOU!"



Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy married love

A man marries a woman because he loves her. So instead of blaming him if married love begins to cool, she should question herself. Is she truly trying to keep her husband and herself eager, happy married lovers? One most effective way to safeguard her dainty feminine allure is by practicing *complete feminine hygiene* as provided by vaginal douches with a *scientifically correct* preparation like "Lysol." So easy a way to banish the misgivings that often keep married lovers apart.

Germ destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts

like soap, salt or soda *never can*.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" *will not harm* delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure feminine daintiness alone, and to use it as often as necessary. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink



NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

Name

Street

City State

R.T.M.-504

WBEN-TV's Presenting Frances Foster features the twenty-one-year-old vocalist and her accompanist, Harry Miller, in a weekly song program.



Pert, petite and pretty are three adjectives that come to mind when you first view Frances Foster on the television screen. Frances can't remember when she wanted to do anything but sing, dance and act. And now she has her own starring program of songs over WBEN-TV, Buffalo, every week, called Presenting Frances Foster.

An only child, Frances was born in Asheville, North Carolina. Soon after, her parents moved to Cincinnati where they still live. As a freshman at St. Bernard's High School, she began to sing with bands and at shows. She also attended dancing school and took the lead in many high school plays.

As a high school junior, she began singing in earnest with local bands around Cincinnati and soon Bobby Byrne heard about her. She traveled with the Byrne band as far north as Connecticut and as far south as New Orleans. Later she toured with Ray Anthony's orchestra through the east.

One question many folks in and out of show business frequently would ask her when she was on tour was, "Isn't it rather a tough assignment to be an only girl traveling with an all-male band?" To which Frances invariably would answer: "I like to sing and travel and the work suits me fine."

Recently she began appearing "solo" on night club dates, and during a Buffalo engagement she auditioned at WBEN-TV.

Her program is a mixture of ballads, novelties, old standards and, frequently, hymns.

On a recent religious program she donned a choir robe and in a cathedral setting, sang hymns from a huge church book. Her television producer, Warren Jacober, always ties in seasonal and holiday songs and motifs. Frances says she likes all kinds of music. Her hobbies are crocheting and movie-going and—she's still single.

PERT, PETITE and PRETTY



The Buffalo songstress was born in Asheville and raised in Cincinnati.

DOLORES SUTTON



Dolores Sutton acts in *My True Story* M-F, 10 A.M. EST, ABC.

Those who believe that "a prophet is without honor in his own country" should be heartened by the story of Dolores Sutton, a twenty-two-year-old native New Yorker who made good in her own home town.

Four of her twenty-two years were spent in Manhattan's Julia Richman High School, which also was alma mater to the movies' Lauren Bacall, Geraldine Brooks and Judy Holliday.

Shortly after graduation, she entered New York University and became a psychology major. She was happily ensconced in Freud when someone suggested she try out for a part in the dramatic club's current play. Dolores did; she got the part and promptly forgot about neuroses and complexes.

From there, it was only a short step to summer stock and thence to radio, which has kept her busy ever since.

Dolores is heard regularly on *My True Story* and many other daytime serials.

This versatile young New Yorker also has written and starred on NBC's Radio City Playhouse and these assignments have only whetted her ambition "to be a female Orson Welles." "Some day," she says, "I should like to write, produce and act in my own radio plays."

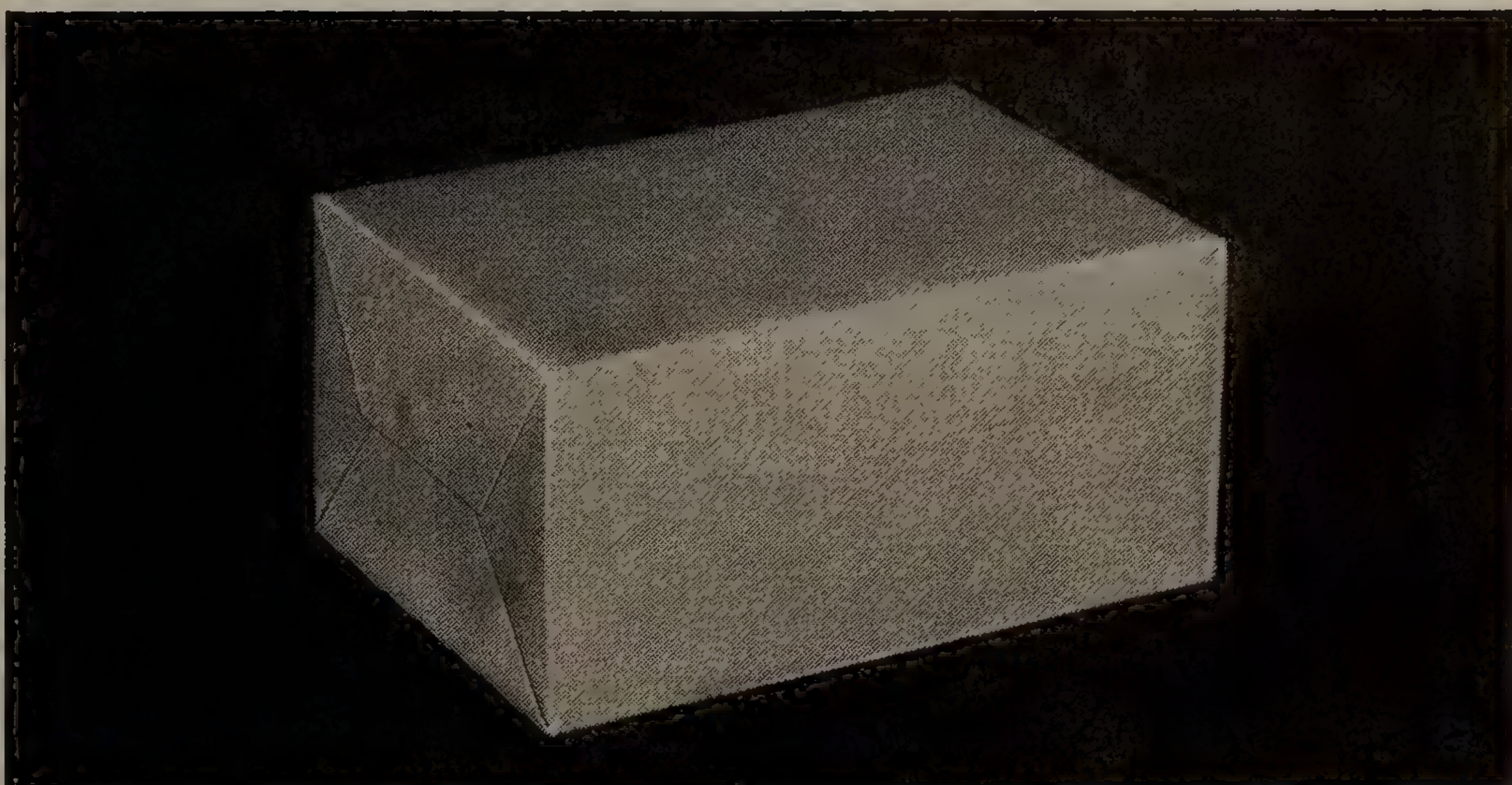
Although Dolores is enthusiastic about television (she has appeared on Hollywood Screen Test), she says her young face has made it extremely difficult for her to get character roles on television or the legitimate stage. This, however, has proved no hindrance in radio where her facile voice has gained her a variety of parts.

Despite Dolores' heavy schedule she nevertheless has had time to write some night club material and, in addition, do a little composing.

She was baffled!



How about you?



We asked a housewife, "What's in this wrapped box?"

"It's bath salts . . . no, it's candy!" she said.

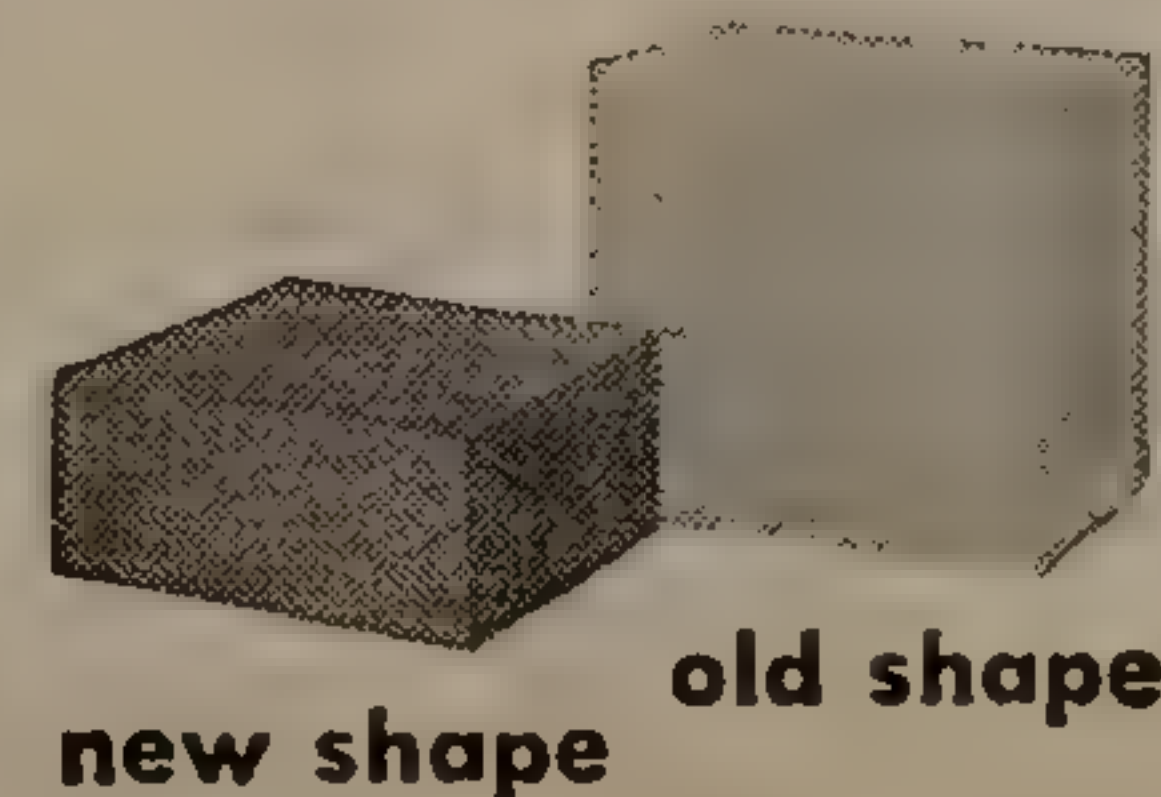
Both guesses were wrong!

It's easy to guess wrong about this wrapped box. It looks as though it might contain so many different kinds of things.

Actually, it's Modess—in the wonderful new-shape box! So skillfully shaped *not* to look like a napkin box, that the sharpest eyes couldn't guess what's inside the wrapping.

And to make sure you'll *always* get it neatly wrapped—Modess *now* wraps the boxes before they even reach your store. No delay or embarrassment for you. Of the leading brands, only Modess brings these two keep-a-secret extras. Same number of fine Modess napkins per box; same price. Regular, Junior, or Super sizes.

**Modess—new-shape box
ready-wrapped . . .
saves embarrassment!**



Picture a thin little girl of fourteen years playing her favorite game—"Run Sheep Run". Place: A small town in Michigan. The little captain yells "Run for home!" She stumbles, falls, is tagged. It's dark, but not too dark to see—at least that's what the other kids said.

It wasn't long after that her "clumsiness" became noticeable. Then the day arrived for a visit to the city—to a University hospital . . . simple thing . . . tonsils and adenoids. Then a complete physical—including her eyes.

"Little girl . . . this is sad news," her doctor said. "Try to be brave. By the time you reach adulthood—you will be blind." It was an eye condition known as retinitis pigmentosa—a form of night blindness.

At that moment she made up her mind to dispel self-pity from her mind . . . to get the most possible pleasure out of each day. When that inevitable time arrived she would figure out a way to buck it through. Meanwhile, no one, except her family, knew of her visual difficulties.

Seven years later, the day came. Patiently, but firmly, she plotted her future. A young mother on her floor needed a part-time baby sitter, so she applied, was accepted and won the mother's complete approval. She set her goal on what is called Grade Two Braille . . . the system used in current magazines for the blind. She learned it—and learned, too, to read and write Grade One Braille. She joined groups of blind people . . . learning to live with and understand people in the same position as she.

She became an active leader in the League for the Blind.

She organized card parties, hayrides, outings, dances and excursions. She started a bowling club. She learned to

swim, and to cook again—relying on her sense of touch.

She made a point of encouraging running games at picnics . . . games like "Run Sheep Run."

And she soon found employment. She transcribed school books into Braille, worked in libraries, moulded candies, bagged pretzels—and earned her livelihood.

In November of 1944 at camp she met a boy. He was there to learn to be guided by a Leader Dog. They corresponded in Braille. She visited his home at his mother's request, and they were married. She resigned her position at an auto plant and took on the more serious job of caring for her sightless husband and his dog "Spam."

"Incidents occur every once in a while that seem mighty serious at the time, and which probably would not happen if we had vision, but we merely laugh them off instead of brooding over the matter," she says.

"It takes longer to do your housework when you must depend on your sense of touch. I have tried to do various tasks with rubber gloves on to protect my hands, but I am "blinder than a bat" with them on. I need my fingers to see what I am doing. My husband has yet to eat his first burned bit of food since our marriage. I simply take more time in my cooking and do not fall asleep while things are boiling or frying."

Today Mrs. Harold Cooney is one of the most popular citizens of Michigan City, Indiana. Her husband is learning piano-tuning in Chicago, earning expenses by selling brooms door to door. They've never accepted a pension. But that's only one of a hundred reasons why I have selected them for my Traveler of the Month.

By TOMMY BARTLETT

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

Mrs. Harold Cooney, her husband and their dog Spam with Tommy Bartlett, right, emcee of Welcome Travelers.



Coming



Next Month

The ballots are in, the count is being made and next month's issue will carry the names of the stars and programs which you, the reader-listener, have designated as being tops. These Awards, as you know, are the only ones based on actual listening audience preference. If you voted in this year's balloting, you'll be anxious to know whether your favorites placed first. But even if you didn't vote, you'll find the May issue a special treat. There'll be color portraits of all the radio stars who have won first place and there'll also be stories on some of the winning stars and programs. There's even a special cover—color portraits of eight first-place stars.

* * *

Interesting sidelights on the Awards: although the editors were braced for the deluge of ballots, which judging from previous years, was sure to come in, the response was nevertheless overwhelming. This proves how important the Awards have become to you. That's why the editors are justifiably proud that RADIO MIRROR's awards are the only ones in the industry which reflect the choice of the day-to-day listener. And that's why the Awards will continue to be an important annual event in RADIO MIRROR.

* * *

While most of the May issue will be devoted to the Awards, your favorite regular features will appear, too. Don't forget Wednesday, April 12. That's the day you'll be able to buy this special issue of RADIO MIRROR at your newsstand. The demand for this issue will be heavy. Ask your dealer to reserve your copies now. And be sure to keep a sharp ear on the radio during April, for there'll be special Awards ceremonies on many of the winners' programs.

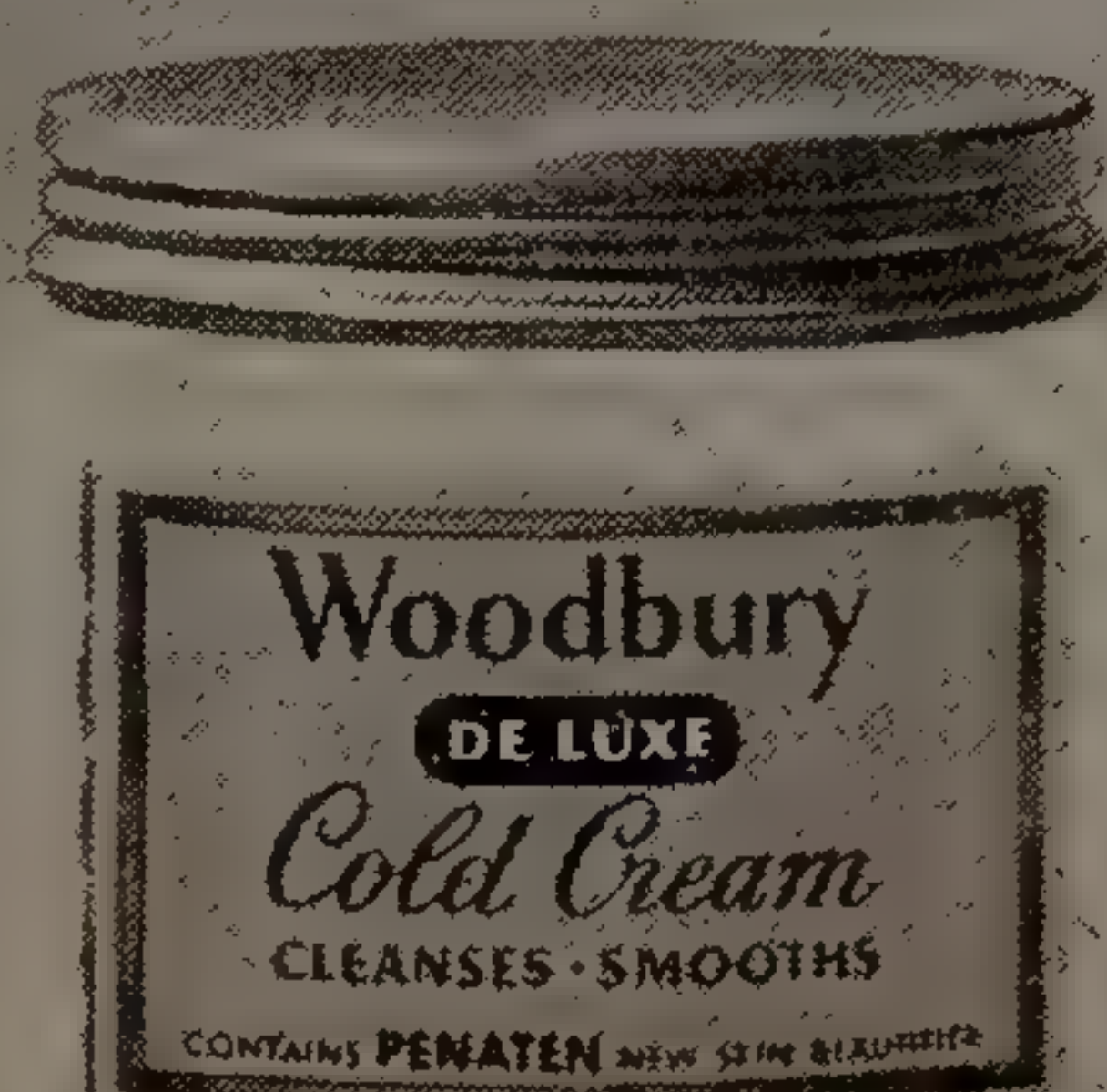


Deep...deeper...
deepest cleansing ever!

If casual cleansing helps, just think what *deep-cleansing* will do! For only the cleanest skin can look really young and lovely.

Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper. It contains Penaten—the amazing penetrating agent that *actually goes deeper into pore openings*. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream *smooths more effectively, too*. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that lovely little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to \$1.39 plus tax.



Woodbury
Cold Cream

Penetrates deeper because
it contains **PENATEN**

JOIN the 1950 CANCER CRUSADE

GIVE

to the AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

This I

Have faith in your fellow man, in the essential goodness

of your neighbor, and you, too, will know the joyous rebirth of this Easter season!

By JACK B ERCH

"Mark my words, Jack, people are good," my mother said. "The secret of happiness is to have faith in God and your fellow man."

I was about eleven years old when Mother told me that. We lived in Sigel, Illinois, and my father had just died. Because we were poor I had to work after school myself. That was twenty-eight years ago but even then I began to put her teaching into practice.

I went down to the store of a dry goods merchant who had a sign in his window advertising for a stock boy. He was a stern man known for his efficiency.

"You'll have to sort cloths," he said. "Do you know anything about fabrics?"

I wanted that job badly, badly enough to lie but I didn't.

"No, I don't," I told him. "But I can learn."

He stared at me for a minute then smiled and said, "You have to learn sometime, I guess, so it may as well be now."

I stuck to the principle of honesty in all of my dealings and sometimes it didn't seem to pay off. There weren't always men around who gave you a job because you admitted to ignorance about something. And for many years I was away from home, for Sigel was a small town and there weren't many jobs to be had. I got most of my schooling by washing dishes and singing with an orchestra but I have to admit that all my higher

education was picked up in the University of Hard Knocks.

"Have faith in people," Mother said. "Be decent to them and they'll be decent to you."

That advice even today keeps me from making a fool of myself and others. Too often someone has told me, "Watch out for that man, he'll steal a nickel from a child." But I've found that people meet honesty with honesty. Unfortunately there is too much emphasis today on cynicism and selfishness. The black headlines of your newspaper and the nervous voice of news announcers tell of murders, wars, bombs and robberies. Too seldom, you hear of the goodness in the world.

That was why I introduced Heart-to-Heart Hookup on my NBC program several years ago, to help people renew their faith in mankind. I have told of ordinary men and women who will never be remembered in the annals of history but nevertheless have performed acts so courageous that I feel humble in the telling. For so many of these unfortunate people have neither the physical strength of the athlete nor the weapons of a soldier. Their bravery is based on faith alone.

Zoe Peterson, who lived in Joplin, Missouri, was a heroine and her story seems particularly significant to me at Easter time.

Her life came to a climax at the age of thirty-three when she was about to have her first child. Doctors gave her and the (Continued on page 104)

Believe—



In their spring finery, the Berch family attends Easter services at their neighborhood church. Six-year-old John and two-year-old Mollie do their best to support big sisters Shirley and Carol and parents Jack and Margot in hymn singing.

The story of



By MARGARET SANGSTER

My True Story is heard Mon. thru Fri.
at 10:00 A.M., EST over ABC. Sponsor-
ed by Libby, McNeill and Libby Company.

It's been amusing, it's been exciting—and it's also been

Just today I read a letter, written on lined paper, grief-stained and inarticulate:

"Yesterday," said the letter, "I listened to the story of a little girl in the charity ward of a hospital, recuperating from a rare operation. I'm poor—I can't contribute very much—but I wish you'd buy a few flowers for me and send them to the little girl in memory of my small daughter who had that same operation—and didn't get well..." With the letter was enclosed a shabby dollar bill.

That dollar bill made me feel very proud and very humble at once, for the story the writer spoke of was one of the My True Story dramas, and I had written it. Her letter, so surely straight from her heart, made me realize anew that my part in the program has become, through the years, more than a job—it is a very dear responsibility.

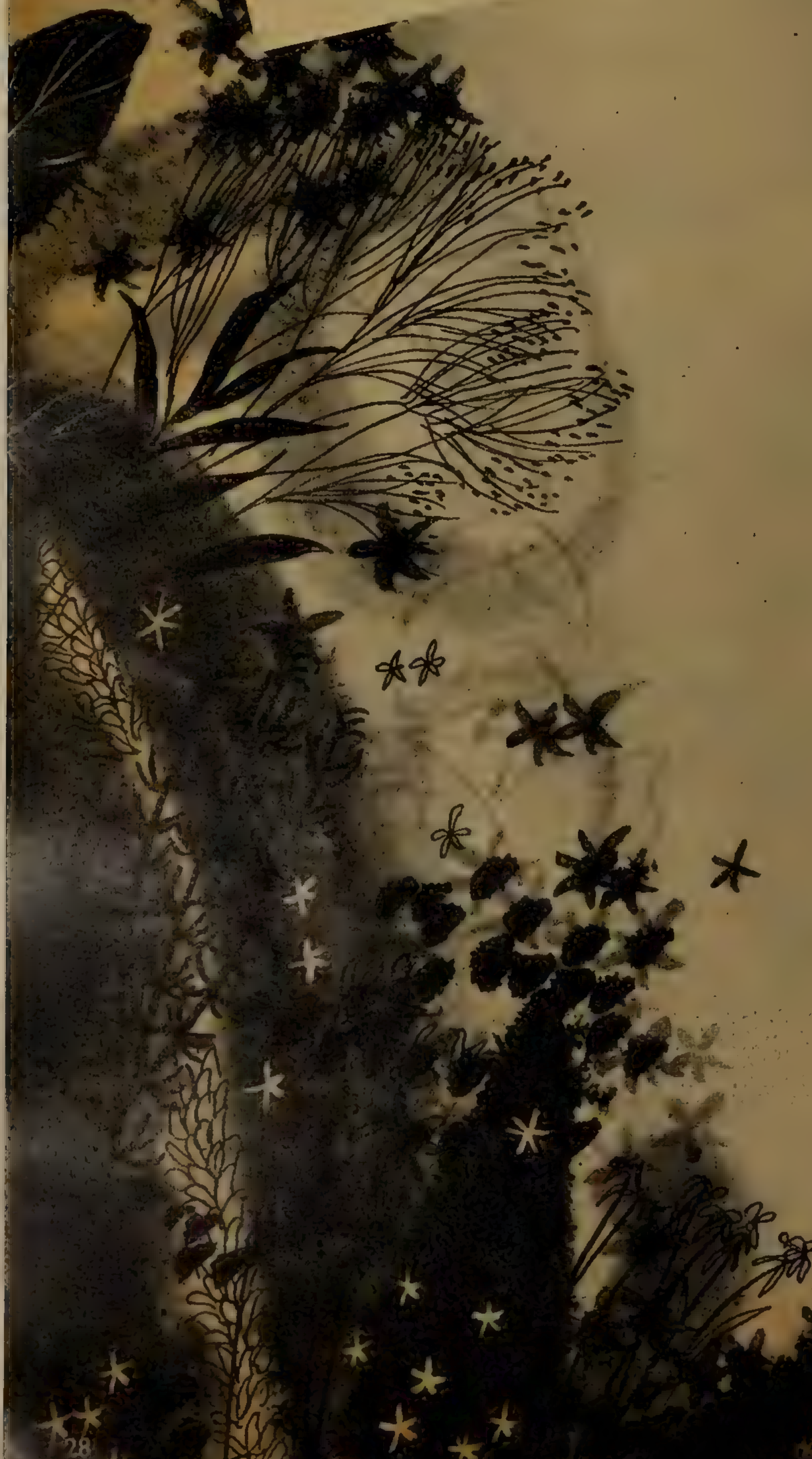
My True Story was actually born during the blizzard of '43. Under the stormy circumstances, it might have been a little monster with two heads and certain other frightening characteristics, but it was a good baby—it cooed and gurgled in its cradle, its first steps were in the right direction, and it developed into a docile child with certain surprisingly adult actions and reactions. But even if it weren't so satisfactory, I'd still love it, because it's *my* child.

There was quite a bit of consternation in the beginning at the thought of a daily program which would not have a day-by-day continuity. Not only was My True Story a half-hour show (twenty-five minutes to be exact) but it had no Monday-through-Friday cliff hangers, no overwhelming weekend suspense to interest the audience in a follow-through. My True Story was a rebel—it insisted upon telling a complete story every day, with a beginning and a middle climax and an ending.

"It can't possibly succeed," I was warned, "in the face of daytime serial competition!"

I had an answer for my critics—many of whom were my best friends! I told them that magazines had changed materially in the last decade, and that radio would—and must—reflect the new magazine pattern.

In the old days magazines had published serials which ran for ten and sometimes twenty months, but now almost all magazine serials were condensed into two or three



My True Story



the supreme adventure of Margaret Sangster's radio life

parts. Once upon a time magazine plots had dragged out, but now they were crisply constructed—were apt to be one-dimensional affairs!

This change had come about, I reasoned, because the world was proceeding at a new tempo. People didn't have time to worry about what was going to happen next month or next week. Sometimes they didn't even have time to worry about what was going to happen tomorrow! Entertainment had to be taken as a one-shot balanced menu rather than as a progressive dinner. For that reason, My True Story was following the right formula—for it would give its balanced menu in easy to swallow capsule form.

"Well," the critics said, "we'll see. It's worth a try, anyway." And they've been seeing for a record breaking period—listening, rather!

Through the years with My True Story . . . It's been a pleasant journey, an amusing journey, an invariably exciting journey. Five complete stories a week is an adventure in any writer's language—it's been a supreme adventure in mine. Not only have I adapted the plots that have come to me via the editors of *True Story Magazine*, I've snatched plots from newspaper columns, from history books, from events that have loomed large in my own life, and in the lives of my friends.

I find myself listening avidly to the conversations of complete strangers—a chance remark that I overhear on a bus or in the subway or across the counter of a department store may become the theme song of a true story script. When a confidence is given me I often have a to-the-death fight with myself, I'm so anxious to use it on the air. Many a night I've lain awake in the darkness, cooking up plots and counter-plots. I'm even tempted to kiss and tell!

The crew that produces My True Story has remained practically unchanged through the changing seasons. Our directors, our script editor, our supervisor, our announcer, our electrician, our organist—they're all part of a large, happy—and, thank heaven—permanent family. We spend many of our playtimes together, as well as our worktimes—perhaps that's one reason why the show has been a success: *we like us!* Back-biting (Continued on page 103)

The Light of



At evening prayer, l. to r.: Miriam, Tolmai.

Light of the World is the story of a family living in the troubled times of the New Testament when Jerusalem was under the Roman heel. Tolmai, a lawyer, has been sought out secretly by Pontius Pilate as an adviser and though the role is distasteful to him, he feels he can better the lot of his people. The first advice he gave to Pilate was to issue a decree forbidding fraternization between Roman soldiers and Jerusalem girls. That decree, however, has repercussions in his own family for his beautiful daughter, Miriam, has fallen in love with a Roman centurion. The whole family is drawn into this

Light of the World is heard M.-F., 2:45 P.M.

the World



the prophet Isaiah, Bartholomew, Leah.

disastrous problem. As they sit at evening prayer, with Tolmai's father, Isaiah, reading from the scriptures, each is thinking about the future and the difficulties surrounding it. Leah, Miriam's mother, believes that her love for her family will help find the way. Bartholomew, most of all, is beset with problems, for he feels a conflict within himself. Torn between the desire for a material life and something much greater—he knows not what—he has no idea of what the future holds for him. (Lynn Rogers as Miriam; Jack Arthur, Tolmai; William Adams, Isaiah; James McCallion, Bartholomew; Peggy Allenby, Leah.)

EST on NBC. Sponsored by General Mills.



A titan even then, ex-ad man William Paley (standing) took on presidency of CBS in its infancy.



Well out of swaddling clothes by 1926, Hollywood offered "The Big Parade." (John Gilbert, Renee Adoree)

The Old Maestro himself—the late Ben Bernie, who was an enormous favorite.



RADIO'S

By

LLEWELLYN MILLER

1925: Spin back the dial of time twenty-five years and take a look at the world in which broadcasting was only five years old. It was a world that considered itself the ultimate in sophistication. It was fashionable to be cynical and disillusioned about everything—about the war, about the peace, about love, about prohibition.

What was libelously labelled "rye" was selling at around \$100 a case. Home brew was seething and blowing its corks in many a basement. People were still adding juniper berries to bathtub gin made from straight alcohol and distilled water. Later they did not bother. Jazz, on the upgrade for several years, was sweeping the country. So was golf. It was estimated that two million players, wearing those stylish plus fours, left "golf widows" at home on Sundays.

Professional football came into its own this year when Red Grange of Illinois took the plunge. People were paying fantastic prices for land in Florida, sight unseen, in the boom that was to collapse following the disastrous hurricane of 1926. The Gumps, Harold Teen and Casper Milquetoast were brand new arrivals in the comics, and Douglas Fairbanks did "The Black Pirate" in a lurid two-color Technicolor. Its shrieking peacock blue and its vibrating orange were a stunning novelty but so expensive that Hollywood regarded it without enthusiasm. Why bother when the public was packing theatres to see the untinted (Continued on page 83)

The beautiful, blonde Jessica Dragonette quickly established herself as a popular radio singer. Here with Ford Bond on the Cities Service program, 1926. That's Rosario Bowdon conducting, and the Revelers Quartette at right.



OWN LIFE STORY

Part IV: Against a background of the most tumultuous years of the twenties, radio—along with bathtub gin, flagpole sitters and daring air feats—makes its mark on a country eager for anything new and astonishing



Merlin Aylesworth, directly behind the microphone, became the president of NBC when it was formed in 1926. Doubtless the women's gowns could pass as fashionable today what with the revival of twenties' styles.

Here's



My Husband

She's also known as Margo, the actress, and she says she's "stuck on" Eddie. Here's a prediction: you'll feel the same way about him after reading this story!

By MRS. EDDIE ALBERT

My family and I had spent a fine day at the beach—a happy, lazy sort of day. Then, afterwards, a wonderful dinner, and to top it off we decided to see an early movie. We had gone to the one nearest by—walked in without even really looking to see what was playing.

I hadn't the slightest idea that anything important was going to happen—certainly not that it would be anything so important as seeing my future husband, radio and screen star Eddie Albert, on whom I'd never even laid eyes up till now!

There I sat, comfortably drowsy, with that good feeling that comes of a day spent in the sun. To make my joy complete I'd found a chocolate bar *with almonds!* It would have been one of those good days that pass and are taken for granted, except for the fact that suddenly, on the screen, there appeared an actor I didn't know. He played the part of a doctor; he walked into his consultation room to speak to a girl who was troubled and unhappy and didn't want to talk about it. His manner showed the understanding, the honest interest that sets the dedicated doctor who cares about his patients apart from the "expert technician" or the hurried money-grubber.

"What a good actor he is," I thought to myself. "He must be a nice person, too." And that, for posterity, is how grandma met grandpa.

A few days later a friend of mine, Jerry Ascher, called and asked me to have lunch with him at Warner Brothers. When I arrived at the studio, he told me, "Eddie Albert is going to join us. Would

you like to go over to his set and watch them shoot for a while until they break for lunch?"

I said yes. I said I would love to meet him and see him work. I said that I thought he was a wonderful actor and must be a nice person. I said, "Jerry, I like him very much!"

Jerry grinned and answered, "You and everyone else!"

I felt at home with Eddie from the moment I met him that day. I felt easy—as though I'd always known him. I noticed again the qualities that had struck me when I had seen him on the screen. "So it's true," I said to myself. "It wasn't just acting. He likes people, he's honestly interested in them."

Eddie was telling us about Joan Leslie. About what a lovely person she is, how unspoiled she has remained, in spite of having started to work, and become a star, as a child. I noticed that Joan's stand-in, who was near us, was sort of shifting from one foot to another. (Stand-ins for stars have a lot of "standing around" to do!) No sooner had I noticed the girl than Eddie was on his feet, wheeling his studio chair toward her. It was a small thing . . . but a rather unusual thing, too. You see, stars in motion pictures work long and hard and they are expected to conserve their energy, not to behave as they would in a drawing room. Of necessity the little courtesies aren't always observed.

We went to lunch, and I found myself talking a mile a minute and laughing uproariously at Eddie's particular brand of humor, which very often ends up with the laugh being (Continued on page 90)

MY



In his gaily striped chef's cap, Desi lets Lucille sample his special dish, arroz con pollo (rice with chicken). And it looks as though Lucille likes what she tastes.

Assorted animals have found their way to the Arnaz door, but the Persian kittens on opposite page, Princess No. 1 and No. 2 of Devonshire, were a gift to Lucille from Desi.



A character analyst watching my husband, Desi Arnaz, during one of his night club engagements or theater performances, would probably conclude that he was—this dynamic, volatile, dark-eyed Latin—the life of the party. It would be normal for the observer to assume that Desi's idea of the perfect existence would include a continual round of parties, dancing until dawn, polishing the morning star, and living on a diet of neon, tinsel, and maracas.

Observer, you couldn't be more mistaken!

Desi is the original home-body. The most important thing in the world, in his opinion, is the atmosphere of a busy household. Whenever I join him in a hotel or flat, during one of his away-from-Hollywood engagements, my first duty is to set up housekeeping. My routine runs like this: I hop off the plane or train at an

hour when Desi can meet me; he takes me "home" and on the way to our temporary abode he briefs me on where, in the immediate vicinity, I can find a hardware store, as well as a grocery or delicatessen.

When I reach our quarters, I send out my traveling clothes to the valet service, hop into the shower, and then don simple, housewifely clothing and sally forth to shop.

I buy an electric grill and an electric roaster, a coffee maker, a toaster, and an egg poacher. I buy such staples as bread, butter, cream, salt, pepper, sugar, spices, cereals, cheese, crackers, jam, eggs, canned ham, and coffee.

The advent of frozen foods has been a boon beyond description. Nowadays I can buy rolls ready to be baked in my trick electric (Continued on page 88)

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE HUSBAND? SEE THE END OF THIS STORY

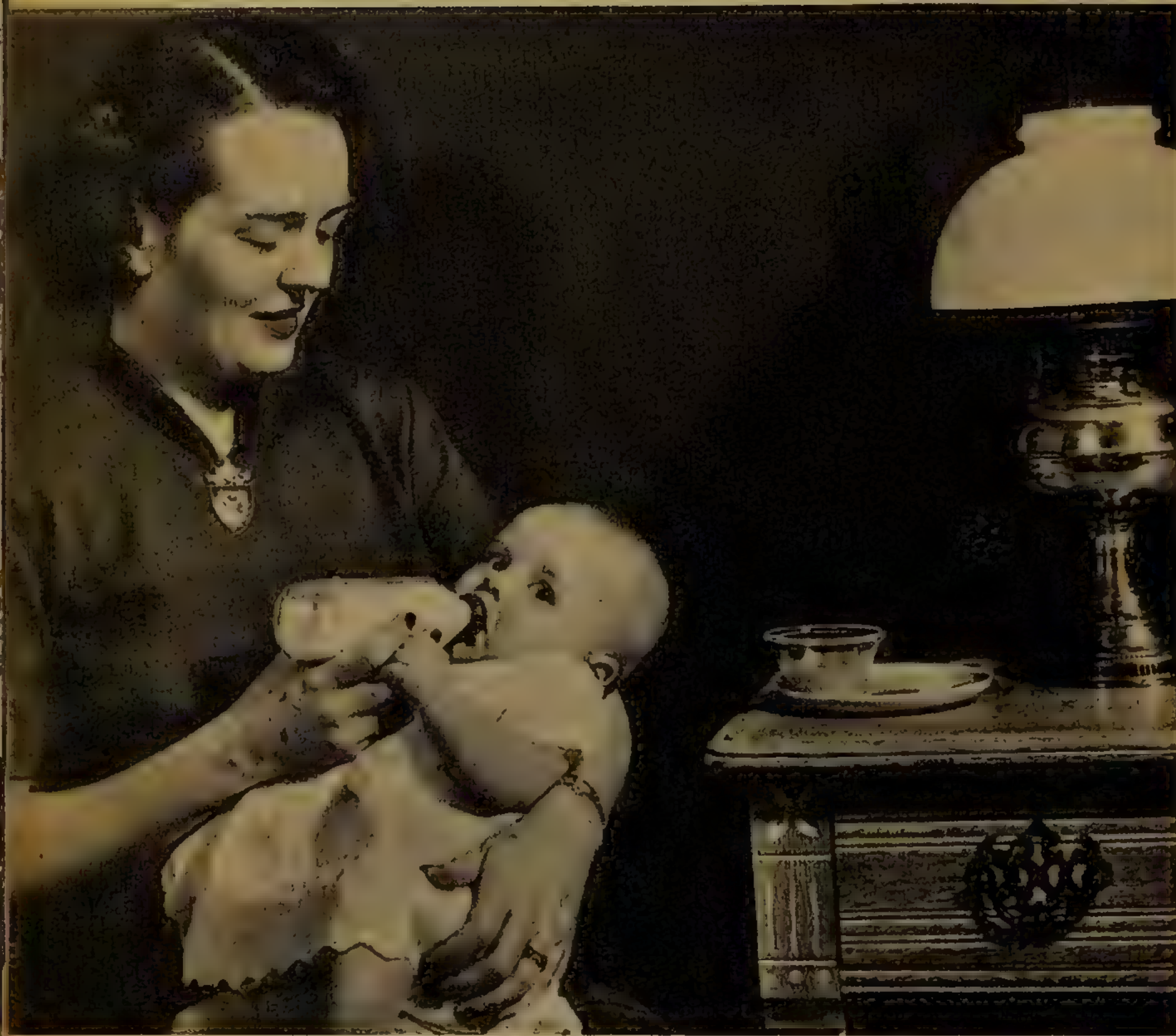
Favorite HUSBAND

It's easy to see why Desi gets that special rating. But, says Lucille, there's even more to him than meets the eye. Let her tell you what she means.

By LUCILLE BALL



WHAT *Is* THE YOUNGER



Margaret Ludden has, Allen says, the finest sense of humor he has ever known. That's Martha, the youngest, on her lap.



Here's a typical teen-age panel on Mind Your Manners moderator Allen Ludden, Betty Ann Kelly.



About a happy life, Allen says: "Our most consistent pleasure comes from a satisfactory relationship with the opposite sex."

We had, we decided, a good idea for a radio show. We'd put a panel of teen-agers from Hartford schools on the air. I'd act as moderator—the man who fills the gaps if there's a silence (we haven't had one yet!) asks questions, and keeps the kids from getting too hot under the collar when a controversial subject comes up. We'd call the show Mind Your Manners, and the panel would talk about—well, what do youngsters talk about? we asked ourselves. What to wear, how to behave at a dance, how to make introductions—things like that.

And we were right. We did have a good idea—so good that it wasn't long before NBC decided that stations of the network should carry the program, not just WTIC up here in Hartford. But we were wrong, so wrong, about one aspect—about what youngsters talk about.

It's really very simple: Boys want to talk about girls. Girls want to talk about boys. Both want to talk about how to get along with each other.

So we let this panel talk about the thing most important to them, and to the thousands of other youngsters—and their parents—who wrote to us from all over the country. We

Mind Your Manners is heard Saturdays at 9:30 A.M. EST.

GENERATION COMING TO ?



Your Manners. Left to right, Lewis James, Tommy Keena, Peter Gunas, Pat Utley, Mary Ann Lynch. Youngsters are from Hartford schools.

It's coming to be, says this expert on teen-agers, just like the previous ones—no worse, perhaps a little bit better! And he ought to know

By ALLEN LUDDEN

phrased it rather elegantly: *our greatest and most consistent pleasure comes from a satisfactory relationship with the opposite sex*, we said. And that's what we talk about on Mind Your Manners nowadays—problems more important than manners and social behavior. Problems that are concerned with boys and girls just beginning to get out in the world together, just beginning to learn—or who want to learn, anyway—how to get along with each other.

It's in the teens that girls and boys first become conscious of their interest in each other, and they need help in threshing out their problems. Too often they find their parents in sharp disagreement with their behavior.

"My mother refuses to hear my side," a teen-ager will write—but just as frequently a mother complains, "I don't know what I'm going to do with my daughter for she just won't listen."

Bitter arguments sometimes split families so badly that children and parents never quite forgive each other. It becomes an emotional question of who is right, mother or daughter? Well, the panel on Mind Your Manners tries to (Continued on page 75)

Two-year-old David Ludden joins Daddy for reading session—he isn't, says Allen, usually this quiet!



66 Falling

The Lees: husband and wife at home, writer and actress at studio.



MORE ⁹⁹ in love

Nice work if you can do it. And Bob and Janet are just the ones who can, for after two years of marriage they're still that way about each other

By JANET WALDO LEE

The telephone rang at our house early Monday morning.

My husband, who had been up pounding the typewriter for hours, answered, and came into our bedroom where I was still arguing with the clock which said it was nine o'clock and time to get up. He had taken a message for me, he said, from CBS:

"Bob Lee wants you for Young Love on the sixteenth."

And we both laughed like crazy.

Bob Lee, you see, is not only one of the two writers-producers-directors of Young Love, he is also my husband.

We've been married for twenty months, falling more in love, I think, every day of it.

And I've been working for him on the Friday

night Young Love series for almost a year, in addition to my Corliss Archer shows and Emmy Lou on Ozzie and Harriet.

Despite the fact that working together is the biggest thrill in both our lives, we feel quite proud—we think it shows a professional approach to our jobs—that even some of the people who work on Young Love with us don't know that we're married.

In the studio I'm Miss Waldo, but at home—and home is where my heart is—I'm Mrs. Robert E. Lee, and that role, believe me, is more important and more rewarding than any I'll ever play as an actress in my life.

Our friends say we still act like newlyweds, and I suppose we do—and why not? When we have a show to do, we're willing to act like



Dining table doubles for desk, but Janet's patient when an idea just *has* to be put down.



Blueprint for the future: a ranch house in Encino for Janet, Bob and—they hope—some little Lees.

“FALLING MORE in LOVE”

serious, hard-working grown-ups—but away from the job, why, let people say we're in love. We think it's about time, with all the talk about mixed up, unhappy Hollywood marriages, for somebody to step up and say “Don't worry about us. We think our marriage is just about ideal.”

We shudder, now that we find we have so much together, when we think how very close we came to never getting married at all. At first, Bob couldn't have been less interested in me, and then when he did come around, I began getting cold feet.

But I might as well tell the whole story:

I first met Bob when he was a casting director for one of the big Hollywood advertising agencies, and I was knocking on doors around town trying to break into radio. I went to his office for an interview.

I had a new fur jacket, and was feeling very elegant. When I got a look at “Mr. Lee” behind his big desk I was mighty glad that I had taken the trouble to look my prettiest. He was so good looking, and so *young*. I read for him, and I thought I'd impressed him. He seemed so sweet and so interested in everything I'd done. And he had a picture of his mother on his desk, so I was sure he was a very nice boy.

I remember I wrote in my diary about him

A solicitous Bob tends his sick wife. This is what happened to Janet after her first game of golf.



that night. “I met a real young producer.” (This was important to me; I was just seventeen and trying to look twenty—you know the way girls are) “I think he liked me. I wish he'd ask me out.”

But he didn't ask me out. I didn't know until months later when I saw him again at a party that he hadn't remembered me at all.

I was dancing with another fellow, who said, “Bob Lee asked me who you were.” Well!

I scratched him off my list then and there.

I didn't see him again until, just before I began doing Corliss Archer, I went to an audition being conducted by the writers, Mr. Jerry Lawrence and Mr. Robert E. Lee.

“Your name, please,” Mr. Robert E. Lee asked me politely.

“Really, Mr. Lee,” I replied huffily, “we've met.”

This time—maybe it was the huff—he managed to remember my name. And he must have looked up my telephone number, for he called and asked me to go with him to a dinner party.

We had a wonderful time, and this time I was *sure* he liked me, and I assured my diary that night that *finally* everything was going to be all right.

And then he didn't call me for three months!

What can you do with a boy like that? Forget him, I figured, and I did just that, and practically got myself engaged to another, more attentive Bob who was about to go overseas in the Navy.

When Bob Lee called me the next time, I was all braced for a gay evening, followed by a brush off. And what happened?

“I think you're the girl for me,” he told me ten minutes after he rang the front doorbell at my house. “I think we ought to get married.”

What do you do with a boy like that?

And then he didn't call me again, for two weeks. But he hadn't forgotten, I was amazed to learn, that he had proposed to me. It was impossible, I said—there was this other boy, and I couldn't possibly be engaged to him, it wouldn't be fair, with the other Bob thousands of miles away and not there to protect his interests.

It was impossible, I said, several times. So he bought me an engagement ring. And it went on like that, literally, for years, and we went together and didn't go together, and got engaged, but not really engaged, and Bob went into the service for almost three years, and came home again, and we started the whole ridiculous process all over again.

When we finally did make up our minds, give us credit for this at least, we were married within two weeks. I didn't even have time to shop for a proper wedding dress.

All of our friends, instead of saying “how wonderful!” said “it's about time,” but we didn't mind—we knew it was wonderful.

March 29, 1948, was the day of our wedding—I guess you could say we'd wasted six whole years. But we've made up for our procrastination since. We had a quick, but idyllic honeymoon at Palm Springs, (Continued on page 102)

When a Girl Marries

The problem of a wayward brother confronted Mrs. H. B., whose letter was printed in January RADIO MIRROR. The brother was about to be released from prison; Mrs. H. B.'s mother wanted him to return to the home she shared with her daughter and daughter's husband. I think that Mrs. Virginia Fischer, of Staunton, Illinois, has offered the soundest advice. For her letter, below, RADIO MIRROR has sent Mrs. Fischer a check for \$25.00.

Dear Mrs. H. B.:

I believe you should appeal to the sense of justice in both your husband and your mother. Have a group discussion—ask your husband if he doesn't think it is the only fair thing to give your brother a chance to go straight, settle down and be a good citizen. Ask your mother if she doesn't think, in all fairness to you, that your brother must behave himself or leave. A mother's instinct is always to stick by the "black sheep" but I can't believe your mother would be so unfair as to want you to see your home broken in order to give your brother, should he still prove undeserving, a home.

When your brother is paroled (and this means that he has been let out because of good behavior, and that if his behavior does not continue to be good he will have to go back to prison) I would give it to him straight—that in order to live with your mother, your husband and you he must stay out of trouble, or out he goes! I am sure your husband will be fair enough to give him a chance in the home which your mother helped to provide, especially if he remembers that when you were ill, a helping hand was extended to you.

Try to make your brother feel welcome, include him in the things you do, treat him as one of you. But be firm—be agreed in advance, all of you, that this is the final chance.

Now, here are the letters that I have chosen to answer this month. At the end, you will find the monthly problem letter which I ask you to help me in answering.

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been married for two years. My mother-in-law is very nice, and I like her a lot,

but she has one fault that really gets on my nerves. Every time I invite her to dinner she always arrives early—even before I start cooking—and no matter what I have to cook she just comes in and takes over. Is there any way I can tactfully stop her?

Mrs. J.C.V.

Dear Mrs. V.:

Why don't you try looking at this from another angle, and then perhaps you'll find that it isn't a problem at all. (Continued on page 79)

By

JOAN DAVIS



Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25

to the person whose problem

letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than March 25. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize winners, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

For her new figure, Peggy needed a new wardrobe, one that could go places and do things.



A stroll with husband Dave Barbour is still fun for Peggy, though her reducing plan called for but one exercise—walking.



MANANA

Dedicated to every woman who has ever let her-

Tomorrow has arrived for Peggy Lee. Coming under the shiny and elusive label of today, it is utterly unlike the lyric of Peggy's hit song "... but manana never comes." That kind of manana merely promises new achievements and new prospects for satisfying living. Peggy's kind of manana fulfills them.

But tomorrow's becoming today doesn't happen just because you're equipped with Peggy Lee's looks (lovely), her brains (many) and her voice (sensational). Nor does it happen just because you have a husband like Dave Barbour who loves you very much, and a little girl like Nicki who has turned out to be the kind of child every woman hopes for.

Peggy herself would be the last one to deny that these things don't help but she'd be the first to insist that anyone can nail down manana and turn it into today. The secret, according to Peggy, lies in finding out what you want to do and then achieving the physical condition which will permit you to do it. And that, says Peggy, is something



By HELEN BOLSTAD

comes for Peggy

elf go—this story of one who did and then came back

every woman is capable of doing for herself.

But, you might ask, how could anyone like Peggy Lee ever feel the need to turn daydreams into realities? Doesn't she have *everything* that a woman wants—charm, talent, beauty *and* a husband and child? Didn't her hit song "Manana" sell over two million records? Hasn't she signed a contract to sing with Bing Crosby? And long before "Manana" and Crosby, wasn't she the cutest song stylist this side of the Ambassador West? Hadn't she achieved top status when she appeared with Benny Goodman's orchestra? And didn't every serviceman, longing for things stateside, think that Peggy Lee was perhaps the most terrific song deliverer on wax? What more, indeed, could any woman want? Tomorrow, you might think, had arrived many yesterdays ago for Peggy.

Your reasoning might also assume that Peggy never faced a stack of breakfast dishes in the sink, never wondered what to cook for dinner, never tended to the thousand and one demands of a small child. Nor, do you (Continued on page 78)



On tour, Peggy met the members of her Chicago fan club. The littlest Lee fan, Peggy's daughter Nicki, joined the admiring circle, too.

Peggy Lee is heard on the Bing Crosby Show, Wednesday evenings at 9:30 EST, over CBS network stations. Sponsored by Chesterfield cigarettes.

MUST A WIFE MAKE

Sacrifices

FOR HER HUSBAND'S CAREER?

Here is a new daytime serial problem which RADIO MIRROR asks you, the reader-listeners, to help solve from your own fund of experience, or perhaps from knowledge gained from the similar experience of a friend, or someone in your family. Each month in this space, RADIO MIRROR asks your advice, on behalf of one of your daytime serial favorites.

This month's problem is one that is of deep concern to Rosemary Dawson Roberts, of the Rosemary program, at the present time. Recently, her whole way of life has been changed and, more important still, her entire way of thinking is threatened; many of the things which she has been brought up to consider of first importance she finds are thought of little value by her new circle of acquaintances. All this has come about because her husband, Bill, has a new job—one which entailed his moving to New York City. And so Rosemary asks herself if she must conform entirely to this new life—must find a whole new set of values. Rosemary loves her husband; he, always, will come first with her. And yet she must live with herself, too. She cannot provide a happy, harmonious home for Bill if she is not at peace with herself.

On the next two pages you will find the story of Rosemary, of her husband, of the others who are of importance in their lives. On CBS each day you will hear more of the story of Rosemary and Bill. When you have read about them, listened to them, perhaps you will be able to advise Rosemary on this problem which concerns her present and future happiness.

**RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$50.00 FOR
THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS!**

You'll find full details by turning to the next page.

Rosemary Roberts, of

the daytime serial which

bears her name, faces

a problem difficult for a

woman to solve alone.

Can you, from your own or

a friend's experience,

help her make the decision

and find peace of mind?



Rosemary and Bill Roberts (center) chat over after-dinner coffee with Bill's new boss, Howard Wilson, and his wife, Edith. (Rosemary is heard Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EST, on Columbia Broadcasting System stations, sponsored by Ivory Snow.)

Your advice may help Rosemary to decide what compromises she



Dr. Jim Cotter—loves and soon will marry Rosemary's mother.



Mother Dawson—did a magnificent job bringing up her girls.



Rosemary—sweet, gentle, simple, her new way of life troubles her.

RADIO MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to: "What Sacrifices Should A Woman Make For Her Husband's Career?" Best Answer, \$25; next five best, \$5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more about Bill and Rosemary Roberts, about the people important in their lives, about the problem facing Rosemary—suddenly transported from a small town to a big city; suddenly finds herself living an extremely complex life, some of the facets of which she does not approve. She knows she must conform to this new life if she is to help the career of the husband she loves so much. What compromises will she have to make with the quiet life she loved in Springdale? Will the sophisticated atmosphere destroy the basic structure of her marriage?

State your advice in no more than one hundred words; address to Rosemary, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose what they feel to be the best letter, will purchase it for \$25.00 for the July issue; choose the five next-best letters, purchase them for \$5.00 each. The opinions of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Letters must be postmarked no later than midnight April 1, 1950. Coupon below should accompany your letter.

NAME

STREET or BOX

CITY or POSTOFFICE.....STATE.....

Until recently, Rosemary Roberts and her husband, Bill, have been living happily in the little town of Springdale. Here Mother Dawson, Rosemary's mother, lives too, with her other daughter, Patti, and with Jessie, a little girl who has had an unfortunate series of experiences, and whom Rosemary and Bill are now caring for.

Life in Springdale was quiet and pleasant—it gave Bill the peace he so much needed in order to make a satisfactory adjustment to the postwar world, and to forget his harrowing experience during, and immediately after, the time he spent in service.

Bill has always had a flair for writing, has always wanted to find a way to put this talent of his to good use. And so of course he was delighted when a New York advertising agency assigned him a copywriting job for a series of special booklets. Since Rosemary was working as secretary to her mother's fiance, Dr. Jim Cotter, Bill asked Jane Springham, a local school teacher, for the help he needed in preparing the booklets. During their weeks of working together they found that they collaborated well, so that when the agency offered Bill a position in the New York office, he urged Jane to come with him.

Jane refused, but Bill accepted the offer, went to the city, with Rosemary planning to follow as soon as he was settled in the new job. At the last moment Jane changed her mind, decided to accompany Bill, and during the days when they were thrown together at the agency he began to be aware of her love for him. At last she admitted it, and Bill insisted that she return to Springdale—and she did, putting an end to Rosemary's anguish, for Rosemary suspected Jane's love from the start. Her peace of mind restored, Rosemary realized that the foundation of her marriage is strong enough to survive a temporary upset.

But what, Rosemary soon asked herself, about an upset more all-inclusive, longer-lasting? When she

should make in order to help Bill and still remain true to her ideals



Bill Roberts—delighted with his new job and new affluence.



Jessie—Rosemary's foster daughter, now with Mother Dawson.



Jane Springham—her love for Bill helped him get his new job.

got to New York, Rosemary discovered to her amazement that Mr. Wilson, Bill's boss, had rented a luxurious penthouse apartment for her and Bill, to be their New York home. Rosemary had been in New York only a short time when she realized that she had been thrown into a smart, sophisticated world—and that she must conform to this new life if she desires—as of course she does—to further Bill's career. By now, Rosemary has found that her role as the wife of a successful New York advertising man makes demands on her time, her thoughts, and even her private life that she never dreamed of in Springdale—demands that are not always in accord with the straightforward way of life which she was brought up to believe in and which she has always lived by.

And so, Rosemary asks herself, what compromises must she make with the quiet life she loved so well in her home town. To what extent must she make herself over, change her thinking, her whole set of values? Will the new atmosphere, with its overlay of glamor, destroy or seriously undermine the strong foundation which she knows underlies her marriage to Bill? What are the truly important things, the absolutely necessary things that she must do—and where shall she draw the line, where make the decision between her principles and the furtherance of Bill's career, which is so important to him?

Bewildered and troubled by the completely different life, the new friends, new surroundings, the things which she considers important and that Bill's new friends do not, the things she once thought unimportant and which, to these people, loom large—Rosemary does not know what to do, where to turn. What would *your* advice be? What, if you found yourself in similar circumstances, would you do? How would you strike a balance between your husband's happiness and your own, between his career and the things you were taught to believe, your ideals?

HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO WROTE THE BEST LETTERS OF ADVICE TO VIKKI HOYT, MARRIAGE FOR TWO, IN JANUARY'S DAYTIME SERIAL PROBLEM.

In the January RADIO MIRROR, reader-listeners were invited to advise Vikki Hoyt of Marriage For Two. Readers were asked: "How Should Vikki handle her problem of The Other Woman?" RADIO MIRROR editors have chosen the best letters, and checks have been sent to the following:

FIFTY DOLLAR LETTER, by Mrs. Ben Dickinson of Cordele, Georgia, who wrote as follows:

Roger may be a dreamer but he is only human. He wants to be loved, admired and believed in—regardless of any shortcomings. When he feels he is failing he hunts escape. Who doesn't? Vikki must accept Roger as a husband just as she accepted him as a lover. She doesn't need to be like Pamela because Roger has proven by marrying her that he loves her for herself. No, all Vikki needs to keep Roger is to mix a little mother love with her practical views, and take time to share a few of Roger's dreams. Love is one's best security.

TEN DOLLARS each for the five next best letters on Vikki's problem were sent to Mrs. Frances Osborne, Arlington, Virginia; Mrs. N. C. Dale, Hamiota, Manitoba, Canada; Mrs. John T. Latham, Houston, Texas; Mrs. June Harris, New Albany, Indiana; and Mrs. Charles Toles, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Marriage For Two is heard M-F, 10:30 A.M. EST, on NBC stations. Sponsored by Kraft Foods.



For a leisurely and easy breakfast or brunch: waffles with their own butter syrup; toasted chunks of pineapple and ham on gay skewers.

DOUBLE TREAT

Spring is here and I love it—even Spring fever! Rather than try to fight it, I take time out to enjoy it. I don my prettiest housecoat. I set the table with my gayest linens. Then I proceed to fix a lazy but delightful brunch for my family. At our house, brunch is something leisurely and extra-special. There is no rushing whatever. And the foods I serve are favorites of ours. They taste so good and they are so easily prepared.

No brunch is complete to my mind without a hot bread of some kind. If it isn't waffles or pancakes then it's sure to be a hot coffee cake. Aside from the fact that brunch is so pleasant to us, it eliminates the preparation of lunch. This saves me from getting one meal on a Spring day! I do try to make brunch satisfying and nutritious. That is why I include meat or eggs or a delicious corn pudding.

WAFFLES

Makes 4 servings

Sift, then measure:

2 cups flour

Sift again into a mixing bowl with:

4 teaspoons baking powder ½ teaspoon salt

Separate:

3 eggs

Beat egg yolks until light.

Add:

1½ cups milk

5 tablespoons melted butter

Add to sifted dry ingredients. Beat until well blended. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold into batter. Bake in a pre-heated waffle iron until golden brown. Serve hot with Waffle Butter Syrup.

WAFFLE BUTTER SYRUP

Makes ½ cup syrup.

Melt in a saucepan over low heat:

½ cup butter

Remove from heat and add:

1 teaspoon sugar

1 tablespoon molasses

Stir until sugar is dissolved.

SKEWERED HAM AND PINEAPPLE

Cut a slice of ham ¾ inch thick into 1½ inch cubes. Drain a small can of pineapple cubes. Thread on a 6½ inch skewer alternately.

By

NANCY CRAIG

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST.
Mon. - Fri., on ABC.
(Recipes tested in the
Macfadden Kitchen)



RADIO MIRROR

FOOD COUNSELOR

Allow one skewer per person. Brush well with melted butter. Place under a hot broiler. Cook 3-5 minutes or until evenly browned on all sides. Serve hot with waffles.

CORN PUDDING

Makes 6 servings

Combine:

3 eggs, well beaten

1½ cups milk

1 no. 2 can cream style corn

1 teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

¼ teaspoon pepper.

½ teaspoon sugar

dash cayenne pepper

Pour into a well-greased 2 quart casserole.

Sprinkle with:

½ cup bread crumbs

dot with butter

Set casserole in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes or until firm.

GOOD QUICK COFFEE CAKE

Makes 1—8" square cake.

Sift then measure:

1½ cups flour

Sift again with:

1 cup sugar

2 teaspoons baking powder

¼ teaspoon salt

Combine:

1 cup sour cream

½ teaspoon soda

2 eggs, well beaten

Stir into sifted dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Pour batter into an 8x8x2" square cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Remove from pan and sprinkle with confectioner's sugar and chopped nuts while still hot. (Continued on page 101)

ART LINKLETTER'S

NONSENSE and



Art Linkletter emcees House Party, Mon.-Fri. at 3:30 P.M. EST over CBS (sponsored by Pillsbury Mills). Art's Nonsense and Some-Sense is a regular feature in Radio Mirror.

LITTLE WILLIE DEPARTMENT

Willie fell down the elevator—
Wasn't found till six days later.
Then the neighbors sniffed, "Gee Whiz!
What a spoiled child Willie is!"

* * *

YOUR HOME STATE—

ARIZONA—called the Baby State, the Valentine State, the Copper State; State flower: Saguaro Cactus; State motto: Ditat Deus (God Enriches); rank in area, fifth; rank in population, forty-fourth; there are vast reaches of arid and semi-arid lands in the state, useless before irrigation but now made fertile and productive; topography is broken, with mountains in portions of every section; principal crop is long-staple cotton, others being wheat, corn, barley, oats, hay, potatoes and quantities of sub-tropical fruit; the state's copper mines are among the greatest in the world, and zinc, lead and gold are also mined in quantity; the petrified forests, covering many thousands of acres, are a tourist attraction—they consist of pine and cedar trees that in past ages were turned to stone by action of mineral-laden water; the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, is one of the scenic wonders of the world.

IF YOU'RE A RABID DOUGHNUT FAN—

don't attempt to fry more than one hundred of those luscious sinkers in one day in Oak Park, Illinois—there's a law against it!

* * *

QUICKIE QUIZ—

What is a scarab? (a) a South American butterfly (b) a stone carved in the shape of a beetle (c) a protective covering which forms over a wound. *Whose picture appears on a ten-dollar bill?* (a) Alexander Hamilton (b) Thomas Jefferson (c) Benjamin Franklin. *A group of geese is called?* (a) litter (b) herd (c) gaggle.

* * *

A LITTLE LEARNING—

Gold—the unit of weight for gold is the troy ounce; there are twelve troy ounces to the troy pound, in contrast to sixteen avoirdupois ounces (the unit of weight in most common use in the U. S. for such items as food, etc.) to the avoirdupois pound. The word "fine," when used in reference to gold, means "pure." On Jan. 31, 1934, the United States Gold Dollar was proclaimed to be 15 5/21 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine—which equals \$35.00 per fine troy ounce. The previous value of gold had been \$20.67 per fine ounce. Jewelers' terms for gold weight are penny-weight and grain. Finally—although you'll probably never get to see one, and certainly will never get to lift one—a 14.1 inch cube of gold weighs—or would weigh, if you happened to have one lying around—one ton exactly.

* * *

HERE'S APRIL—

which, says the Old Farmer's Almanac, will be rainy (and even snowy) as per tradition—and adds an old proverbial April warning, to wit: "Look to your fences and your daughters—Spring's here!" Here are some April dates to remember: 1, April Fools' Day; 2, First day of Passover; 6, Army Day; 7, Good Friday; 10, Easter Sunday; 12, Halifax Day, North Carolina; 13, Jefferson Day, Missouri, Oklahoma and Virginia; 14, Pan American Day; 19, Patriots' Day, Maine, Massachusetts; 21, San Jacinto Day, Texas; 24, Arbor and Bird Day, Massachusetts, and Fast Day, New Hampshire; 26, Memorial Day, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi.

* * *



IF, UNFORTUNATELY, YOU SNORE—

don't do it loudly enough in Dunn, North Carolina, so that you disturb your neighbors—there's a law against it!

* * *

VOLTAIRE SAID IT—

"The secret of being a bore is to tell everything."

SOME-SENSE

IT HAPPENED IN—

323 B.C.—Alexander the Great, of Greece, conquered Egypt.
982 A.D.—Erik The Red, father of Leif Erikson, discovered Greenland.
1215—King John of England granted the Magna Carta.
1481—the African slave trade was begun by Portugal.
1579—Sir Francis Drake went ashore in California (Marin County) and claimed the region for Queen Elizabeth of England.
1691—the first Post Office in the United States was organized under a royal patent that was granted to Thomas Neale.
1859—John Brown raided Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in October; he was hanged December 2.

* * *

VERSE—OR WORSE—

A silly young fellow named Hyde
In a funeral procession was spied;
When asked, "Who is dead?"
He giggled and said,
"I don't know—I just came for the ride."

* * *

HAD YOUR AIR TODAY?—

When standing still, we (each of us) use five hundred cubic inches of air in one minute. In walking at the rate of one mile an hour, air consumption goes up to eight hundred cubic inches a minute.

* * *

AMBROSE BIERCE SAID IT:

"Everybody professes to know that it would be very difficult to find a needle in a haystack, but very few reflect that this is because haystacks seldom contain needles."

* * *

DEPARTMENT OF Q. AND A.—

Question: Why do some hard-boiled eggs have a green substance around the yolk? Is it harmful? **Answer:** No, it's not harmful—it's due to the action of heat on the minerals in the egg. However, try "hard-cooking" instead of "hard-boiling" your eggs. Bring the water to a boil, then turn off the heat. Put the eggs in the water and cover the pan. Let stand about twenty minutes. You'll find that this gives you a much tenderer, more palatable, better-digestible egg—and you'll have less of that unpleasant-looking green stuff.

* * *

CHILDREN'S HOUR—

Teacher: "Johnny, define an onion."

Johnny: "An onion is a vegetable that builds you up physically and tears you down socially."

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT—

storing the children's angora garments, sweaters, mittens, and the like, in a covered container in the refrigerator will keep them from shedding . . . To remove oil stains, rub with a little lard, then wash with soap and warm water . . . To clean sharp knives without damage to fingers, sprinkle scouring powder on a large cork and use that to rub with.

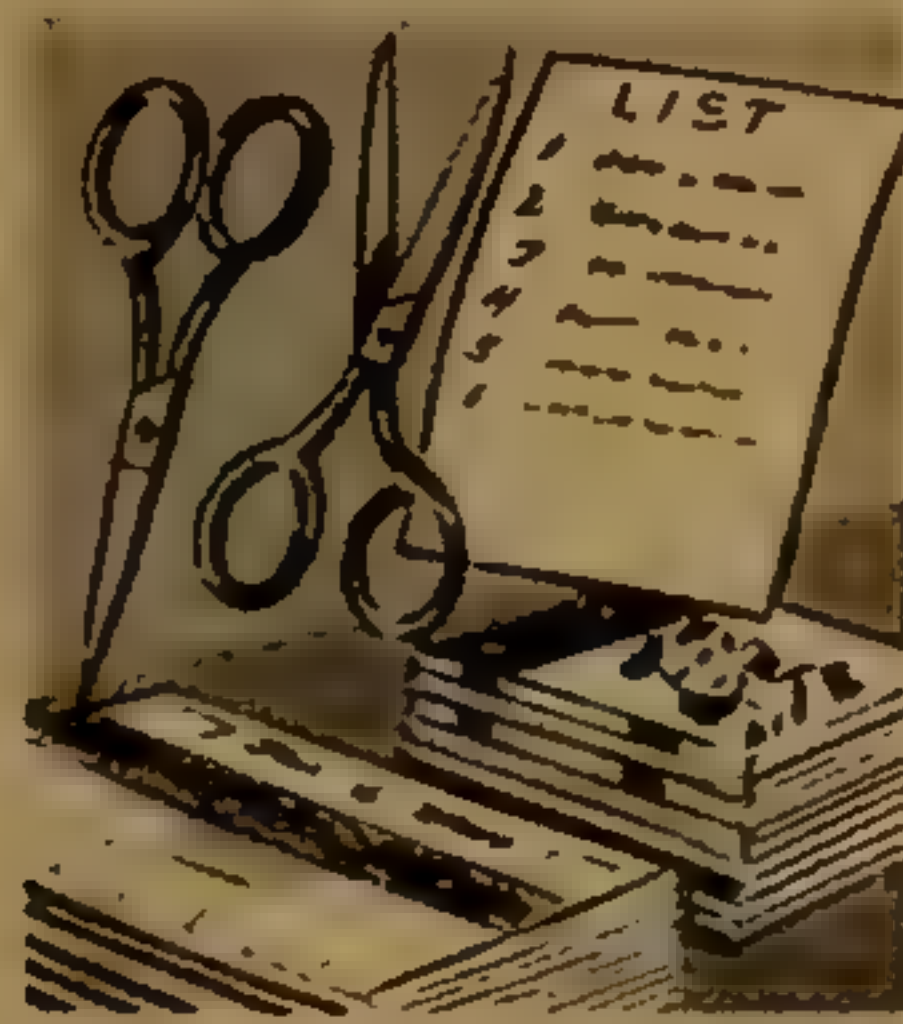
* * *

PROCRASTINATION

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That it's so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say—
Today itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.
—From the Latin Martial (40-104 A.D.)

* * *

FUN AND GAMES DEPARTMENT:



Sit-down Treasure Hunt—This game, depending on the type of lists made up, can be played by children or adults or by a mixed group of children and adults. The hostess makes identical lists—as many as there will be pairs of guests present. Other equipment needed includes the same number of scissors, and a large pile of old newspapers and magazines. The lists contain items that can be found

in the advertising or editorial sections of the newspapers or magazines—such items as "Abner and Daisy Mae together," "a headline about the U.N.," "the advertising slogan 'It Hasn't Scratched Yet'," "A colored picture of a three-layer cake," "a weather forecast," "a picture of a baby," "a piece of advice to the lovelorn," and so on and on. A brief glance through your papers and magazines will give you plenty of material. Teams of two are chosen by any method—drawing straws, counting out—depending on the age of the players. At the signal "go," they start going through the papers and magazines, cutting out the items asked for on the lists. Of course, the first team to complete its collection of "treasures" wins the prize.

* * *

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY, 15th CENTURY STYLE:

There is nothing that more dyspleaseth God,
Than from theyr children to spare the rod.
—John Skelton, 1460-1529

ANSWERS TO QUICKIE QUIZ
1. (b) a stone carved in the shape of a beetle
2. (a) Alexander Hamilton
3. (c) gaggle

TELE

MY



VISION SECTION

HUSBAND, Ed

By Mrs. ED WYNN

Ed, who's at home in any medium,
says that television is the
progress of civilization. What he
really means is that it's just
another way of making people happier

When I was a teen-ager, with four brothers at home, I was used to seeing closets stuffed with men's clothes. I suppose I assumed that some day, when I married, I would be expected to look after a husband's wardrobe—but I never guessed then what I was in for.

You see, I married Ed Wynn, a great comic artist who owns a total of 800 ridiculous hats and 400 silly coats!

My first look at Ed's New York house was some time after our marriage in the summer of 1946, when he took me on a personally conducted tour. I noticed that one room was locked. "What's in there?" I asked.

"Oh, those are just some of my clothes, dear," my husband told me in an off-hand way. I visualized the usual assortment of men's suits, shirts, socks and shoes—things I might be asked to look after and occasionally mend.

Later, when Ed took me into the room, I was struck dumb at what I saw. Hung there were about a hundred crazy coats of all colors, shapes and sizes, and as many hats of outlandish design. Only a part of Ed's fabulous collection.

My wifely concern prompted me to point out a hole in a coat sleeve.

"Gee, that moth would make a good golfer," was Ed's comment. "You see, he made a hole in one."

So there you have it—one small sample of life with Ed Wynn, and Ed Wynn's collection of clothes.

Now that we are making our permanent home in California Ed would like to send for his complete wardrobe, most of which has been gathered together in a New York storage warehouse. Some things had long lain forgotten in a St. Louis warehouse, and a few were stored away in other parts of the country. We are living in a lovely twelve-room Tudor house rented from Joe E. Brown, but we're looking for a place of our own. In all the houses seen thus far the architects have failed to provide space for Ed's sartorial accoutrements. Who could have anticipated a tenant with clothes enough to sport a different coat and two different hats for every day in the year, with an extra change rung in on Sundays? Friends have suggested we move into the Hollywood Bowl, or build a large clothes closet surrounded by a few rooms.

At this writing there are only forty-four hats and thirty coats in Ed's CBS dressing room in Hollywood, for use on his Thursday night TV show. But when the whole collection is housed under the same roof with us, I expect to be in my elements. When I was first married I used to love to (Continued on page 82)



Captain Video

In a brave new, strange new world, the handsome captain and his supersonic equipment enchant an audience that is both young and old

Here he is, the Electronic Wizard, Master of Time and Space and Guardian of the Safety of the World—Captain Video! Familyman Richard Coogan plays the fearless Capt.

The villains of the piece: Hal Conklin, l., is the dapper and dangerous Dr. Pauli. Charles Mendick plays Lisbon Charlie.

At 7 P.M. EST any Monday through Friday you can step into Captain Video's super-electronic world as easily as Alice went through the looking glass, and with just as astonishing results.

There, in one corner of the DuMont television studio, is the Captain's Cosmic Vibrator, a sort of electronic hotfoot guaranteed to shake its victim until he drops, exhausted.

Nearby is the Atomic Rifle, the only lethal weapon the brave Captain would ever use, and then only in dire extremity, as when agents of villainous Dr. Pauli or Hing Mah Chung might surprise him with secret weapons of their own.

That object over there, lights flashing on and off mysteriously, would be the Opticon Scillometer, a scanning device of unlimited range, with X-ray sighting that penetrates the thickest walls. And that other device is the Magno-Radar screen, which shows everything that happens in any spot on this planet to which it's beamed.

As if these weren't wonders enough, there's the Astra-Viewer, a telescope (*Continued on page 81*)





Perched prettily atop the control board, Elaine Williams can forget the perils she faces as Moy Sing. Also relaxing during rehearsal break are the Captain, his assistant, Gallegher, (Alan Hale) and Video Ranger Don Hastings.



On the Magno-Radar scanning screen, the Captain and his Ranger can see action at a distant point.



Though the Captain abhors lethal weapons, he knows just how to use them comes an emergency.

Caption Video is televised Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M., EST and Saturday at 7:30 P.M., EST on Station WABD.

It's ALL

One for all, all for one—

that's how it is with the Truex family,

both on and off the video screen



Ernest gardens on city terrace, clips ads of farms he hopes to own someday.



Director Clay Yurdin goes over script with Father Truex, who has final say.



The male Truexes like golf. They win trophies too, as Barry demonstrates.



Father is king of the kitchen too, but only when Mother lets him wear the apron.

When the Truex Family has a little argument, Father can't escape to his office, Mother to her club work, and the children to their various occupations. Not very easily, because their jobs, like their relationships, are tied together in a weekly TV program called, reasonably enough, The Truex Family—in which each plays his real-life counterpart.

The line-up consists of Father, Ernest Truex, well known as a fellow with a fine sense of comedy, although at five he was playing Hamlet's ghost, coached by an ailing actor who repaid his doctor-father by promising to make a thespian of the boy. "I sometimes think it was doubtful repayment," Ernest comments. Then there's Mother, Sylvia Field, who was a leading lady on Broadway. Daughter Sally has now made her own theatrical debut at the same age. The boys are Phil, Jim and fifteen-year-old Barry, already a veteran of a season in stock. Jim helps with the scripts as well as acts, and his wife Vicki and their Penelope are frequent

The Truex Family is heard over station WPIX, New York, every Friday from

in the FAMILY



Rehearsals start a week ahead of show time for the Truexes and usually take place right in their own living room. Sally and Barry take their turn at reading while director Yurdin, assistant Lou Florence, writer Searle Kramer, Mother and Father advise.

members of the cast.

Mother, Father and Barry share an apartment. Jim, Vicki and Penny live on a farm near Goshen, New York. Sally has grown up to her own apartment, shared with a couple of girls. Phil lives at the Players Club while his wife and small son Christopher are in England.

"We get together at the drop of a cue," Sylvia says. "There's a terrific clan spirit," Ernest adds. "We like to do a lot of the same things," Barry explains. For instance, Mother, Father, Sally and Barry fished their way across the United States and Canada not long ago. They bunked in fishing shacks whenever possible, and even Sylvia got used to baiting hooks with worms. "I got what-for if I didn't," she says. "But we're really only diabolical when we get each new script. Then everybody has something to say about it."

It's Father Truex who, in the end, has the most to say, however. After all, somebody has to be head man, and he likes the job!



Sally sews well, works on new dress between scenes. Barry acts as model.

7:30 to 8 P.M. EST as a live show. In other cities, by television recordings.

COAST to COAST



Singing cowboy, television style, is Dusty Walker, seen and heard on KNBH's Prairie Song Parade from Hollywood.



Hi Ladies' emcee, Claude Kirchner, has a low moment as his guest, Gorgeous George, gets all the attention.

"Murder At The Stork Club's" cast seem to find rehearsal no pain at all. This Philco Playhouse production marked the TV debut of Franchot Tone, second from right. Others, l. to r.: Maurice Burke, Mary Orr, Ruth Matteson, Alexander Clark, Haila Stoddard, Valerie Cossart, Jay Jostyn, Tone and director Gordon Duff.



in TELEVISION



Bookland's beloved "Mary Poppins" reached TV on Studio One with Mary Wickes playing the witch-like little governess.



CBS-TV's new Opera Television Theatre debuted with Gladys Swarthout in role of Carmen, Robt. Rounseville as Don Jose.

The People's Platform, seen on CBS-TV every Friday night, is really a platform, only six by eight feet. When it's covered by a table, at which chairman Charles Collingwood and two guest debaters sit, you hold your breath. One tilt back too far, and off could go a statesman or star! Guests are warned not to tilt, and the lack of space helps stifle any such impulsive gesture. Pushing back of chairs would take the speakers out of camera range and spoil the tight composition. It's a drastic method, but it works.

Videoddities: An actor in a TV drama read a telegram that was supposed to make him sad. He let the hand holding the wire drop too close to the camera. Result: the audience could see a blank telegraph form. Farewell to illusion! . . . A camera caught a fashion show model changing from one costume to another. She was wearing a bra and half-slip . . . There's a new bronze plaque in the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, to commemorate the first surgical operation (on May 11, 1949) ever broadcast in color television. The color was a success. The operation? We don't know! . . .

* * *

Few books have been translated into so many media so many times as *Little Women*. A stage and radio play too often to count—and thrice a movie—it now has been discovered by TV where it's certain to be presented often. Ford Theatre's well-cast, well-done adaptation had Meg Mundy as Jo, Kim Hunter as Meg, June Lockhart as Amy and Pat Kirkland as Beth.



Ford Theatre presented the ever-delightful "Little Women." Listening on the stairs is June Lockhart who played Amy March.

a STRANGER at



Jerry: ambition—and a lovely woman—cost him his wife, Anne.



Lucia: her interest in Jerry, Anne knew, exceeded business.



Sam: Anne's feeling for him is a friendship that might deepen.

*Not girl nor wife nor widow, Anne
waits for happiness to find her once again*

For many years Anne Malone lived contentedly in Three Oaks with her husband, Dr. Gerald Malone, building a secure, happy existence of which her small daughter, Jill, was the delightful center. But for the past many months, the only part of that security, that happiness, remaining to Anne has been little Jill, for Anne had to make one of the most important decisions a woman ever faces: the decision to break with her husband. The break has long since been made, but Anne is still feeling her way toward adjustment to that unhappy state of being neither girl, wife, nor widow, still striving to create a new security, a new contentment, a new life for herself. And still remembering, sometimes, how the break with Jerry came about, how the final decision was reached. Here, retold for RADIO MIRROR readers, is the story of that remembered time, the story of what happened to Anne Malone's marriage . . .

Somewhere between breakfast and lunch, the Flying Commander, east-bound from Kansas City, made its regular stop at Three Oaks. A harried business man, glancing out the window, was irritated to see just one passenger getting on.

"Whistle stops," he grumbled to the man beside him. "Feller gets on here, gets off at the next town, and we lose ten minutes. They ought to cut out these local stops."

The business man was not particularly sharp-eyed, or he would have seen that it was not a man who had joined them, but a woman. He was wrong about her destination, too. Anne Malone was going straight through to the end of the line . . . New York. It happened that she, too, had business there.

At least she was trying to think of it as business. She had been trying, valiantly, for several days—ever since she decided to make the trip. Her training had helped her; a nurse learns to be crisp and calm and matter-of-fact under many kinds of emotional strain. That's how she helps her patients. But now, as Anne pulled off her hat and dropped it on the seat, and unbuttoned her blue tweed jacket, she wondered wryly—who helps the nurse? Who, for instance, would go to New York and walk through the doors of the Institute for Rural Medical Research and say to its director: "Dr. Malone, do you or do you not wish to remain the husband of Anne Malone, answer yes or no!"?

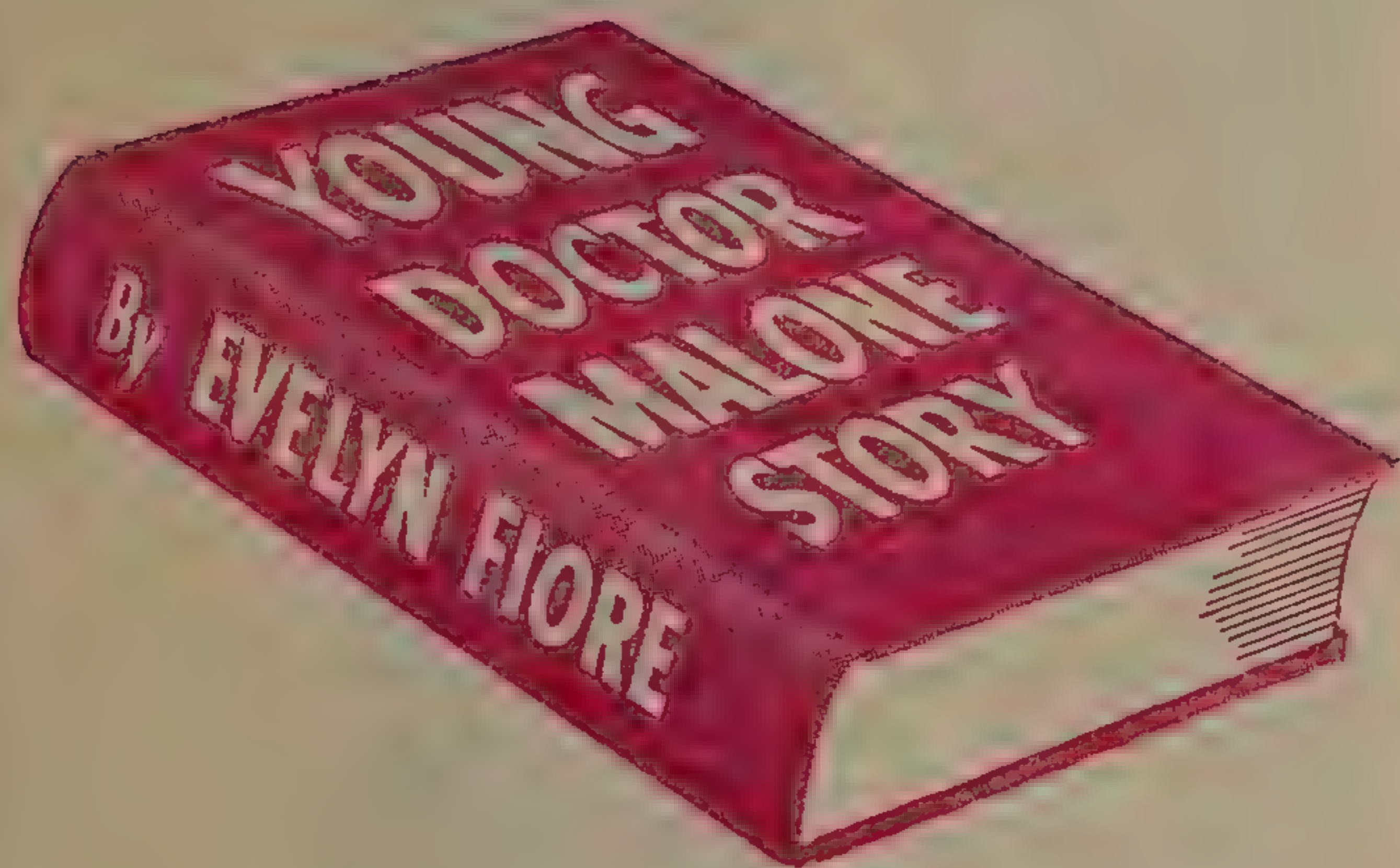
With a start Anne realized that she had asked the question aloud. She glanced guiltily around the tiny roomette, in which of course she was quite alone, and relaxed with a sound that was part sigh, part laugh. Nobody could do it for her. That was why she was going herself.

Through half-closed eyes she watched the fields and villages flashing past. Her body swayed gently with the train's vibration, and little by little she felt tension leaving her. These last few days had been worse than all the weeks since Jerry first left. Of course they had: a body at rest tends to remain at rest. It was far easier to let the situation wind on and on than suddenly to pull up and decide to cut it short. The decision itself had wound her up like a child's toy train. Evading her mother-in-law's curiosity, making sure that Sam Williams had no idea what she planned to do—that had wound her even tighter.

Now . . . now she was running down. She didn't need her vigilant armor here on the train. Nobody

my side

Young Dr. Malone is heard M-F at 1:30 P.M., EST, on CBS stations, sponsored by Crisco.



Anne: for a long time her world centered on her husband and her little daughter. Now all there is left of that security is Jill.

would know if, for once, Nurse Anne Malone's matter-of-factness broke down, if she cried for a man who no longer wanted her—if she looked with dread toward a future that might not hold him. Her eyes burned, but when she touched them they were dry.

Why not cry? she thought bitterly. When will I have another chance like this? I'm safe here—I don't even have to worry about upsetting Jill. She leaned back, thinking of a hundred sleepless nights when she had lain, biting her lips, terrified that a sob might escape them to reach the alert ears of her little daughter in the next room. Now let them come, she thought. The tears . . . and the memories . . . everything she had been fighting off for almost a year, back to the time when Jerry first left Three Oaks. Maybe now, remote from her familiar world, she could look at it all with new eyes. Maybe there would be an answer.

She hadn't been against Jerry's leaving at first. The way Dr. Thomas put it, it was a tremendous opportunity—to become part of the staff of the Institute, work with the best medical brains in the country, become *somebody* (as Dr. Thomas said) instead of just a country doctor. She couldn't blame Jerry for being swept off his feet.

And how his early letters had built up enthusiasm! "This city is an experience, an atmosphere, not a place," he had written. "Wait till you see it from the inside, Anne. It shakes you up, makes you come alive. The people I'm working with are tops. Thomas has been wonderful—says we must both be his guests when you come in to look for a house. That's swell of him, isn't it?—though he's not the world's biggest medical brain (between us, darling)."

Anne caught his glow. After finishing one of Jerry's letters she

sometimes looked around at her quiet living room, or examined the leaf-strewn street through her white-curtained window, and felt an urge to get away from them into the new world Jerry was caught up in. She began to plan for her trip. She felt dimly disloyal to Three Oaks, and she didn't like to admit it—but New York began to glow and beckon in her imagination.

In another letter Jerry wrote: "Had a peculiar bit of luck. Thomas made a point of introducing me to a Mrs. Standish, who is the most important member of the Board of Directors. (Matter of fact, according to Mrs. Thomas, who's one of those women who always *knows all*, Lucia—everybody calls her that—practically is the Board, financially speaking.) And what do you know—she took quite a shine to me! Very friendly woman, you'll like her. She's worried about our house-hunting project— (Continued on page 94)

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Maude Marlowe
heard on
NBC 4:00 P.M.

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, popular Broadway actor; Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of Larry's new play; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent; Florence and Walter Baker, talkative neighbors of the Nobles in Rosehaven.

BACKGROUND: Fancying himself in love with Mary, Barlow determines to break up her marriage. He hires Beatrice Dunmore to spread rumors about herself and Larry—rumors which Beatrice is happy to promote because she really is attracted to Larry. **RECENTLY:** Barlow hopes that Mary's faith

in Larry will be destroyed by the gossip she reads in newspaper columns. But the columns are read by others, too—the Bakers among them. Eagerly, Florence Baker makes sure that all of Rosehaven knows about the Nobles' "rift." Her husband Walter, meeting Larry on a train going in to New York, is ill-advised enough to mention the rumors to him. The next day's papers carry a picture of the fist fight between Larry and Walter which the latter's words provoked. Larry, much upset, realizes that none of this publicity will help his reputation.

BIG SISTER



Dr. Reed Bannister
heard on
CBS 1:00 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, married to Dr. John Wayne of Glen Falls; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's associate and former good friend; Valerie, Reed's wife; Dr. Ken Morgan, a newcomer to town; Mary Winters, young widow at whose farm Ken boards.

BACKGROUND: Ruth is interested in young Dr. Morgan, whose cynicism, she learns, is the result of an unhappy love affair. When Carol, the girl who jilted Ken for a richer man, follows him to Glen Falls, the young doctor is attracted to her again in spite of his fear that history may repeat itself.

His fear is justified; after assuring Ken that she really loves him, Carol abruptly leaves him again to go back to her husband. **RECENTLY:** Helping Ken as well as she can through the emotional shock of Carol's desertion, Ruth wonders what will happen now to Mary Winters who has fallen in love with him. Ruth herself is heartsick over John's growing feud with Reed. When Valerie, who switched from John to another doctor during her pregnancy, loses her baby, nothing can prevent John from saying a bitter "I told you so!"

BRIGHTER DAY



Liz Dennis
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, twenty-six-year-old daughter of the Reverend Richard Dennis, who mothers her brother, Grayling, and her sisters: Althea, Patsy and Babby.

BACKGROUND: Althea's marriage to wealthy Bruce Bigby makes the whole Dennis family happy, until they are forced by Althea's own actions to face the fact that she had married Bruce only for his money. When Bruce's father shows reluctance to supply Althea's wants, she plays her biggest card—she says she is pregnant.

RECENTLY: Overjoyed, the Bigbys are

ready to give Althea what she wants. But Liz and Papa Dennis, knowing that Althea's expected baby is a complete myth, remonstrate with her and insist that she tell the Bigbys the truth. When Papa Dennis warns her that if she does not tell the Bigbys, he will do so, Althea runs from the room and falls—or throws herself—down the stairs. Now, of course, there is a legitimate explanation when she tells the Bigbys there will be no baby. But what will happen when young Bruce learns from Althea's doctor that there never was a baby?

DAVID HARUM



Aunt Polly
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M.

CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Homeville; Aunt Polly Benson, his devoted and shrewd sister; Susan Wells, wife of young Brian Wells, owner of the Homeville *Bugle*; Zeke Swinney, Brian's ne'er-do-well father.

BACKGROUND: Although Brian long ago changed his name from Swinney to Wells in an attempt to put his father entirely out of his life, he has never altogether succeeded. David's efforts to aid his young friend to escape his father's evil influence have made Swinney his enemy too, and it

was inevitable that one day Swinney would return to Homeville to cause trouble.

RECENTLY: This time Swinney has more than threats to hold over Brian. He has bought up a promissory note, which gives him ownership of Brian's newspaper. Disgusted anew at his father's treachery, Brian enters into a bitter argument with Zeke at the climax of which he is knocked unconscious. Shortly afterward, his friends learn with dismay that Brian has disappeared! At the request of his frantic wife, Susan, David Harum grimly starts to search for him.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME



Dorothy Dix
heard on
NBC 10:45 A.M.

CAST: Dorothy Dix, world-famous counselor to people in trouble; her nephew John Dix, attracted to young Roxanne Wallingford; Sherman Lang, gangster who has been seeing too much of Roxanne.

BACKGROUND: John is drawn into Roxanne's affairs when her banker offers him \$10,000 to break up her friendship with Lang. Amused at first, John discovers after several dates with Roxanne that he is falling in love with her. His Aunt Dorothy wonders: is Roxanne right for John?

RECENTLY: No longer treating it as a joke,

John turns down the \$10,000 and goes to work on the local paper, knowing that if he does win Roxanne it must be on a personal, not a business, basis. Although Dorothy Dix has found that Lang, in many ways, is an admirable person, the "best people" in the community continue to snub him. Resentful that John can take Roxanne to places where he is not received, Lang retaliates by opening a smart Manhattan supper club. He has made a confidante of Dorothy Dix, who finds herself in the peculiar position of advising both her nephew . . . and his rival!

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

CAST: David Farrell, star reporter on the *New York Daily Eagle*; Sally, his wife, who used to be a reporter herself.

BACKGROUND: In the recent assignment that David calls "The Stolen Fortune Murder Case" he had, as usual, no luck in keeping Sally away from all the excitement. But—again as usual—before he cleared up the mystery he found many occasions to be grateful for her help.

RECENTLY: David's interest in the Moore family begins when he is assigned to cover a car crash on a highway near New York.

The sole occupant of the car was an ex-convict, recently released after a long prison term for the theft of more than half a million dollars. What piques David's always-alert mind is the fact that the body is burned almost beyond recognition. Investigating, he finds the Moores in a perpetual state of war with one another—Mrs. Moore tearfully protesting her loyalty for her convict husband, and her daughter Patricia accusing her mother of breaking faith with the dead man. Does either of these women know where Anthony Moore hid his stolen fortune?

GUIDING LIGHT



Ray Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Charlotte and Ray Brandon, whose marriage is breaking up after the return of their adopted son Chuckie to his mother, Meta Bauer; Ted White, Chuckie's father, who is pressing Meta to marry him and legalize their child; Dr. Ross Boling, who is loved by Meta and her sister Trudy, and hated by Dr. Reginald Parker.

BACKGROUND: Despondent over Ray's coldness, Charlotte finds herself unable to sleep. On prescription, she obtains sleeping pills, and gradually finds that increased doses offer still greater forgetfulness. This

can end in only one way—an accidental overdose, and Charlotte in the hospital, a drug-addict.

RECENTLY: Over Parker's objections, Ross takes Charlotte into the hospital. The five-year-old feud between the two doctors flames up into violence. Meanwhile Ray, seeing how his rejection of Charlotte drove her to desperation, tries to regain her love and confidence. But his efforts and those of her friend, Dr. Mary Leland, are abruptly interrupted when Charlotte manages to escape from the hospital.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Julie
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Julie Paterno, devoted to her work with the orphans of Hilltop House; Michael, her husband; Kevin Burke, an old suitor who has re-entered Julie's life; Ed Crowley, powerful in Glendale politics, determined to even an old score by discrediting Julie.

BACKGROUND: When Supervisor Grace Dolben goes on to a bigger job, Julie, her assistant, would be her logical successor at Hilltop. But Ed Crowley finds material in Julie's friendship with Kevin Burke, for scandalous charges which he maliciously brings against her at the decisive meeting

of the Hilltop Board.

RECENTLY: Mike Paterno's unreasoning jealousy, based on envy of Kevin's background and wealth rather than out of real belief that Julie is attracted to the other man, causes him to stay away from the Board meeting—thus lending support to Crowley's unjustified accusations. Despite this, however, Julie is appointed supervisor. But her marriage, shaken by Mike's desertion, is further disturbed when he shows resentment at her absorption in her work. In spite of Julie's efforts, the rift widens.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill Davidson
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, married to lawyer Kerry Donovan; Wiki, their son; Karen Ross, who becomes involved in the confused love affairs of young Judson Burke, whom she met some time ago.

BACKGROUND: The murder of Wesley Franklin was cleared up when Bill, in his barber shop, accused Harold Griffin of being the murderer. But Harold obtained the upper hand, and Bill would have suffered if Jud hadn't come along just then, taken in the situation, and knocked Harold down.

RECENTLY: Harold later dies, and a rumor spreads that his death resulted from Jud's blow. But Jud has other worries as well: he has come to town in an effort to forget Dorothy Tate, who promised to marry him—and then gave him cause to think she really loved another man. Ruth, Dorothy's sister, follows Jud to Hartville, and it is soon plain to everyone except Jud that she loves him herself. Meanwhile Dorothy, bewildered by Jud's disappearance, learns where he is. What will happen when she finds her sister with him?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Chichi
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Papa David, whose hopeful philosophy has never been more helpful to anyone than it is these days to his unhappy protégé, Chichi; Douglas Norman, the writer Chichi hoped to marry, who instead married Alice Swanson; Jim Swanson, the husband Alice thought was dead.

BACKGROUND: Chichi, always a little flip-pant about the men who wanted to marry her, is sober now, for she believes the man she truly loves is forever lost to her.

RECENTLY: Hoping that new interests will help her to readjust more quickly, Chichi

takes a job in the home of a wealthy, elderly woman. The "new interests" come with a vengeance as she senses the peculiar atmosphere of the house. When members of her employer's family start making threats against Chichi herself, she is sure there is something very wrong indeed. Meanwhile, Doug and Alice are in grave difficulties, Alice's first husband, believed dead, has come back determined to reclaim her as his wife and to cut himself a share of the newspaper she and Doug worked so hard to build up.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD



Bartholomew
heard on
NBC 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Miriam, a young maiden of Jerusalem; her brother Bartholomew; Anthony, the young Roman centurion whom she loves. **BACKGROUND:** Miriam has brought trouble and the prospect of destruction on herself and her family by falling in love with the Roman centurion, Anthony. To separate her from Anthony, Miriam's parents insist that she go to Galilee to visit relatives there. With Bartholomew and their Aunt Rachel, Miriam sets out on the perilous journey. **RECENTLY:** Determined not to lose Miriam, Anthony, too, starts for Galilee. On the

road he saves another traveler from death and discovers that he has made not a friend but a resentful enemy. For the traveler is Uriah, the man Miriam's family want her to marry. And Uriah is enraged at being beholden to Anthony for his very life. Meanwhile a strange fate awaits Bartholomew in Jerusalem. When he meets Judah and Philip . . . when he comes in contact with the man called Jesus of Nazareth . . . Bartholomew's feet will be set upon a path very different from the one that he once expected to travel in life.

LORENZO JONES

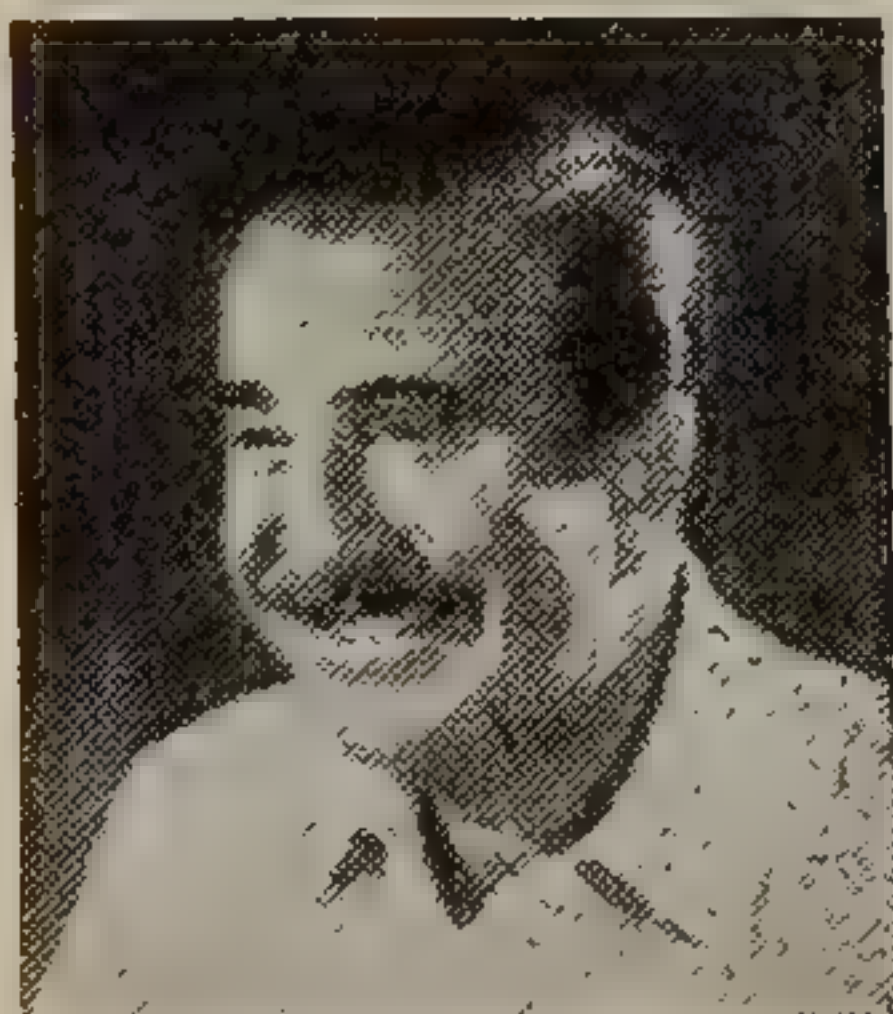


Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, garage mechanic; his devoted wife Belle. **BACKGROUND:** Lorenzo's hobby, inventing, is far more important to him than his job at Jim Barker's garage. He interrupts his activities in the matter of the quick-drying plaster to take a hand in the water shortage from which his town, as well as many another, is suffering. And, being Lorenzo, he has a solution. **RECENTLY:** Sadly enough, Lorenzo's idea may be a solution to some problem, but not the water shortage problem. With the jeers

of fellow-townsmen ringing in his ears instead of the acclaim he expected, Lorenzo calmly shelves the shortage and goes to work on another project—an automatic recording machine to put small children to sleep. During his research with the recorder, Lorenzo picks up some interesting conversations—particularly interesting, it turns out, to the local government. There is a tight moment when the recording disappears . . . but when Lorenzo recovers and publicizes it he gets enough applause from the town to satisfy even him.

MA PERKINS



Willy Fitz
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M.

CAST: Ma Perkins, who owns a lumber yard in Rushville Center; Shuffle Shober, her devoted assistant; Willy Fitz, husband of Ma's daughter Evey, who works at the yard; Ma's cousins, the Hammachers. **BACKGROUND:** Ma's chance to buy the Middleboro lumber yard cheaply almost vanishes when she can't find anyone to run it. She's almost ready to give up when Cousin Bonita and Ed arrive. **RECENTLY:** It's decided that Willy and Ed will go into partnership together in the Middleboro lumber yard—Willy with \$10,000 Ma

will lend him, and Ed with \$10,000—which he says—he can get from his Alaskan gold mine. Shuffle is not surprised when Ed gets a wire saying he is "wiped out." Now Ed's plan begins to show. He wants Ma to lend him the same amount she is giving Willy. But this can only be done by mortgaging Ma's yard and the whole family has a vote in what happens to that. They vote to increase the mortgage—but to give all the money to Willy. Ed, instead of being his partner, will work for him on a salary. How will the Hammachers like this arrangement?

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



Mildred
heard on
NBC 10:30 A.M.

CAST: Vikki, married to irresponsible Roger Hoyt; Pamela, Roger's old girl friend; Mike, estranged husband of Vikki's friend Loretta; Mildred, Vikki's new maid. **BACKGROUND:** When the huge Marshall house which Roger insisted on renting proves too much for Vikki, Roger decides to hire a maid. At Pamela's recommendation they engage Mildred. Vikki knows at once that she is an enemy, but she does not yet know that Mildred's loyalty to Pamela, her former mistress, is almost an insane obsession. Hoping that she will be able to bring Mike and

Loretta together again, Vikki rents Mike her garage apartment, and Mildred sees in this an opportunity to create jealousy that may break up Vikki's home. **RECENTLY:** Between Mildred and Pamela, the rumor of Vikki's "too-great" friendship with Mike becomes so convincing that Roger begins to be jealous, and Loretta, after a friendly overture, withdraws from Vikki altogether. Now Roger has decided to go into business with Pamela. This actually ties him to the woman who is anxious to break up his marriage. Can Vikki prevent trouble?

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Nona
heard on
CBS 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Nona Brady, beautiful adopted daughter of Pat Brady; Vernon Dutell, Hollywood producer, head of Palladium Films; Basil Newton, casting director; Ward Trevor, Vernon's lawyer, in whose offices Nona works as a secretary. **BACKGROUND:** Many years ago, Pat Brady saved Vernon Dutell's life, and received in return the promise that if, at any time, Pat needed help, Vernon would give it. Neither of them dreamed that when Pat's request was made it would be such an amazing one. He has asked Vernon to marry his

adopted daughter Nona! **RECENTLY:** When Vernon meets Nona, his Hollywood-experienced eyes open wide at her fresh young beauty. In fact, Vernon falls in love with Nona. He arranges for her screen test, during the course of which Basil Newton falls in love with her too. Thelma Powell, Palladium's reigning star, is in love with Vernon; sensing his interest in Nona, she becomes explosively jealous and promises Basil that she will do everything in her power to help him win Nona before Vernon can return his promise to Pat.

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Sunday Brinthrope
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday, wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope; Edwin Drake, wealthy old man engaged to a much-younger girl, Janet Lynn; Priscilla, Edwin's sister.

BACKGROUND: Sunday's belief that Roy Kingsley is a dangerous criminal is finally upheld when Roy makes a murderous attack on her. She is saved by the intervention of elderly Edwin Drake, and through the friendship which grows out of his rescue of her, Sunday becomes involved in the Drake family's difficulties.

RECENTLY: Is Janet Lynn a fortune-hunter?

Sunday believes she is not, but she is almost alone in her opinion. Drake's sister Priscilla believes Janet is a ruthless, mercenary girl. Or—does Priscilla profess to believe this because she cannot bear to see her brother happy? In any case Janet loses her chance to show her love for Edwin because he dies of a sudden heart attack while Priscilla is alone with him. He leaves a curious will: Sunday Brinthrope is to decide whether a check for one hundred thousand dollars shall be given to Janet, or to Drake's twenty-eight-year-old son.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Mother Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M.

CAST: Pepper, red-headed young Mayor of Elmwood; Linda, his wife; Peggy, his sister, wife of Carter Trent; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter's wealthy mother; Ginny Taylor, her secretary, in love with Jerry Feldman, the young pilot who went to South America to search for Andy Hoyt, missing since a plane crash more than a year ago.

BACKGROUND: Selfishly deciding that Ginny Taylor's services are too valuable to lose, Mrs. Trent hurries to get away from Elmwood before Jerry's return. But her own haste betrays her. She has a bad fall from

the train and now lies in Elmwood hospital, seriously ill with a broken hip.

RECENTLY: Finally Jerry arrives in town. The Youngs, and Edie, Andy's wife, are almost afraid to ask his news. They fear the worst . . . and they are right. The man Jerry went down there to investigate—the man who, by all reports, had fitted so well the picture of Andy—is almost certainly *not* Andy Hoyt. This man, Jerry says, is old, white-haired, with a badly-damaged mind. And yet Edie stubbornly continues to hope. She is sure that Andy is still alive.

PERRY MASON



Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, agile-witted lawyer; Della Street, his secretary; Paul Drake, detective, who often works with Perry; Martha and Don Smith, whom Perry is defending against the charge of having murdered blackmailer Wilfred Palmer.

BACKGROUND: As Perry's investigations dig deeper, he becomes aware of the importance of Allyn Whitlock, the dashing young woman who at first seemed to be merely another witness. A search of Allyn's apartment reveals a blood-stained tan coat. If he and Paul can prove that this blood

matches Wilfred Palmer's, the case against Martha and Don will collapse immediately!

RECENTLY: Perry and Paul do get the coat to a laboratory, but Walter Bodt, the man who holds such sinister power over Allyn, has resources of his own. Discovering that the coat is missing, he sends thugs out to cover every laboratory open at that hour. They find the right one, slug the technicians, and get the coat back to Bodt. Perry's proof is gone, and his own danger is acute, for Bodt now is sure that Perry knows Allyn is the murderess.

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M.

CAST: Portia Manning, who plans to stop being a lawyer and settle down to being a wife and mother; Walter, her husband, a writer; Christopher, Walter's attractive, stimulating brother.

BACKGROUND: Walter has begun to write again, but worries for fear his best work is behind him. Feverishly he finishes a story which he tries to convince himself is the best he's done, but about which he secretly has many doubts. His psychological difficulties are complicated by the realization that his brother Christopher is everything that he,

Walter, is not—successful, confident.

RECENTLY: Suddenly, Walter is notified by the government that he owes something more than two thousand dollars in back income tax. Walter pins all his hopes to the story that he has already sent off to his agent. But the story is not accepted, and Walter, humiliated and angry, asks Christopher for the money. Then, grimly deciding he cannot earn enough money as a writer, Walter becomes managing editor of the *Chronicle*, hoping to change it from a yellow tabloid to a self-respecting paper.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Carolyn Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, who has lost the custody of her son, Skippy, to her divorced husband, Dwight; Miles Nelson, Carolyn's lawyer and fiancé; Annette Thorpe, head of a newspaper chain, who is interested in Miles both politically and personally; Arnold Kirk, Miles' unscrupulous foe; Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn's old suitor.

BACKGROUND: Miles, who began a brilliant case for Carolyn in the custody suit over Skippy, was called away for a political conference before he could see it to a successful conclusion. Carolyn's bitterness over

the loss of Skippy finally finds its outlet when she blames Miles for failing her—though she knows his campaign for the governorship would have been wrecked if he had not obeyed his party's call.

RECENTLY: Upset over Miles' desertion and the imminent loss of Skippy, Carolyn is driven to desperation when she learns that Dwight plans to move to Chicago, taking Skippy with him and thus separating Carolyn irrevocably from her child. But what good can come of Carolyn's frantic decision to flee with Skippy from the court's jurisdiction?

ROAD OF LIFE



Frank Dana
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, who does not know that the "Carol" who came back to him after a year's absence is not his real wife, but Beth Lambert, actress trained to impersonate her; Frank Dana, who suspects; Rockwell, head of the ring responsible for Beth's masquerade; Ed Cochran, another agent of Rockwell's.

BACKGROUND: Beth's mission in Merrimac is to find out about the top secret work Jim is doing at Wheelock Hospital, and she makes a good start until she falls in love with Jim. Then she begins to falsify her re-

ports to Rockwell, who, suspicious, plants Cochran as a printer on Frank Dana's paper to check on Beth's activities.

RECENTLY: Caught between fear of Rockwell and of losing Jim, Beth confesses everything to Dr. Joel Clark, Jim's assistant. Clark, who loves Beth, can't believe her story, but thinks she is suffering a severe mental breakdown and takes Dr. Carson McVickar, head of Wheelock, into his confidence. Carson too thinks "Carol" is cracking up, but takes the precaution—which may be fatal to Beth—of reporting the story to the FBI.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, Hollywood designer, on trial for the murder of producer Rex Carroll; Gil Whitney, Helen's fiance, a brilliant lawyer who is fighting desperately to free her; Karl Dorn, strange and sinister intimate of the murdered man; Francine, whom he hypnotized into acting as his accomplice.

BACKGROUND: In spite of what appears to be a clear case against Helen, Gil has believed all along that the person who shot the doorman of Rex Carroll's apartment building, and escaped, is the guilty party. When the doorman's testimony makes it

clear that Dorn and Francine were his attackers, Gil presses for their apprehension. They are found by the police hiding out in the cabin of a hermit called Jules, and Gil, when he hears that they are being brought in to Los Angeles, tells Helen her ordeal is almost over.

RECENTLY: However, in a fit of anger Francine has shot Dorn, and he lies critically ill in a Los Angeles hospital. If Dorn cannot be brought to trial, what will happen to Helen? And what of Cynthia Swanson's untiring efforts to win?

ROSEMARY



Brad Boyden
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; Bill's new boss and his wife; Blondie, the neighbor with whom Rosemary has become friendly.

BACKGROUND: Now that Rosemary is with Bill in New York, luxuriously settled in the apartment Mr. Wilson borrowed for them, and with Bill's prospects at the agency looking brighter every day—well, she ought to be perfectly happy. But she isn't. She cannot respond to Mrs. Wilson's friendly overtures. She feels more at home with Blondie, though Bill says Blondie is quite un-

suitable and furthermore has hinted that Rosemary's coolness toward Mrs. Wilson will not help his progress at the agency.

RECENTLY: Rosemary is badly shocked when Mr. Wilson proposes that she act as go-between in his attempt to start an "affair" with Blondie! Indignantly she refuses, in spite of Wilson's obvious threat that if she does not help him, Bill's job may suddenly not have the bright future it seemed to have. Can Wilson blackmail Rosemary into cooperating? And will Blondie stay by and let it happen?

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2:00 P.M.

CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton, Dickston merchant; Brad and Wendy, their children; Mrs. Burton, Stan's mother.

BACKGROUND: Content with his quiet family life in Dickston, Stan has no aspirations to create world history, yet it suddenly appears that he is going to do just that. A stranger approaches him with the astonishing news that he, Stan Burton, has been nominated for an overseas mission for the U. S. Government. Disturbed by the warning that not even Terry must know what he is doing, Stan accepts the assignment.

RECENTLY: Stan invents a business excuse for the trip which convinces Terry. And the family boards ship in N. Y. without mishap. But when they are on their way, several "accidents" occur, in which Stan narrowly misses death. And he realizes that already he is a marked man. Safely in London, he hurries to make contact with the mysterious Carl Dullumen, who is to give him further instructions. But are things always what they seem in this dangerous game Stan is playing? And how much longer will Terry believe in his "business trip"?

STELLA DALLAS



Minnie Grady
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, self-sacrificing mother; Laurel, her daughter, wife of Dick Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's wealthy but foolish mother.

BACKGROUND: In spite of Stella's vow never to interfere in Laurel's married life, she has to respond when Laurel pleads for help and advice. Thus she becomes enmeshed in the terrible situation created by Gordon Crale, suave fortune-hunter, who persuaded Mrs. Grosvenor to become engaged to him. It is obvious to Stella that Gordon, his sister Mercedes, and Ora Mount

intend to destroy Laurel's marriage and get control of the Grosvenor fortune.

RECENTLY: Before Stella can convince Mrs. Grosvenor that she is in danger, Gordon Crale's plot explodes more violently than he planned. Trying to protect Laurel from the results, Stella suddenly finds that she herself has been placed in the gravest peril. Crale and Mercedes are murdered in the Grosvenor mansion and Stella is arrested and charged with both crimes. Though she is innocent, Stella's elusive memory hides the one clue that can save her.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora Drake
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, in love with attorney Charles Dobbs; George Stewart, Charles' brother, against whom Tom Morley has brought suit for forgery; Dorothy, George's glamorous wife.

BACKGROUND: Though he knows George is hardly worth helping, Charles undertakes to defend him against Morley's charge. Dorothy helps Charles scrape up enough money to free George on bail—whereupon George skips town.

RECENTLY: When George reappears, Charles is shocked by his evident illness,

both physical and mental, caused chiefly by his certainty that Dorothy plans a divorce. Lending George twenty dollars to buy food, Charles goes with Nora to try to talk Dorothy out of the divorce. As they talk, a huge box of orchids arrives—this, it turns out, is what George did with the money Charles provided for food! But Dorothy, unmoved, leaves for Florida, and Charles and Nora go down to George's furnished room to tell him. Suddenly the door opens and Dorothy appears. Once again, she has not been able to sever herself from George.

WENDY WARREN



Don Smith
heard on
CBS 12:00 Noon

CAST: Wendy Warren, brilliant newspaperwoman; Don Smith, her editor; Mark Douglas, whom Wendy once thought she would marry; Nona, Mark's wife; Rusty, an old friend.

BACKGROUND: When Nona and Mark, who have never been happy, finally break up, Wendy agrees to marry Mark when he is free. But in the midst of divorce negotiations Nona finds she is pregnant. She comes back to Mark, determined to make a success of their marriage, and Wendy tries to slip out of his life.

RECENTLY: Wendy's absorbing job makes things easier—particularly since the new managing editor turns out to be so dynamic and exciting a personality. Unexpectedly, however, an old girl friend comes back into Don's life, and though Wendy can't tell whether his interest in Madeline (alias Kitty), is romantic or professional, she decides to think of Don only as her boss. They are both upset by the rumor that an outside interest is trying to buy the paper. Don asks Wendy to find out if the owner will sell, figuring he may buy it himself.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Joan Davis
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan Davis, beloved wife of Harry Davis; Angie Jones, to whom Harry was engaged when, a victim of amnesia, he was lost for months in New York.

BACKGROUND: In a desperate attempt to regain his whole memory and his real personality, Harry decides to let Dr. Ralph perform a delicate, dangerous operation on his brain. Fearful that if it is successful she will lose him forever, Angie comes to see Joan with violence in her heart. But the quick, warm understanding of Harry's lovely wife has an effect Angie never expected. Sub-

dued and almost happy in her renunciation, she agrees to forget Harry forever.

RECENTLY: The great strain is lifted—the operation is successful! Nobody rejoices more thankfully than Dr. Ralph, who knows better than anyone how slender the chance was. Dr. Morley, an eminent British brain specialist, visiting the States, becomes interested in Dr. Ralph's success with Harry's complicated case. And almost before they realize the far-reaching implications of his interest, Joan and Harry become involved in a strange and tumultuous adventure.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Sam Williams
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks; Dr. Jerry Malone, Director of the Institute for Rural Medical Research in New York; Lucia Standish, who really runs both the Institute and Jerry; Sam Williams and his son Gene, Anne's too-devoted admirers.

BACKGROUND: Anne's recent visit to New York to seek a reconciliation with Jerry failed when she realized how important Lucia had become in his life. Now, in Three Oaks, she throws herself into her job and the care of her little girl, Jill, trying to rebuild her life

without Jerry.

RECENTLY: Mrs. Malone, Jerry's mother, going against Anne's expressed wish, also goes to see Jerry, and is stunned when he indicates that it is not misunderstanding, in his opinion, but a real change, that divides him from Anne. He believes he is in love with Lucia Standish. He does not see fully that what binds him to Lucia is not love—but slavery. Meanwhile, in Three Oaks, Anne tries to keep an even keel between the tempestuous Williams men, father and son—both of whom say they love her.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Ellen Brown, who runs a tea room in Simpsonville; Dr. Anthony Loring, who wants to marry her; Bruce Weldon, in love with Ellen, but involved with Mitzi, flamboyant second wife of dignified Glen Halliday, an old friend of Ellen's; Pete Duval, Mitzi's brother.

BACKGROUND: When Ellen Brown finally manages to convince Bruce Weldon that his avowed love for her is hopeless—that, as soon as she feels her two children are adjusted to the change she plans to marry Anthony—Bruce starts seeing too much of

Mitzi, who apparently does not take her new marriage vows too seriously.

RECENTLY: Eventually Bruce decides to leave town. He is on the station platform when, without warning, he is struck down by an unseen assailant. The blow, tragically, leaves him blind. Glen Halliday accuses Anthony of having struck Bruce; but Ellen warns him that if he continues to blacken Anthony's name she will publicize the fact that Glen himself had ample motive and opportunity. Actually, however, Ellen believes that Mitzi's brother Pete is the real attacker.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet		Old Fashioned Re- vival Hour	The Garden Gate
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00	World News	Happiness Hour	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E. Power Biggs
9:15	Wormwood Forest	Dixie Quartet	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:30	Bach Aria Group			
9:45	Male Quartet			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Family Time	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	Morning Serenade	Christian Reform Church	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest	Allan Jackson News Newsmakers
11:15	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:30	Solitaire Time			
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	American Forum of the Air	College Choirs	Fantasy in Melody	Get More Out of Life
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	Doubleday Quiz	Dr. W. Ward Ayer	Meaning of the News
1:15				Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	American Warblers	National Vespers	Invitation to Learning
1:45				
2:00	NBC Theater	Mutual Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	Sammy Kaye's Sun- day Serenade
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	Galen Drake
2:30		Veteran's Information	Drama	Ted Steele Show
2:45				
3:00	One Man's Family Show	Treasury Variety Show	Harrison Wood	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15		Juvenile Jury		
3:30	The Quiz Kids		The Lutheran Hour	
3:45				
4:00	Edwin C. Hill Ideas Unlimited	Hopalong Cassidy	Voices That Live	
4:15	High Adventure	Martin Kane Private Eye	Milton Cross Opera Album	You Are There
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Richard Diamond	The Shadow	Think Fast	Earn Your Vacation
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	Strike It Rich
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	My Favorite Husband
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Henry Morgan	Nick Carter	Music With the Hormel Girls	Our Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00	Christopher London	Adventures of the Falcon	Phil Bovaro	The Jack Benny Show
7:15		The Saint		Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show		Amazing Mr. Malone	
7:45				
8:00	Adventures of Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen
8:15				
8:30	Theater Guild on the Air	Enchanted Hour		Red Skelton
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Corliss Archer
9:15		Rebuttal	Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Sheilah Graham	Chance of a Lifetime	Horace Heidt
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Music	Jimmie Fidler	Contented Hour
10:15			Ted Malone	
10:30	Bob Crosby Show	Don Wright Chorus	Jackie Robinson	



JAMES MELTON—singing emcee of Harvest of Stars (Sun. 5:30 P.M. EST. NBC) since 1946, is back where he started. He debuted in radio on NBC in 1927.

Dear Reader-Listener:

Beginning with this issue, your Inside Radio section will contain more up-to-the-minute information than ever before. A new research system has been set up to insure catching as many time, program and station changes as possible before an issue goes to press. Occasionally, of course, some changes will be received too late to include, but on the whole you'll find Inside Radio an accurate listening guide.

The Editors.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen Local Programs
8:45			Pauline Frederick	
8:50				
9:00	Eddie Albert	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	This Is New York
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		Missus Goes A Shoppin'
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	This Is Bing Crosby
10:15		Faith in Our Time		Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Marriage For Two	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air	
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home		Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind the Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dave Garroway	Bob Poole		
11:30	Jack Berch		Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam
11:45	David Harum	Doughboys		Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Kate Smith Speaks	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Home Towners	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Boston Symphony	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Harold Turner	Art Baker's Note- book	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	The Playboys	Misc. Programs		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Ladies' Fair	Welcome to Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15			Hannibal Cobb	Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Queen For A Day		This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom	Nona From Nowhere
3:15	Road of Life		3:25 Walter Kiernan	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Pick a Date	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Carter Family	Garry Moore
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Tune Time	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Melody	4:55 Hite and the News
4:45	Young Widder Brown		Promenade	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Mark Trail	Challenge of the Yukon	Galen Drake
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Tom Mix	Sky King	Hits and Misses
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30	Sketches in Melody			Curt Massey Time
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Frank Sinatra	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Edwin C. Hill	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Echoes From The Tropics	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	I Love A Mystery		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	The Railroad Hour	Bobby Benson	Ethel and Albert	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Peter Salem	Henry Taylor	Talent Scouts
8:45			Buddy Weed Trio	
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder By Experts	Leighton Noble's Treasury Show	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15			Rex Maupin	
9:30	Cities Service Band of America	Crime Fighters		
9:45				
10:00	Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards	Arts Quartet	My Friend Irma
10:15		Mutual Newsreel		
10:30	Dave Garroway	Dance Bands		The Bob Hawk Show
10:45				



ALICE FROST—is the "Mrs." of CBS' Mr. and Mrs. North (Tues. 8:30 P.M. EST). A minister's daughter, Alice first appeared publicly singing "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." At the U. of Minneapolis, Alice was active in dramatics. Her first professional role was the gold-digging Lorelei in the Chautauqua production of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; her first radio experience came when she substituted for a sick friend.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45 8:50	Do You Remember		Pauline Frederick	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love And Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Bradford & Romano	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Carter Family Tune Time Melody Promenade	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Bobby Benson	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Baby Snooks	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham We Care, Drama	Life With Luigi Escape
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defence Business Management	Pursuit

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45 8:50	Do You Remember		Pauline Frederick	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks The Playboys	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Carter Family Tune Time Melody Promenade	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:30 8:45	This is Your Life Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? International Airport	Dr. I. Q. Casebook of Gregory Hood	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	Mr. Feathers Family Theater	Adventures of Sherlock Holmes Buzz Adlan's Playroom	Groucho Marx Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Oklahoma Symphony	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Burns and Allen Lum and Abner



ZASU PITTS—of the fluttering hands and woeful voice has returned to radio to heighten the comedy on the Lum 'n' Abner show (CBS, Wed. 10:30 P.M. EST). Zasu—her name is a combination of the names of two aunts, LiZA and SUsan—played her first regular radio role in 1940 after making nearly 500 motion pictures. She played in Big Sister with such actresses as Alice Frost and Diana Barrymore.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		8:50 Pauline Frederick	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaies	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News The Note Noodlers	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Hometowners			Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Bradford & Romano	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Carter Family Tune Time Melody Promenade	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Bobby Benson	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Severeid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Sports For All	Blondie	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Guild Duffy's Tavern	The Limerick Show Comedy Playhouse	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Chesterfield Supper Dragnet	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics	Hallmark Playhouse Skippy Hollywood Theatre



JACKIE KELK—for ten of his twenty-six years has been playing Homer on The Aldrich Family (Thurs. 8 P.M. EST, NBC). With the show also on TV Sun. 7:30 P.M. EST, WNBT), Jackie's wry expressions make him a natural for the part. His only worry is that his English spaniel will cease to recognize him because he's home so little. If this does happen, he'll learn to know him again on the TV screen.



JONE ALLISON—plays Meta Bauer on CBS' Guiding Light (M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST). Even though her parents didn't encourage her theatrical ambitions, Jone's persistence won out and, at sixteen, she won a motion picture contest. That summer she joined a stock company and, three years later, was named "Television Girl 1941." Jone entered radio via the True Story Hour and has appeared regularly since.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		8:50 Pauline Frederick	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaies	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks The Playboys	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Carter Family Tune Time Melody Promenade	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Program	Eric Severeid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kallenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy We The People	Bandstand U. S. A. Music	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	The Goldbergs My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Directors' Playhouse Jimmy Durante	Army Air Force Show Meet the Press	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Joan Davis The Show Goes On— R. Q. Lewis
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Fights	Capital Cloakroom

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Kelvin Keech	This Is New York
9:15				
9:30	Coffee in Washington		Conversation with Casey	Missus Goes A Shoppin'
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring Show		At Home With Music	Galen Drake
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols Helen Hall	Jr. Junction	Joe Di Maggio Show
10:45				
11:00	Lassie	Coast Guard on Parade	Joe Franklin's Recordshop	Let's Pretend
11:15	Stamp Club			
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Man on the Farm	Roger Dann	Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Luncheon with Lopez	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30		Campus Salute	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey	Concert of America	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15		Jerry & Skye	Jazz	
1:30	Voices Down the Wind	Symphonies For Youth	Old, New, Borrowed & Blue	Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana		Dance Music	County Fair
2:15				
2:30	Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Dance Orchestra		Get More Out of Life
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Dance Orchestra		Reports From Overseas
3:15	Local Programs			Adventures in Science
3:30		Caribbean Crossroads		Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00	Living, 1950	Dunn on Discs		Straight Facts For Veterans
4:15				Treasury Bandstand
4:30	Contrasts Musical	Sports Parade		
4:45				
5:00	Report on America	True or False Radio Quiz	Tea and Crumpets	Local Programs
5:30	Hollywood Closeups			Musical Notebook
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner News	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News			
6:30	NBC Symphony Orchestra	Mel Allen	Bible Message Harry Wismer	CBS Views the Press Red Barber's Club House
6:45		Preston Sellers	Roger Renner Trio	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	String Ensemble Bert Andrews	Young Love
7:15			Chandu the Magician	
7:30	Archie Andrews	Comedy of Errors		Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		7:55 John B. Kennedy		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Heinie and His Band	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Hollywood Byline	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Meet Your Match	Crosby's Nightshift	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	A Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Guy Lombardo		Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	Voices That Live	Sing It Again
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Dance Music	

BARBARA EILER—Babs on The Life of Riley (Fri. 10 P.M. EST, NBC) and Mildred Anderson, Dennis Day's girlfriend (Sat. 9:30 P.M. EST, NBC) is a "local girl who made good." She was hired on the spot when she auditioned for a Los Angeles radio station and her air career has been successful in other ways—she met her husband Don Nelson, Ozzie's younger brother, when she was on the Ozzie and Harriet show in 1948.



JOHN SYLVESTER

For the past three or four years around Radio Row in New York, whenever a call comes up for a very emotional young man, the call goes, nine times out of ten, to John Sylvester. Recently, he's done most of the roles of this type that have come along on the Big Story scripts—NBC, Wednesday evenings at 10, EST. He's also appeared on Mr. District Attorney, Counterspy and others.

To speak to, John Sylvester strikes you as anything but the nervous type, he is of medium height, sturdily built, with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes and brown hair. Born in Philadelphia, John was taken to live in Washington, D. C., when he was a small boy. His father was a lawyer and it was fully intended by everyone that John should follow in his footsteps.

By the time he started studying at Notre Dame and was involved in the dramatic work out there, the theater and acting bug had bit him. It made a good sharp bite, during his Junior year, when the Drama Department produced "Twelfth Night," with the help of a professional director from Broadway. Later, this director invited John to New York to try for the same role in the Theatre Guild's production of "Twelfth Night," with Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans. Feverishly, John hurried to New York, only to be turned down for lack of experience. So back he went to Notre Dame, ostensibly to prepare to be a lawyer. At college he majored in English and did some writing. He wrote a play for his thesis. It got him his degree, but, "That was the end of it. I've never even looked at it since I wrote it. It was terrible."

After two years in the Merchant Marine, John went to New York to be an actor. His father was opposed to the idea and did everything he could to dissuade him. But John insisted on trying his luck—and in the very beginning, it was good. "There was a shortage of men in the theater, remember?" he said. In "Richard III" with George Coulouris, he played three bit parts and acted as assistant stage manager. Unfortunately, the opus only ran eleven performances, but it did land John a summer's work with the stock company at Westboro, Massachusetts.

With such a start, John was all set, he thought. But the 1944 season turned out to be pretty rough. Playwrights were getting smart by then and writing scripts that called for one, or no men. So budding actor Sylvester worked at odd jobs—as a waiter in Childs, as an elevator man and waiter at Stouffer's. Then someone suggested he try radio. This was a likely idea, since John could make auditions, and do the rounds of the agencies and studios during the day and go on with his jobs in the evenings. Finally, one audition led to a three line role in a show with Tallulah Bankhead.

"She was very encouraging," he remembered. "Although it was only three lines, she patted me on the back for them and told me that the year before, when that script was first done, the young man who'd played that part had gone on to great success and she hoped I would, too."

He did. Soon afterward, he read for Sylvia Lowy, who was helping to cast the Army Service Forces Present programs and she was so impressed he was given the lead on a dramatic play. "It was one of those intense, screamingly tragic parts—and that's what I've been doing ever since."

You AND YOUR HUSBAND'S JOB



Family counselor Ann Hoff warned Terry's listeners: Your husband may be hired, refused employment, promoted or fired because of what you, the wife, may do.

Do you women ever think what an important part you play in your husband's business career? Well, a recent Family Counselor, Miss Ann Hoff, an expert in business counseling and employment, says, "Your husband may be hired, refused employment, promoted or fired because of what you, the wife, may do."

When I asked Ann how wives could help rather than hinder their husbands, she told us that recently, in filling a number of important jobs, many employers are interviewing men in the presence of their wives. The reason is that employers are naturally looking for men who are well-adjusted as well as competent. And they feel that there's no better way to judge a man's happiness than by observing him with his wife.

A particular incident that Ann mentioned was the case of a couple, who by their apparent harmony, enabled the man to secure a position over the man whose wife contradicted him and gave him dagger glances in the presence of his prospective employer. In other words, Ann pointed out that a woman today is linked far more closely to her husband's job than she may realize.

Ann interviews some 4,000 men a year at the Maude Lennox Personnel Agency in order to help them secure positions. She remarked, "You'd be amazed at how frequently these men quote their wives and rely on their judgment."

Ann continued by saying, "A wife must express herself in a way which reflects her own common interests and her interest in her husband's welfare. There are certain basic ways," Ann added, "that a wife can prepare herself to contribute to her spouse's business success. The first way: *Choose your goals*. A husband and wife should think seriously about what they want out of life and how much they're willing to sacrifice to attain their goal. For instance, the choice might lie between a higher and lower income job. One with pressure and much travel involved and one without and at a lower salary. I know one wife who made the decision that she preferred the lower salaried job in order to have her husband at home and happier." Ann and I both feel that this wife made a wise decision.

The next step Ann stressed was *Knowing his job*. Said Ann, "He'll do better with his job if he feels you understand it and find it as interesting as he does. Also important is *Understanding people*. A wife can help her husband to evaluate his business associates realistically and thus enable him to have better relations with them. The man who lives harmoniously with his office associates often gets the promotions."

I asked Ann if she had any particular suggestions that would be helpful for our listeners and as a closing request she urged, "Watch your husband's grooming." She told of a man who lost out on a top position because his suit needed pressing and he needed a shave. "An observant wife could have corrected this situation which robbed him of an excellent opportunity."

FAMILY COUNSELOR • BY TERRY BURTON

Wed. is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F at 2 P. M. on CBS. The program is sponsored by General Foods.

What Is the Younger Generation Coming To?

(Continued from page 39)

discuss a problem before it boils down to a question of authority, with a logical answer that leads to compromise between parent and child.

An Indiana girl wrote recently, "My mother says that because I'm only fourteen years old, I'm too young to date boys. But my girl friends who are the same age date and their parents don't object. Don't you think my parents are old-fashioned?"

The panel knows that customs in dating differ in communities around the country. In some regions it's quite common for a girl to be dating at the age of thirteen or fourteen; in others, she may start much later. Nevertheless, one rule applies regardless of age: the girl must be prepared for dating. This is the parents' responsibility.

Around the age of twelve, your daughter should begin to associate with boys in a formal sense. The same youngsters she plays cowboys and Indians with during the day can be invited to a party where the children dress up and treat each other as members of the opposite sex, rather than mere competitors in play. If a mother has a daughter who wants to date but is too young, the problem should be met with parties—parties so well planned that children have no time for kissing games. Parents should be present at the party, the panel believes, but in an unobtrusive way.

The panel advises girls with stubborn parents to try convincing them with logic and sense. Articles on dating, and friendly adults can help change parents' minds. Going about it this way is further evidence of maturity.

On the other hand, a mother can cause just as much bad feeling when she is too anxious for her daughter to go out. A seventeen-year-old California girl wrote, "My mother keeps belittling me because I don't go out with boys often. She says that she has beauty and my father has brains but claims that unfortunately I inherited my father's looks and her brains. I'm quite happy because I'm editor of the school paper and active in dramatics and I do get invited to some dances. But my mother tells me, 'When I was your age, I was thinking of getting married.'"

This girl's mother doesn't realize just how lucky she is. Her daughter is well adjusted and will be better prepared to make a good match than most women. The panel tries to explain that likes of high school boys differ from those of men. A man wants a wife who makes herself attractive but the important considerations are her personality, intelligence and the maturity to share the responsibilities of marriage.

"What do you do about a girl who won't come in from a date on time?"

I'll bet that if you brought together every mother who has been plagued with this problem there wouldn't be a city large enough to hold them. Well, the panel thinks that in the first place parents should be reasonable. But once a reasonable Cinderella hour has been agreed upon, the pact must be kept. The specified time is when daughter leaves her date at the front door, not when her boy friend parks in front of the house.

Our teen-age panel believes that if a girl cannot keep the agreement, she can be penalized by sacrificing a similar event. Let her give up a Saturday night

date for a Saturday night's tardiness. But a parent should make it clear that daughter isn't being penalized because she sinned in staying out late. It's only a question of learning to share her responsibilities to the family and society as a whole and this is something youngsters should learn during adolescence.

Too often, the problems of teen-agers are so complicated in a personal, emotional sense that it requires the greatest tact to help them. This letter, from a mother in Akron, Ohio, complains of her seventeen-year-old son spending hours on the phone talking to his "steady." She writes, "Why must they be so possessive? Neither my son nor his girl friend will even look at anyone else. Both the girl's mother and I are very upset about them, and we would like to hear some sensible explanation from your panel members."

Well, in our Saturday radio sessions, the panel has taken a stand against going steady in the first few years of dating and for several good reasons. First, there is always the danger of a boy and girl getting too emotionally involved. Then, teen-years are growing years when a girl or boy should be learning as much as possible about the opposite sex and this can't be done by seeing only one person. Last and not least, it is more fun to date a lot of different people.

Going steady not only takes a girl out of circulation with other boys but handicaps the relationship she would be enjoying with girls her own age and her family. It would be a fair guess that nine out of ten steadies break up in the middle teens and it is the girl not the man who suffers. The boy can immediately call up any other girl he knows and make a date but the girl, who cannot take the initiative in date-hunting, without losing her self-respect and femininity, must wait until other boys get used to the fact that there are no strings attached to her. Sometimes it takes months.

So it's up to the girls to take a strong stand on this issue. If she is tactful and honest, it shouldn't ruin the friendship already established.

There are hundreds of other problems that come in from teen-agers. It's partly because they live more intensely than other age groups. But I have found, in working with them on Mind Your Manners, that they are stimulating and exciting.

The program, you know, is one of the few over NBC that doesn't originate in Hollywood, Chicago or New York. Mind Your Manners is broadcast from WTIC, in Hartford, Connecticut, where I also hold down the job of Continuity Director. It was Leonard Patricelli, our program director, who had the idea for Mind Your Manners and developed it in 1947. I went to work for WTIC the fall of that year and perhaps got the job of moderator because of my earlier experience with teen-age groups.

During the last war, I assisted the noted actor, Maurice Evans, who was then a major in the Pacific directing troop entertainment. After the war, Civilian Maurice Evans made me his personal manager. Part of the job was to precede his showing of "Hamlet," building up interest in the play. I talked to adults at clubs and luncheons and to students in high school auditoriums. The teen-agers, I found, were fre-

quently more alert and imaginative than their parents. And I think the reason my meetings with teen-agers came off so well was that I never talked down to them but treated them as equals—something I learned from my own parents.

From childhood, through grade and high school they encouraged me. In college, I sometimes neglected my studies to work in radio and theater groups but my parents were understanding. Out in the world, I was luckier than most men in theatrical work but kept hoping to find work. I had a berth in Summer stock then went into radio, taught drama in a college, back in theater work, then radio again. In all of those hectic years dealing with the insecurity of show business, I had an asset greater than money: it was the confidence and security that my parents had given me as a youngster.

I talk about this sometimes with my wife, Margaret, for we have two children whom we hope to raise strong and sound enough to get along in the world. David, our two-year-old, has a tremendous enthusiasm for getting into things he shouldn't and prefers the electric carpet sweeper to any toy. Our other child, eight-month-old Martha, has the disposition of an angel but contributes her share of problems.

Our apartment in West Hartford is indicative of the kind of home life we lead. It is furnished for informal, conversational gatherings with our friends. The living room, typical of the restful quality we've tried for, has dark green walls except for one papered in a white cottage print. A few hunting prints I picked up have been framed and hung. Our furnishings are mostly antiques that we refinished ourselves.

We'll need a larger home as the children grow. Time passes quickly and it won't be too long before Martha and David are teen-agers. In the meantime, we hope to give them a good, solid environment before they have to contend with adult problems.

The basic attitude toward life of my own parents is one thing we strive for. My mother and father were practical people with a great deal of common sense. But their finest characteristic was their absolute control of temper. I never saw anything hectic in our family life. There was restraint and patience in their actions. Also my parents had the answer to something that hurts a lot of parents.

"Why do my kids go out so much?" I've heard a father ask. "It doesn't seem that I know as much about my own children as I do about my work."

Well, there's an answer to this and it's all in one word: enthusiasm. It's too easy for adults to become irritated or even smile indulgently at their children's activities. A mother and father must share the interest of the teen-ager. If you can match the teen-ager's enthusiasm, she won't be running out continually to find someone else to talk to. She may even pay you the greatest of compliments and ask for advice on a problem that you seem too old to know anything about.

No family difference will ever be solved by the parent who makes the issue, "Who's right, me or my child?" Our panel tells teen-agers that no matter how difficult the problem, they should meet their parents halfway. And wise parents will do the same.

To every woman who longs

*Don't keep hiding that charming inner you
The loveliness you show can do more for you than you dream*



Fascinating, isn't she, this lovely British Peeress?

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

Her charming, speaking face is eloquent of the delightful, understanding woman that is her Inner Self. The Marchioness has the loveliest wild-rose complexion imaginable. "I couldn't do without Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It keeps my skin so clean and soft! It really is delightful."

*I*N EVERY WALK of life you meet them—countless women who feel tethered by long strings of self-doubt.

Yet—no woman needs to live under a self-belittling shadow. *You can become a new You*—lovely, outgoing, effective!

A limitless power within yourself can help you. This power wells up from the constant interaction of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you *look* and the way you *feel*.

Isn't it true, that when you look charming and lovely and bright, it makes you feel inwardly happy, socially at ease? But—just let yourself think you are *not* looking your best, and you retreat into a miserable self-consciousness.

Take a New Slant on You!

Resolve, *now*, to face yourself and your world in a *positive* way. Use as a starting point a better way of living, based on the laws of health and beauty . . . exercise to limber you, good sleep, the right food, enough water, and *meticulous* cleanliness.

Take a New Look at your Face

Look at your skin especially. *Nothing quite equals good creaming* for giving complexions that soft-and-fresh look. And the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream (see directions opposite) has a way of doing charming things for your face—*for you!*

FROM THE OUTSIDE—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly cleanses, softens your skin as you massage.

FROM THE INSIDE—every step of this face treatment stimulates circulation.

Every night pamper your face with this Pond's beauty care. See your skin bloom in fresh new loveliness.

How to Outsmart Dry Skin

Dry skin does most unhappy things to faces. So, take prompt steps to give your face added softening help. From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil. You can make up for this loss of natural oil by giving your skin *extra* daily help with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This cream

to bring out her true self

is very rich in *lanolin*, and it is *homogenized* to soak in better. It softens dry, rough skin, amazingly.

A Greaseless Powder Base

If your skin feels "coated" under a heavy foundation—here's a powder base that is misty-light. Before you make-up, smooth on a thin protective veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears instantly, leaving only an invisible film on your skin. No shade problem.

And—a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is a swift beauty pick-up. Cover your face (except eyes) with the cream. After 1 minute, tissue all off. See how your skin wakes up!

"One Enchanted Make-Up"

You'll feel like bursting into song about Pond's Angel Face—the make-up that's foundation and powder *all-in-one*. Angel Face goes on with its own puff—and stays. No greasy fingertips. No water. Never drying. Perfect for your handbag because Angel Face *can't spill*. And it comes in 6 angelic shades.

Then, for your gayest salute to loveliness, Pond's "Lips" of course! The new, *improved formula* that *stays on even longer*, makes this lipstick better than ever. 8 flattering shades! Pond's "Lips" *Dither* has a spring-pink look you'll *surely* love!

"OUTSIDE-INSIDE" FACE TREATMENT

First great step to a New You

**Tear out these easy directions
Tuck up in your mirror frame**

Always at bedtime (day cleansings, too) help your face *this way*—to show a lovelier You:

Hot Stimulation—quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over face to soften, sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue again—*lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash. So quick! So easy! So *wonderfully* rewarding!



Adorable young member of one of America's foremost families.

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE

All who see her are warmed by the Inner Charm that glows out from her lovely face. Mrs. Duke has the beautifully clear, soft skin that makes you wonder how she cares for it. "I use Pond's," she says—"Pond's has a way of leaving my skin soft and smooth—and wonderfully refreshed."

Remember—Beauty is a kind of genius to be encouraged in everyone. It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It makes *you* reflect a charming confidence, brings others closer to your Inner Self.



Your face is what You make it. Help it look lovelier—with Pond's!

Manana Comes for Peggy

(Continued from page 45)

think, could someone like Peggy ever know the resigned feeling that comes from facing the reading on the scales.

Seeing Peggy today makes it difficult to believe that she ever was a put-if-off-'til-tomorrow girl. But Peggy could and did slough things off. She, the composer of "Manana," the song which extols the sleepy way of life, was perhaps its chief perpetrator.

The story of Peggy Lee begins back in the little farm town of Jamestown, North Dakota and the several similar towns which Peggy came to know and love as a result of her father's work. He was a railroad employee and was transferred frequently. But like many another youngster, Peggy, who was born Norma Egstrom, knew that she would need a larger world to fulfill her ambitions.

And though she claims she was never particularly ambitious, Peggy says she just knew it would happen sometime. "It" meant becoming a top singer.

By selling her graduation watch and riding the railroad on a pass, Peggy set out to join a girl friend who was working in Hollywood.

Some of her girl friend's boy friends played in a band. Peggy mentioned she could sing. The boys invited her to try, expecting, Peggy says, that a Dakota Norwegian would naturally wail "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." Instead, Peggy did a popular number in the manner which has since become famous.

Surprised, the boys pitched in and found her a few jobs. The girls ate again, but the starvation period took its toll. Peggy got sick and had to return to her family to recuperate on good home cooking.

Her next venture was to WDAY in Fargo. It was there Norma Egstrom was booked for the first time as Peggy Lee. Ken Kennedy, the station manager, changed her name, coached her and talked a hotel into trying what was for them the radical experiment of having Peggy sing in the dining room.

Peggy Lee's star was rising and it came to rest next over Hotel Radisson in Minneapolis, where she was booked into the Lounge Pierre.

Lounge Pierre, ultra smart in a modern decor, was the most beautiful room Peggy had ever seen. She was so overcome, she wandered in a daze.

But when the band went on a tour of luxurious resort hotels, and by the time she was booked into the Buttery of the Ambassador West in Chicago, Peggy took that fabulous place in stride. When Chicago society gave her a whirl, she enjoyed it, but she didn't lose her head.

She thought her roommate was kidding when she announced Benny Goodman had called and wanted to talk to Peggy about a job. Peggy had been thrilled when Goodman came to the Buttery to hear her, but she had the impression he did not approve her style of singing.

King Benny, it turned out, did want to hire her, and Peggy began a two-year swing with the band.

The outfit was playing a theater when Dave Barbour joined the band as a guitar player. The acrobatic dancers in the show called her attention to him. Says Peggy, "They were nice kids, but they were all girl, and they'd stand in the wings gushing, 'Isn't he handsome!'"

To Peggy, however, his music was more entrancing than his appearance.

She confesses, "I'd find myself running to my dressing room to change the moment I finished my songs so that I could tear back to the stage. I didn't want to miss a minute of his number."

Dave Barbour and Peggy found they had many common interests. It was no wonder that when Dave decided to leave the band, he found he couldn't leave Peggy. They were out shopping one day when Dave turned to her and said, "Let's get married. Right now."

The Barbours settled in Hollywood, trying, like any young couple, to discover what gave rise to that strange idea two could live cheaper than one.

Dave was sweating it out via the joint route. Peggy wasn't working at all. She was busy being Mrs. Barbour.

But talent has a nagging way of refusing to stay under cover. She was washing dishes one day when the words for a song just came to her. Suddenly she knew the whole song. Her own melody didn't suit her, but that didn't matter. Dave would write one to fit.

They went to work and the result was "What More Can A Woman Do?" It was followed by "You Was Right, Baby." The Barbours did a private performance the next time their friend and agent, Carlos Gastel, came to call. He immediately recognized that the young husband and wife had written a couple of songs of their own with commercial possibilities. He persuaded them to make a record, and almost before they knew it, the Barbours were launched on a new career.

But Peggy was still guarding jealously her status of housewife. When their daughter Nicki was born, she decided she would be only Mrs. David Barbour, and just let anyone try to change her mind.

But an artist of the stature of Peggy Lee can't just drop out of sight. She rejected one booking after another, but once in a while there would be an offer just to good to miss. And those songs kept happening. Together, Dave and Peggy wrote "It's a Good Day," "Golden Earrings," and the sensational "Manana" which sold two million records.

But all their success lost its thrill when Dave became seriously ill. When doctors told her he was going to die, Peggy went nearly mad with grief and self-reproach. She thought of all the things she might have done for Dave, and primarily she thought of the bookings which occasionally had taken her away from home. She sought Dave's physician. She wanted to know if Dave would have been happier if she had stuck to her original resolve and never sung another note in public.

The physician, wise in his knowledge of human beings, shook his head. "Peggy," he told her, "women are people. They aren't just machines. Everyone has a talent for something. Whatever her talent, she must have some outlet for it, or it dams up inside her. You happen to be able to sing. If you had quit entirely, you would have become so neurotic Dave couldn't live with you."

Peggy pondered his words. They gave her comfort but they took a couple years to sink in. Almost miraculously, Dave recovered his health. The Barbours went on in their normal way, but there was still a jagged line of conflict between Mrs. David Barbour, housewife, and Peggy Lee, singer.

It wasn't until Carlos Gastel, con-

fidant as well as agent, had a heart-to-heart talk with her that Peggy began to change her mind.

"Look," he told her, "you're getting a little thick around the hips and slow in the head. Dave married one kind of girl, and, if you don't watch out, he's going to find himself stuck with another."

Peggy didn't say much, but she took a good long look in the mirror. Carlos' crack about being thick in the hips had stung. She stepped on the scale and kept her eyes open. She didn't like the reading.

She admitted she had been letting herself go. Her face was unlined, her pale hair was as blonde as ever, she was less than thirty, but she had to admit she was getting old. She was getting old because she was thinking old.

Peggy remembered a sentence from her favorite book of meditations: "Only one thing can cause you to grow old—your failure to make adjustments to life." Peggy set out to make those necessary adjustments.

Her first step was to go to her doctor for a complete physical examination. It was time she did, she discovered, for there had been an upset in her body chemistry and metabolism. Under existing conditions, she couldn't help putting on weight. The doctor prescribed a high protein diet and exercise to strengthen slack muscles.

The exercise Peggy chose was no exotic Hollywood miracle. Down-to-earth Peggy decided to walk.

The simple regimen which peeled seventeen pounds off Peggy also put smoother curves in the right places, but Peggy insists the mental effect was most important. "I got the most wonderful, clear-headed feeling. I began getting brand new ideas about everything from recipes to ways to sing a song. I hadn't realized until then how dull I must have been."

Peggy Lee dull is something even her best friends can't imagine, but they do admit that with the training program Peggy took on a brighter sparkle.

Peggy says that getting out of a rut can make any woman more attractive. She points out that since she went to work turning *manana* into *today*, she has felt happier, as well as looked prettier. Peggy's new regimen also taught her how to relax. A few minutes of lying down with eyes and forehead covered with witch hazel pads substituted for hours of sleep. Peggy now has a rigorous schedule, but she thrives on it.

The lovely songstress emphasizes, however, that her years of being strictly housewife were far from wasted. She needed the calm outlook which came with letting herself go, "just a teentsy bit." She needed the satisfaction of running a household in a manner which pleases the man she loves, and she needed the deep emotional experience of having a baby and seeing that infant turn into a very charming tiny person with a character of her own.

These things are the solid foundation for the "new" Peggy Lee.

And the payoff—well, what more could a singer ask than to be teamed this season with the Old Master, himself. Peggy Lee swings out on the air these days with Bing Crosby. Not bad for a girl who once thought that *manana* would take care of everything.

When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 43)

Why don't you just consider the days when you invite your mother-in-law to dinner as a kind of bonus-vacation for yourself—sit back, relax, and let your husband's mother do the work, as long as she seems to want to! Believe me, this is a very small mother-in-law fault, indeed. I wish that you could read some of the letters that come to me, learn what some young wives have to bear in the way of jealousy, fault-finding and nagging from their husbands' mothers. Just think of mother-in-law's visits as days on which you will have less to do, and you'll find yourself looking forward to them.

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been married seven months. My husband is one of the best. Recently I have found myself greatly interested in another man. He calls once a week. It just makes me feel so bad to think of hurting my husband, but what can I do? We were married very young—I was nineteen and my husband was twenty. The first three or four months I was contented but now I find myself taking my husband for granted—maybe you would call it taking advantage of him. I am in love with my husband, but is it possible to love two men at once? What shall I do?

Mrs. D.E.

Dear Mrs. E.:

I'm afraid I must agree that I would call it exactly what you suggested in your letter—taking advantage of the husband who loves and trusts you. I will admit that nineteen is young, yes—but you are not a child, and you certainly are old enough to behave in a less childish way. Marriage, my dear, is not all fun and laughter and sweetness and light; it settles down, as does anything worthwhile, to a workable routine, after the honeymoon is over. And believe me, it would be unbearable if this were not true—wouldn't you sicken of a diet of chocolate cake with whipped cream, nothing else to eat, day in and day out, for the rest of your life?

Here is what I suggest that you do—tell this other man to get out of your life. Never see him again. Resolve to act like a grown woman who is old enough and responsible enough to be a wife; resolve to give your marriage a chance to grow with you, to become, as it can be, the most perfect relationship in the world. If you are bored with your marriage, seek for the reason in yourself—boredom usually comes from within, not without!

Here is a problem which a worried father, Mr. R. M., finds himself unable to solve alone. What is your advice to him? Your letter may earn \$25.00.

Dear Joan Davis:

My wife and I adopted her friend's little girl eighteen years ago, and raised the girl as our own, never telling her that we were not her real parents. Some time ago my wife died. Now I find that I am in love with the girl's real mother, and want to marry her. When I told my adopted daughter that I was going to marry again she was enraged, and is still very angry with both of us. I feel bad and her mother feels worse. Dare we tell her that her mother is alive, that this woman I want to marry is her real mother, that she is an adopted child at this late date? What is the best thing to do?

"...and some

Fels-Naptha Soap Chips



to put in it!"



What a lucky bride—starting her new life as a 'Mrs.' with a wonderful wedding gift like this! And in saying "wonderful" we're not forgetting the box of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips that goes with it.

Even if your washer isn't the newest model, you'll get *new pleasure* from it if you start using Fels-Naptha Soap Chips—right away.

The extra washing action contained in every box of husky, non-sneeze Fels-Naptha Soap Chips will help your washer do more than save washday time and work. Your Fels-Naptha washes will be so clean and white and sweet you'll almost think you *have* a new machine.

For the washing surprise of your life—get some Fels-Naptha Soap Chips *today!*



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\$1000 in CASH

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51 CASH AWARDS GRAND PRIZE—\$500.00
50 "Honorable Mention" Awards of \$10.00 Each
Grand Total \$1,000.00 in cash!

Here's a brand new magazine soon to go on the presses. This new magazine will be a magazine like none other you ever saw, jammed full of facts and enjoyable reading about just one thing—your mealtime problems. Think of it, a whole magazine devoted to the biggest job women have—of preparing interesting, healthful meals for those we love.

It has **EVERYTHING**—this new magazine—except a name—and that's where *you* come in! Fifty-one cash prizes await the smart homemakers who send in the best suggestions for a name.

Of course, we can't use the name of any magazine which is already published—or any name too similar. But just think for a moment and any number of titles come quickly to mind—"Good Eating," "Good Food," "Good Cooking," "Home Cooking"—for example (but don't send these in—we've already thought of them).

Just read below the description of the new magazine and tell us what *you* think it should be called. Send in your suggestion and a short letter—up to 25 words—as to why you picked that particular name.

HERE'S ALL ABOUT THE NEW MAGAZINE:

If you want to find real pleasure in your own kitchen—if you want the job of preparing tempting meals that will please your family, exciting new dishes that will amaze your friends, if you want relief from the daily burden of answering the question, "What are we having for dinner tonight?" . . . you'll be delighted with this excitingly different new magazine.

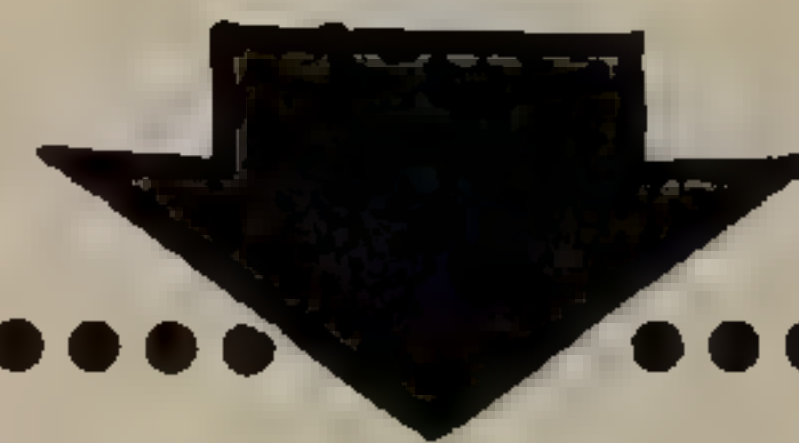
Devoted exclusively to making your kitchen a wonderful place, this as yet unnamed magazine has:

- Taste-tantalizing recipes
 - Favorite foods of famous personalities
 - Menus for every day in the month
 - Foods of the month (best buys in the market)
 - Recipes for children
 - Limited diets made interesting
 - Easy to follow chef's recipes
 - Table settings for glamorous dining
 - Just married cookery
 - Lunch box magic
 - Regional recipes from everywhere
 - Grandma's private cook book
- Gorgeous Pictures—Fact Features—Helpful Charts*



HOW TO WIN:

1. Send your title and tell in 25 words or less why you think it fits the new magazine.
2. Print or type your entry clearly.
3. The contest is open to everyone in continental United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and their families.
4. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. whether used or not, and none can be returned. The publishers reserve the right to name the magazine, regardless of the prizes awarded.
5. Winners will be announced in the September issue of this magazine. Officers of Macfadden Publications, Inc. are the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
6. Contest closes May 1st. Only entries postmarked on or before that date will be considered.
7. In case the same name is submitted by two or more entrants, the best letter in the opinion of the judges shall decide. Duplicate prizes awarded if judging of letter results in tie.
8. Address your entry to Contest Editor, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



Contest Editor
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street—Dept. RM-4
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: My suggestion for naming the new magazine is _____ I enclose a letter stating
in 25 words or less why I believe this name should be used.

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Captain Video

(Continued from page 56)

that brings the farthest stars into focus. And the Astra-View Camera, a pocket-size marvel, that snaps pictures and prints them simultaneously.

Waiting on a nearby set is a super-jet, faster than any plane ever flown. But, perhaps most important of all, is the Remote Tele-Carrier, a beam that can scan incredible distances across our own Far West. Thus the Captain can see, at any moment, what his trusted agents are accomplishing against the bands of masked bandits.

Oddly enough, these special agents don't hold with any of the Captain's inventions. Just give them a fast horse and a couple of six-shooters and they'll foil any villains that cross their trail, just like the heroes of TV Western movies.

Captain Video was first an idea in the mind of James L. Caddigan, program director for DuMont. In an atomic age, he reasoned, why not give the kiddies their own atomic entertainment mingled with clips from Western movies. Horses and horsepower, as it were! Getting together with writer M. C. Brock, who was responsible for the scripts of Dick Tracy, they set out to pick a Captain.

They found their man in stage and radio actor Richard Coogan, who was playing on Broadway opposite Mae West in "Diamond Lil." Richard is tall, good-looking, with an authoritative voice. He is happily married, has an attractive wife and a little son, Rick, Jr., who is a little under a year old.

Sometimes when Richard is walking their black cocker spaniel, Shadow, boys and girls waylay him in the street and ask to be taken to Captain Video's "laboratory." "How do we get up there?" they ask, breathlessly, remembering the program's opening shots of great mountain peaks. "Do we go by jet or helicopter?" They beg for plans of the Captain's latest inventions so they too can ride out into space. To all of which Coogan answers, "The FBI won't allow me to reveal any of my secrets," leaving them shaking their heads understandingly.

On the screen this is tense drama that leaves youngsters wide-eyed with excitement until the next installment. At rehearsals, however, there's a complete absence of tension and do-or-die attitude, although lines and business have to be learned in a matter of hours each day. Actors roll off their lines about setting "time elementation," "automatic interrupters," and "remote carriers" with ad lib asides of their own.

"The part I really take seriously is the influence Captain Video has on the kids who watch it," Richard Coogan says. "A few parents have said they think the show gets a little violent at times, but I think we do the kind of thing that kids have to get out of their systems, one way or another. It's really a magic world that we create for them, and I think they recognize it as such.

"And you know what? The fathers in my neighborhood used to take their children to a nearby bar and grill to see Captain Video, whenever they had time. The owner would stop serving any drinks that half-hour. And what happened then? A lot of families got television sets, just so father wouldn't miss the Captain's latest adventure in Electronicland."

It's here! New Drene Shampoo with *Beauty Conditioner*



**Now! For Natural Sheen,
Natural Softness,
Don't Just "Wash" Your Hair—
Condition it with
New Drene!**



What natural loveliness your hair will have when you use this New Drene with beauty conditioning action!

Once you see what it does for you, you'll never be content to "just wash" your hair again. You'll want to *condition* it with New Drene . . . condition it to loveliest natural sheen, natural softness. Yes, and all this without the bother of special rinses or lotions! You just shampoo—that's all you do!

New Drene can make these promises because Drene — and *only* Drene — has

this amazing new Beauty Conditioner. It's a cleansing discovery found in no other shampoo—a *Procter & Gamble exclusive!* Try New Drene today!

- ① New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen . . . yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
- ② Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- ③ Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!
- ④ Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

ONLY NEW DRENE SHAMPOO
has this Wonderful New Beauty Conditioner

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Gentlemen:

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CITYSTATE

My Husband, Ed

(Continued from page 55)

startle and amuse my friends by taking them into that locked room of Ed's. Now, however, I'll never be able to show off the whole array during one visit. Visitors will have to come back.

I think it's important to know that Ed never had a costume manufactured for the mere sake of looking funny. Every piece is actual apparel, used at some period in history. An Arab robe, for instance, was worn long ago by a true son of Allah. The Japanese kimono is a fine example from that Pacific island. He injects his own whimsical humor into all these costumes by choosing ill-fitting, outmoded or incongruous garments that help him carry out his idea of The Perfect Fool, the pathetic little man with a lisp, striving to maintain a ludicrous dignity.

His favorite, I believe, is an enormous tuxedo coat that fits him like a big sack. He's sentimental about it because it was given to him by his friend, Lew Dockstader.

Maybe you don't know that while Ed's coats and hats change constantly, he clings to one old pair of sailor pants and one pair of size 13 shoes, now forty-three years old. Those shoes are a story in themselves.

Ed was playing Pittsburgh, when he took another one of those strolls down a side street. He spotted a pair of yellowish-tan high buttoned shoes in a store window. They looked so ridiculous that he started to giggle. He bought them for three dollars and fifty cents and wore them in his act that night. When the musicians down in the pit got a look at his feet they let out a howl, and audiences have laughed at them ever since.

They're insured with Lloyd's of London for \$5,000 and kept in a safe.

If anything I have said here might make you think we live in a gag man's paradise, then I have given you a completely wrong impression. At home we live a quiet, relaxed family life, with my little boy John, and in close relation with Ed's son Keenan and Keenan's wife Betty, and Ed's grandsons Tracy and Ned. I would like to add that Ed and Keenan have a wonderful father-son relationship, based on mutual respect and understanding.

There is a "table" conference on each script on Mondays, rehearsals all day Wednesday and Thursday, with dress rehearsal at 7 P.M. Thursday night. The show is telecast live from Hollywood at 9 P.M. PST every other week now, and is seen by television recording a couple of weeks later in the East and Midwest. It's the first big network television show to originate from Hollywood, so its success has become a matter of civic importance besides personal gratification.

I'm so glad now that he has chosen television because he can be at home and still be working at what he enjoys—making people laugh.

I have heard Ed say that "television is the progress of civilization," and that nothing can stop its development. But if I were to quote him with anything so high-sounding he would giggle and tell me, "You know, that's just silly. Television is just bringing the stage to millions of people and making them enjoy it. Why does it have to be labeled something. Isn't it enough that it makes people a little happier? Isn't it enough just to make them laugh?"

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 32)

"Big Parade" (John Gilbert and Renee Adoree), "Stella Dallas" (Belle Bennett and Ronald Colman), and Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush"?

In radio, new "Hours" were starting on all sides, mostly sponsored by the set makers—Philco, Victor, Brunswick and Atwater Kent, among others. Before this year, the biggest of the concert and opera stars had been faintly superior to the new medium, but after the great Irish tenor, John McCormack, and the Metropolitan star, Lucrezia Bori, condescended to sing on the air in 1925, the ice was broken and the talent on these new programs was wonderful. People who had never heard any opera at all were humming it on farms and in the little towns.

The sale of sets took another giant leap because a wonderful thing had come on the market—the first all electric set. No batteries! A glorious invention! No more worrying about the radio going dead in the middle of the Jessica Dragonette program.

The beautiful Dragonette started this year on WEA in New York and almost immediately became a sensation. She was known as "Vivian the Coca-Cola Girl" at first, but fans soon discovered her identity and she used her own name on the famous old Cities Service show (which started this year and is still going) and on the Palmolive Beauty Box. This tiny, golden-haired soprano was genuinely shy and retiring and she abandoned with relief a great stage career which was just starting. She had sung the angel in Max Reinhardt's mammoth spectacle, "The Miracle." Stardom was hers for the taking but radio, so dismaying to many performers who missed the stimulus of an audience, was a haven to her. With the exception of solos with symphony orchestras, she made broadcasting her career. It, in turn, made her "The Princess of the American Air."

In 1937, at the height of her popularity, she retired, a casualty of the soap opera. Her salary had climbed to \$2,500 a week. Daytime serials were produced for a fraction of that, and were selling mountains of soap. Sponsors found the combination irresistible. No formal explanation was made of her absence from the air, but the fans sensed something wrong and made bitter outcry. For a while, the Jessica Dragonette Clubs banned all radio until her return, but without success. That is the answer to the question still being asked, "What ever happened to the wonderful Dragonette?"

1925 was a year of stunts with everybody trying to broadcast something for the first time, such as the gong of Big Ben in London as it struck midnight, a bridge game between the Ely Culbertsons in Schenectady and a team 6,000 miles away in Buenos Aires, and the sound of a baby robin breaking out of the egg. Some fun.

Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat* was a terrific best seller, but so was Bruce Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows*. In spite of the frivolous attitude on the surface, people were thinking hard. Everyone was reading, or at least quoting Freud, Jung and Adler. Employers started giving aptitude tests. I. Q. tests were used in countless alert schools. Psychiatry was king. Einstein's theory of relativity was front page news. Science was the only verity

Are you in the know?



If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—

- ☐ Beside the belle ☐ On the opposite side ☐ On your squire's lap

Though a gentleman's place should be on the outside, most times—'tain't so in wheel-doom. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you wimmin. And when you step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel

calendar "woes," for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives dream-cloud softness that *holds its shape*. You're at ease! And extra comfortable, with your new Kotex Wonderform Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic. (Won't twist, curl or cut!)



How to decide about a Spring suit?

- ☐ Buy it and diet
☐ Pick a pastel shade
☐ Take a stroll

Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bunnies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that "live" at the cleaner's. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanitary protection needs. Decide on the right-for-you Kotex absorbency. Try all 3. More than ever, you'll be glad those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!



If you'd stop going steady—

- ☐ Start feudin' and fightin'
☐ Send him his class ring
☐ Tell him your sentiments

Suddenly, your heart—or noggin—tells you the "one and only" deal is not your dish. Yet he doesn't agree. Should you "sledgehammer" the issue? Or just silently break away? Ixnay! Tell him your sentiments, tactfully. Then no-one's bitter and your rating's still tops. Beware of making enemies . . . and on "those" days be wary of that foe of poise: embarrassment. Kotex defends you, with a special safety center designed for your extra protection!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Far be it from **YOU!**

If you smoke a lot, why not do this: take advantage of Listerine Tooth Paste's new special formula, especially before any date.

There's a reason: mint-cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with *Lusterfoam*, a wonderful new-type cleaning ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces . . . removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube and "feel that Lusterfoam work"!

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Tobacco Mouth

Give Tobacco Mouth
the brush-off with...



to many in a questioning world, but not to all. The conflict between science and religion exploded into a bitter national argument when the Protestant churches split and the Fundamentalists managed to introduce bills in nearly half of the states forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution. Such bills were actually passed in three states: Tennessee, Oklahoma and Mississippi.

1925 was a year of many other "firsts." Admiral (then Commander) Richard E. Byrd and Floyd Bennett flew over the North Pole and kept in touch with their Spitzbergen base by radio. The first presidential inauguration on the air was when Coolidge took office—a transcontinental hook-up of twenty-four stations. Imagine! The first Fair Practise Code was drawn up by the National Association of Broadcasters, and the first non-denominational radio church was started. The Little Brown Church of the Air, a forty-five minute service every Sunday, began when Sam Guard, reporter for WLS in Chicago returned from broadcasting an on-the-spot description of the death and destruction spread by a tornado through Illinois and Indiana. He was so deeply moved by the suffering he had seen that he urged a radio program to give solace to all creeds. This was the first continuing service designed for radio, though the National Radio Pulpit is the longest established of all services on the air. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman began it in 1923, and Dr. Ralph W. Sockman is its pastor today.

Two great shows that were to have enormous influence were getting started. The National Barn Dance was under way in Chicago, and the oldest continuous hillbilly show, Grand Ole Opry, was making its bow, by accident, in Nashville. The Tennessee mountaineers had long made a practise of bringing their guitars and banjos to town on market days and ending the excursion with a dance. The story goes that it was Uncle Jimmy Thompson who found his way to WSM to see for himself how that mysterious new-fangled thing called radio worked, and who asked the question:

"Is it true that that-there tin can kin pump my music right through the mountins thousands of miles?"

George Dewey Hay, the announcer already famous as "The Solemn Old Judge" was inspired to answer, "Sit down and try it."

It turned into hillbilly jam session, and was a crashing success from the start. Fantastically, Nashville was ashamed of the show at first, and certain citizens even petitioned to have it taken off the air. They were afraid that four hours of hillbilly music would give the world the wrong idea of their big city. Fortunately, they were overruled, and the show still originates in Nashville, but now from its huge Civic Auditorium that seats four thousand. Musicians consider Grand Ole Opry one of the most valuable cultural contributions radio has made in that its broadcasts have preserved the only genuine folk music we have, with the exception of spirituals and, to a lesser degree, cowboy ballads.

As the fame of the show spread, mountaineers poured in, bringing old songs that had never been written down, many quaint sayings, and beloved personalities like The Possum Hunters, Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys, Cousin Minnie Pearl, Pap and his Jug Band, not to mention Ramblin' Red Foley, now master of ceremonies, or Uncle Dave Macon who

became a star overnight at the age of fifty-seven. It was Uncle Dave who made the classic retort when he was kidded about the funny people from the hills during a trip to New York: "Yes, we got 'em, too, but they don't come in bunches like here."

What is believed to be the oldest six-day-a-week show still to be heard at its original time and station started this year when The Musical Clock went on WOR at 7:15 A.M. It was Bernarr Macfadden's idea. He was then the publisher of a tabloid, *The New York Graphic*, of *True Story Magazine* which later was to sponsor a long series of famous shows, and of *Physical Culture Magazine* among others. Macfadden was a leading exponent of exercise and a raw vegetable diet. Maybe he had something, because the old gentleman made a parachute jump "for fun" in 1949 at the age of eighty-one, but at the time he was active in his publishing empire, his executives were known to curse the day when they had to share a lunch of raw carrots with the boss. Macfadden conducted his own program, turning out at the crack of dawn to lead listeners in setting up exercises. One morning he wearied of this, called the station, said he was not going to do the program any more and to put someone else on in his place. The only man on duty at that dreary hour was a young Scotsman, John B. Gambling, who had served in the British Navy as a wireless operator. He had just joined WOR as an engineer, and until that moment had entertained no idea whatever of becoming an announcer—but he has been doing the show ever since.

In Chicago, a young couple by the name of Marian and Jim Jordan, with no fanfare at all, began to do what is believed to be the first show with a continued story of family life. They were stock company players and were doing *The Smith Family*, a series of weekly skits, on the side for a much appreciated extra ten dollars a show from WENR. The response was cordial. The Jordans loved the stage, but they began to think that maybe radio had something for a young couple with a family. The idea of Fibber McGee and Molly began to take shape, though very dimly. It was not to flower until 1935 when Fibber first opened the famous closet door and the resulting crash heralded national fame.

A pair of black-faced comedians were starting on WGN the same year. They were called Sam 'n' Henry. You've guessed it. It was Amos 'n' Andy getting ready for their network break that was to come in 1929 and was to expand the radio audience as nothing has since.

1926: This was the year that people climbed up on flagpoles, trees, water-towers and other unlikely perches and just sat there for the glory of breaking a record. Valentino died at the age of thirty-one, and there was hysteria in the streets of New York as weeping fans blocked traffic at his funeral. Gilda Gray was doing a naughty new dance called the "shimmy" after she described her technique as "just shaking my chemise." Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman in "Ben Hur" chalked up the top boxoffice take of many a year, but it was Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "What Price Glory?" that left the heaviest stamp on the year. That film started every one saying "Sez you?" and answering "Sez me!"

They also began saying "Yowzah, yowzah," because Ben Bernie, self-styled "The Old Maestro," was taking

the air by storm as the first band leader to make a big feature of ad libbed wisecracks. His trademark was a cigar. He was never seen without one. He smoked twenty a day and a telling part of his routine was his jaunty handling of a big fat stogie. Many a lesser light has tried to make a cigar take the place of wit since, following the pattern that died with the Old Maestro in 1943.

Over 1,750,000 new sets were sold this year, and people heard the World Series for the first time on a national hook-up—words that were to be heard more and more frequently in connection with special events. The gate for the Dempsey-Tunney fight was nearly two million dollars. You couldn't get in for love or money but the broadcast went out to all parts of the world that Tunney had won (decision), and the sale of radio sets took another vast leap. Stars appearing regularly began to build up enormous followings.

But the biggest thing by far in 1926 was the formation of the first major network, The National Broadcasting Company. NBC began when the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which until this year had poured money into the operation of radio stations, decided to concentrate on the supplying of long distance lines and to leave the entertainment end of radio to others. Its holdings were huge, but then, so was the opportunity. Four men got together to see what could be done. It was a powerful quartet: Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of General Electric and also of the huge rich Radio Corporation of America; General James G. Harbord, President of RCA; General Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board of Westinghouse; and David Sarnoff, who had risen far and fast and was now Vice-president and General Manager of RCA (remember he was the immigrant boy who had outlined the fantastic plan of a "radio music-box" in 1915).

Backed by the millions of their various corporations, they formed a new company and cast around for a name. They finally decided on National Broadcasting Company since their ambitious plan was to buy enough stations to take radio to every corner of the nation. They looked around for a man best prepared by experience to keep this objective in mind, and chose Merlin H. Aylesworth. As Director of the National Electric Light Association, he had visited nearly every town of over ten thousand population in the country and knew first-hand what people all over the country wanted. He became NBC's first President.

The new network bought WEAf (now known as WNBC) for a million dollars and made it the parent station of the chain that was to grow until today it is a giant of 172 stations.

The first program, broadcast on November 15, 1926, was terrific. It was carried by twenty-four stations and the guess was that it reached ten million people. Astounding! The grand ballroom of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel (where the Empire State Building now stands) was chosen for the inaugural festivities. The audience was admitted by invitation only. It turned out in tails, ermine wraps, evening gowns and jewels as lavish as for the opening of the opera. The show went on the air at 8:05 and lasted until 12:15, and the assemblage of talent was staggering.

The New York Symphony was conducted by Dr. Walter Damrosch. The New York Oratorio Society sang. So did Tito Ruffo, Metropolitan star, and

HOW CAN HE EXPLAIN TO HIS sensitive young wife?

BUT, BILL, THIS WAS
TO BE OUR QUIET
EVENING AT HOME!

THERE ARE SOME THINGS
A HUSBAND JUST CAN'T
MENTION TO HIS WIFE!



THERE'S A WOMANLY OFFENSE—GREATER THAN BODY ODOR OR BAD BREATH!

More than ever before in her life, a young wife must realize how important it is to always put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (keeping clean internally), for charm and *health*—after her periods; that it's difficult for germs to get a foothold when hygiene is practiced. And she must constantly be on guard against an offense greater than body odor or bad breath—an odor she may not detect herself but is so apparent to other people.

That's why well-informed women depend on ZONITE. NO OTHER LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE TESTED FOR THIS PURPOSE IS SO POWERFUL YET SAFE TO TISSUES AS ZONITE.

A Modern Miracle!

A woman no longer has to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will she rely on weak homemade solutions — none of which has the

remarkable deodorizing and germicidal action of ZONITE.

Developed by a famous surgeon and scientist—this ZONITE principle is POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet POSITIVELY NON-POISONOUS, NON-IRRITATING. You can use it as directed as often as you want without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection from Odor

ZONITE deodorizes not by just "masking"—it actually *destroys*, dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances.

Use ZONITE and be assured you won't offend. And ZONITE has such a soothing effect and promptly helps relieve any itching or burning. ZONITE gives daily *external* hygienic protection, too, leaving you with such a refreshed dainty feeling—knowing that you will not offend. Available at any drugstore.

NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE TESTED FOR THE DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SAFE TO TISSUES

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For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-40, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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**SQUIBB ANGLE
TOOTHBRUSH**
reaches hard to
get at places



BENT like a dentist's
mirror to reach
more places

Caesar Sodero led an operatic sextet. Harold Bauer, concert pianist, played and the great comedy team of Weber and Fields did a turn. A dazzling exhibition of remote control was the pipping in of George Olsen's dance band from the Hotel Pennsylvania, B. A. Rolfe's band from the Palais D'Or, Ben Bernie from the Roosevelt Grill, Vincent Lopez and his band from the Casa Lopez. While the glittering audience sat on gold chairs looking at an empty stage, Mary Garden sang from Chicago, and Will Rogers spoke all the way from his dressing room in Independence, Kansas. What a terrific evening! Who could ask for anything more?

1927: The Jazz Age was working up to its feverish peak. Sober minds were beginning to be worried about the divorce rate, now one in every seven marriages. Some people blamed it on "gin weddings" and many communities passed three-day marriage license laws. Some people blamed it on the new freedom from chaperonage that the automobile had brought the younger generation. Some people blamed it on the movies. Judge Ben Lindsay of Denver had a solution that became the hottest controversy of the year. He advocated the legalizing of birth control and spoke in favor of what he called "companionate marriage," since, he claimed, many young people were practising it anyway. This was true. In spite of the fact that the country was booming, many salaries were low and the list of unemployed was long. Young men and women who could not afford to marry cast aside old standards. More and more girls were speaking frankly among themselves of "going all the way." The air was full of lectures asking "What is our youth coming to?"

On January 1, the Rose Bowl game was broadcast from Pasadena, the first time that a national hook-up had originated from the West Coast. This was such an important novelty that Graham McNamee went out to report the 7-7 tie between Stanford and Alabama. On May 19, Charles Lindbergh put a sandwich in his pocket, lifted his Spirit of St. Louis off a runway in New York, landed in Paris the next day and a new national hero was born. His return was broadcast over the largest network assembled to this time.

Of outstanding importance to the future of radio was the Radio Act of 1927. This was the answer to a crying need. In 1926, the courts had ruled that the government had no right to

jurisdiction over the air, and that anyone could use any wave length. It was a matter of months only before public and broadcasters alike set up such a howl of protest that Congress was forced to take action. It gave the President power to appoint the first Federal Radio Commission (in 1934 this became the seven member Federal Communication Commission with even greater powers). Congress was careful to make announcement that the act was in no way intended to limit the freedom of the air, but it did arrange for stations to be assigned positive wave lengths, and it put teeth into the ruling by providing for cancelling of license to broadcast if a station jumped its assigned wave length. Though we have never had government censorship, as such, we shall see how this possibility of loss of license became a not wholly excellent thing in relation to freedom of the air in later years. However, in 1927, it was the best thing that could have happened and everybody heaved a sigh of relief when the FRC began to police the air traffic.

The biggest news of the year happened on January 1. It was the start of CBS and the story is wonderful. It begins in 1926 when a convention of broadcasters met in the Astor Hotel in New York. They were desperate men. They were trying to solve the problem of the piracy of wave lengths. Loud was their outcry of grief against each other and against ASCAP.

A paving machinery salesman, George A. Coats, was stopping at the hotel. He was fascinated by what he heard in the corridors as the radio men argued their grievances. Suddenly paving seemed insupportably dull and drab. He began to attend the formal sessions of the convention uninvited. Pretty soon he was moved to make a speech. His theme was "Throw off the yoke of ASCAP!"

ASCAP, you remember, is the American Society of Composers and Publishers. They had been charging a pretty penny for the use of their tunes on the air. This was only fair, as a matter of fact. Why should the hard work of song writers be free? On the other hand, broadcasters felt that ASCAP asked far too much for the songs that stations were forced to play if they were to hold their listeners. They muttered that ASCAP was a highway robber, a rankling thorn, an unbearable monopoly, and they loved what Coats had to say. What an intoxicating idea—to defy ASCAP, even if it wasn't

What happens to a child when his parents fall out of love?

True-life drama comes to you every morning, Monday through Friday, on "My True Story" Radio Program. These are the stories—the real stories—of people like your friends, your neighbors. These are the things that are happening every day around you. A fascinating, complete story about different people every morning, brought to you in cooperation with the editors of True Story Magazine. The outstanding morning program in America!

Tune in

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

practical! They cheered him wildly, and his success determined Coats to get into this lovely new business of radio. He sought out Arthur Judson, manager of the New York Symphony and a great power in music, and suggested building a program service as a new business venture. They were joined by Major J. Andrew White, a song booker named Francis Marsh, and Edward Ervin assistant manager of the New York Symphony. These five formed the Independent Broadcasters.

They didn't even have one station, let alone a network, but they arranged to lease WOR for four days a week, and Coats immediately lined up eleven out-of-town stations. He had achieved a network by promising to pay each station fifty dollars an hour for a minimum of ten hours weekly of their time. It looked great, but it meant that the new company had to re-sell that time to a lot of sponsors in a hurry or else pay out a lot of money—money that United did not have in the bank.

The opportunity was enormous—but so was the obligation. About this time all ideas of doing battle with ASCAP were lost, and all efforts were bent to drag the new network back from the abyss of bankruptcy that yawned in front of it. What to do?

The rumor was that the powerful Victor Talking Machine Company was about to buy time on NBC. The officers of Independent lost no time in seeking out Victor's big rival, The Columbia Phonograph Company with a proposal.

The phonograph people were not having an easy time. Movies had cut their revenue dreadfully. So had motor cars. Now here was radio, another threat. Columbia Phonograph decided

to turn this new menace to account. It put a sizable sum into Independent to get a break for itself, and so CBS was formed though for a short time it was known as CPBC-Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting Company.

The first program took the air on Sept. 18, 1927, over sixteen stations. Deems Taylor narrated his new opera, "The King's Henchman." It was an important and dignified program, though very different from the roaring start that NBC had given itself the year before. However, it was not long before something happened that was to make CBS a close contender for the kudos that NBC had been enjoying alone.

This was the arrival in the company of one man, W. S. Paley, who is still the guiding genius of CBS. It all came about because people had started to smoke cigarettes. There seems to be no connection—but wait.

Before World War I, the cigarette had been unimportant in the tobacco business. They were known as "coffin nails" and were affected only by the fop. Then soldiers came back from the war wearing wrist watches (of all things!) carrying handkerchiefs in sleeves and smoking cigarettes. What had been a rather effeminate affectation, overnight was the nonchalant mark of the warrior. ("When in doubt, smoke a Murad!") Cigars, pipes and chewing plug sustained another blow when George Washington Hill of the American Tobacco Company chose the appalling slogan "Spit is an ugly word." As a matter of fact, he was so right. Visitors from Europe had been deeply shocked by the sight of spittoons and by what Americans daintily called "expectorating."

Then Hill had the temerity to go a step farther. After the war, women figured in cigarette advertising only to the daring extent of inviting the man in the ad to "Blow some *my* way," but this year the Lucky Strike girl appeared on a billboard with a cigarette in her own hand!!! It was public recognition that nice girls by the hundreds of thousands were smoking.

When the sales of La Palina Cigars plummeted from six million a day to four hundred thousand, the advertising manager of that company grew desperate. This was W. S. Paley, son of the owner. He was twenty-five years old, young enough to try anything, and he sponsored a program on the new network, CBS. After the dulcet voice of a lady called (naturally) La Palina had told stories of fabulous adventures for twenty-six weeks, his cigar sales had risen to a million a day. That convinced young Paley that radio was wonderful. When he heard that CBS needed money, he bought a sizable share of the company. On September 26, 1928, he was elected its president. His new title conferred on him the responsibility for a network of twenty-two stations that was losing close to \$400,000 a year. It took heroic efforts on the part of all concerned, but, within the year CBS was out of the red.

The race of the giants was on.

NEXT MONTH

Rudy Vallee becomes a star by accident. Amos 'n' Andy change the routine of the nation. What happened when Paul Whiteman took Bing Crosby to Hollywood.

Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .

but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here is the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!



Look for these
Complexion
Improvements
in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

A Happy Way To Save \$1.00

My Favorite Husband

(Continued from page 36)



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Enter my Subscription for RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR for the period marked in Square above. Payment to be made as indicated below—

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oven; I can get all of Desi's favorite vegetables; I can get a chicken, or merely the pieces we like. It's wonderful.

The instant I return Desi presents himself in the kitchen, wearing the famished expression of a small boy threatened with starvation. He needs a prompt cheese sandwich and a giant cup of coffee.

Recently I was discussing my country-wide housekeeping with a friend who asked, "But why do you buy new equipment each time?"

This was a sensible question which deserves a sensible answer—which I can't give. My realistic approach to this situation is stymied by my open-handed husband. Desi always knows someone who needs precisely the things we have purchased.

Desi will say, with logic on his side, "By the time we have shipped those things home, the charges will probably exceed the value of the equipment. Besides, there is a fellow down at the theater..."

This fellow will have been the victim of excessive bad luck and will need precisely the things we have for the care of his sick wife. Or sometimes Desi will not give it away, exactly. He will say to the "fellow," "Lucy and I have decided that there is no sense in storing this; you use it until we come back."

When we come back, naturally, the "fellow" has just left for his big break—in Rio de Janeiro.

"It isn't important," Desi always says. "We have such a nice, well-equipped home in California."

Our California ranch home pleases us so much that we dislike leaving it. We now have a complete recreation room in a building at some distance from the main house. This game room is large enough to accommodate about fifty people. It's equipped with a kitchen—in which Desi officiates—a snack bar, two huge window-seat alcoves, a television set, a piano, a phonograph, and a projection room.

Our friends gave us so many copper utensils for Christmas that Desi now has a skillet which will fry a dozen eggs; he owns a vat which will develop arroz con pollo for fifty guests. He has an electric spit on which he can barbecue six chickens at once and a coffee pot with enough capacity to satisfy the Turkish Army on maneuvers. And how he loves to be rushed to death by guests!

Besides liking a generous man, almost every woman in the world yearns to be married to a sentimental man. I'm the woman whose dream came true. Desi is intensely responsive. He knows when I am worried or blue, and does his best—without being obvious—to cheer me up and reassure me.

He is considerate, and—even after nine years of marriage—romantic. Let me show you what I mean. When we became engaged, Desi selected a beautiful aquamarine stone set in platinum and diamonds. On our ninth anniversary Desi gave me an aquamarine brooch, to match my engagement ring.

Desi is sentimental about his Cuban boyhood and heritage. While prowling through a New York shop several years ago, he found a lithograph of the Cuban Revolution. Now it is beginning to look like a refugee from an 1890 calendar,

but to Desi it is a work of art far more precious than the paintings in our living room.

Desi's also sentimental about families. His idea of the perfect housing arrangement would be to have our patio serve as a plaza around which were grouped the homes of his mother, my mother, my brother and family.

Desi loves animals almost as much as he admires humankind. At the present moment there are four dogs, two kittens, and a roster of uncounted birds in residence. Really, that's not many—at one time we had twenty cats showing up regularly for three meals per diem. I'm forever checking our friends in an effort to place the orphaned felines in creamy situations.

Like most married couples, we have one difference of opinion: Desi is strictly a child of the tropics. He loves hot weather, abhors cold. Personally, I like snow. At least once each year, I begin to think longingly of the huddled silhouettes of evergreen trees and of glistening, white-clad mountains.

So we hurry to Big Bear, a resort nearly a mile high where the temperature skids to ten below. As the highway and the snowdrifts creep upward, Desi's spirits go down. His dark eyes hold the expression of chocolate left too long in the refrigerator.

After two days he begins to describe Palm Springs in such ecstatic terms that I agree to leave the snow and frost.

Even when we are at home during January and February, Desi and I conflict over the thermostat. The last thing he does at night, is to flick the gauge up to the 76 marker. As soon as he goes to sleep, I cut it down about 12 degrees. If Desi awakens in the night the gauge mysteriously moves back to the 76 level.

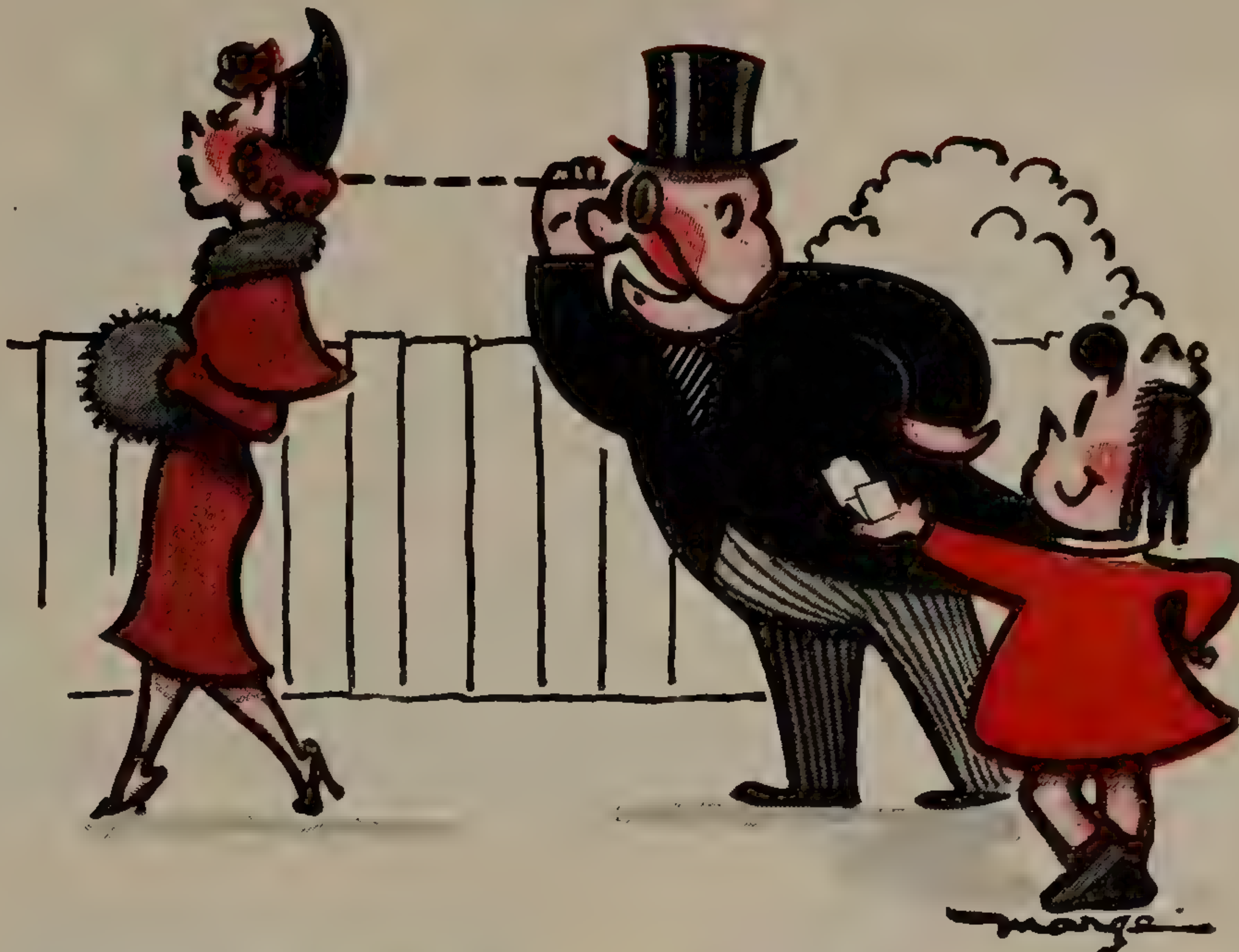
But who am I to quibble over such very minor defects? My considered opinion is this: I may be prejudiced, but I think that Desi Arnaz is one of the most civilized, gracious and considerate human beings I have ever known! Generous, blithe, and talented, he is a delight to have around the house. I love to be seen out with him; I love to stay at home with him. He's my favorite husband.

* * *

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FACTS ABOUT TOOTH DECAY

There are many possible causes of tooth decay—and just as many theories about preventing it. Almost all dental authorities agree that there is no such thing as a single preventive.

Most of the present theories about causes of tooth decay can be grouped generally as follows:

- (1) Bacterial theory.
- (2) Nutritional theory.
- (3) Functional theory.

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Almost without exception, however, dentists recommend brushing teeth regularly with some form of dentifrice after every meal. For even though all do not feel that a dentifrice can help prevent decay, they know that dentifrices have other important functions . . . to improve the appearance of your teeth . . . to clean away food particles . . . to freshen your taste and breath. Squibb, for example, contains real mint as a refresher. It also contains the finest, safest polishing ingredient known. Purity and safety, of course, are of utmost importance. Squibb Dental Cream, if swallowed, has a gentle ant-acid effect.

Remember . . . a good, reliable dentifrice may combat only *one* of the several possible causes of tooth decay. Seeing your dentist regularly for a complete check-up is still the best way to save yourself needless trouble, pain and expense.

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Here Is My Husband

(Continued from page 35)

on him. Eddie loves music, I found out. Classical, jazz, folk, any music that is a real expression of a person or a country.

I was very happy about that because I shared his feelings completely. Then we talked about traveling, and I discovered that he had seen a great deal of the United States, Mexico, and had been all over Europe with his father. We had read and loved all the same books, too, it seemed. It was like taking up a conversation with someone close to you whom you hadn't seen in a long time.

Well . . . so far, so good, you will say. Things like that do happen. You do meet people with whom you have many interests in common. But will you explain to me why it was that when he spoke about sailing with a faraway, sea-going look in his eyes, I chimed in with appropriate little sighs and noddings of the head? Me! The closest I'd ever been to sailing boats was watching them glide and dance in the sparkling black and white waves of the screen at the newsreel theater. Having spent much of my time in New York, I think the most fresh air I'd ever breathed was the air conditioning of the Waldorf-Astoria! So why did the idea of sailing suddenly seem the most glorious and exciting notion in the world? I'd never been on a boat. I can't even swim!

I didn't misrepresent, mind you. I didn't say that I had ever gone sailing. Or spent my life in the out-of-doors. Or that my idea of a glorious vacation would be to handle my own schooner, by myself, up through Cape Hatteras. But I did an awfully good job of looking interested. I must have, because before lunch was over Eddie had asked Jerry and me to go sailing with him the next Sunday.

We didn't go sailing that Sunday. I caught a terrible cold—probably on purpose, not wanting to take the chance of getting seasick the second time we met. But we did see each other. Always the three of us. Eddie wasn't the kind of fellow who insists on "dates" in the usual sense of the word.

We went to all manner of out-of-the-way places and did interesting things. As for me, I welcomed the threesome. Not only because Jerry is one of my favorite people, but because I had very mixed feelings (well . . . maybe they weren't so mixed after all)! On the one

hand I found Eddie one of the nicest—in fact, the nicest—man I'd ever met. I enjoyed being with him, and was fascinated by all the things I began to find out about him. On the other hand, way down deep, I had the feeling for the first time in my life that I could really fall in love. And this I didn't want.

Why? Many reasons. Main one, I guess, was that I was *afraid* of falling in love. (Wasn't I silly!) So . . . as long as it was the three of us and we could talk and laugh and settle the problems of the world, it was stimulating and fun and I was having a wonderful time.

It was during these evenings that I began to learn about Eddie and I began to understand what Jerry meant when he said, "Everyone likes him but most people can't figure him out." I could see why this might be true.

Here was an actor who when quite young had made a great hit in his first stage role, "Brother Rat." He had gone from that to another success, another personal hit, in "Room Service," also on the stage. From there he was signed to a motion picture contract in Hollywood and started out very auspiciously, repeating his big success in the film version of "Brother Rat."

When I first met Eddie he had made some very good pictures and some not very good ones. But in all of them he had good reviews and seemed to be making many friends among movie audiences. He had a lovely car, a nice house with a glorious view, the best possible record-changing machine, all the records he could want, books . . . and yet, why couldn't he stay put? No one could understand, for instance, why this successful young Hollywood actor should spend a well-earned vacation traveling and working with a circus that toured tiny Mexican towns. But when he told us the story, Jerry and I could see why very well. Here's how it happened.

Eddie was talking with Blackie Escalante one day while working with him on a picture. The conversation turned to circuses, and Blackie mentioned that he was an aerialist, one of the famous Escalante family. Eddie was tremendously impressed.

"Gee, that's wonderful, Blackie! You know, I've always been crazy about the circus. Matter of fact, I would have



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liked to be in one." Then Eddie went on about what fun it must be, setting up the tents, feeding the animals, marching in the parade, warming up for the performance!

"Yeah, Eddie, but it's a lot of work, too," Blackie put in. "A lot of work."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that. Especially if it was a small circus where the performers had fun together, where you go to little places and it's a great day for the kids from nine months to ninety years, when word gets around that the circus is in town!"

Blackie grinned at his enthusiasm. "Well, what's holding you up?" he wanted to know. "Come with us!"

Eddie looked at him. "All right!" And then, "But what can I do? I don't want to go along just as excess baggage. What can I do?"

Blackie thought a minute. "Be an aerialist."

"Think I could?"

"Sure, it's easy!"

So that was how Eddie happened to tour through the small towns of Mexico with a circus. (Blackie told me afterwards that he got to be a darn good aerialist, for a beginner.) Such small towns, they were, that sometimes they couldn't get electricity for the evening shows and a lot of kids would climb the poles and hold torches aloft for the performance.

Much too soon for me the time came when I had to return to New York. The evening that was to be our last date, Jerry couldn't come along. So Eddie and I had dinner together. *It was terrible.* Neither one of us said anything.

After dinner Eddie finally found something to say. "Would you like to hear some music?" he asked.

"That would be wonderful," I told him. I was never more in earnest. I was terrified by this sudden lack of words between us. We would go to some gay place and dance, I figured. So off we went. Soon I realized that we were winding our way up hills. The wonderful scent of the mimosa was all about us and the stars grew clearer and lovelier as we left the bright lights behind.

Presently we reached the top of a hill, still in silence. The view was glorious. Then I noticed a house, a lovely house.

"Whose house is this?" I managed to ask.

"Mine," he answered.

"Oh," I said. "Oh." Then I swallowed. When I could speak again I croaked, "I thought we were going to hear some music?" I tried to make that sound jaunty. It didn't.

"We are," he answered quietly. And what do you think? That's exactly what we did—we listened to music for a long, lovely evening!

On the way home Eddie spoke seriously to me. But you wouldn't want to hear about that. It was the kind of talk that only interests the interested parties.

The next day he saw me off at the station and I remember saying to myself that that was the happiest time I had ever had, and I was grateful for it. But it had been so perfect and I was so intent on not leaving myself open to a heartbreak that I talked myself into believing I'd never hear from Eddie again.

Surprise! The first thing I saw when I entered my New York apartment was a lovely basket of flowers. I knew at once Eddie had sent them. Knew it and was glad.

Eddie's enjoyment in sharing good

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things with people he loves is heart-warming. I remember the time he told me about the trip he and his father took to Europe. "I had some money in the bank," he said. "The first I'd ever saved. Also I had a vacation coming up. What, I asked myself, would I like to do more than anything? Go to Europe, I replied. Alone, I asked myself? Heck no; that's no fun. I wonder if Mom or Pa or both of them would like to go with me? I picked up the phone and called Mom in Minneapolis. 'Mom, how would you like to go to Paris with me?' She said she couldn't—too much going on at the house—but wait a minute; talk to your father. Maybe he can go."

"Pa got on the phone and I repeated my invitation. He couldn't go either, he said; he was in the middle of painting a barn. That got nowhere with me. I admit there are certain things that only a mother can do, and certain things a father must attend to, but painting a barn isn't one of them. Besides, the barn would probably look just as good part red and part weather-beaten, I told Pa. There was a pause; then he said, 'You know, son, I think you've got something!'"

"Four days later we were on the Ile de France on our way to Paris—to Paris and Europe, as Pa likes to say!" Eddie grinned. His eyes looked happy, remembering. "Best idea I ever had. We had a fine time."

It wasn't long after I left Hollywood that Eddie, too, came East—on business, he said. The business turned out to be enlisting in the Navy!

Very soon it seemed that my whole life revolved around letters. The first words I asked each morning were "Any mail?" The last thing I did at night was to sit down and write a letter. I was in New York working, and Eddie was on his way to the South Pacific.

Fortunately I had met Eddie's family some time before and grown very fond of them. We saw each other as often as possible, or talked on the phone, and somehow this made his absence a little less painful. One morning the phone rang . . . very early. I picked it up, still half asleep. Eddie's mother (who had become Mom to me) was on the other end of the wire.

"Are you awake?" she asked.

"No . . . give me a minute!" I said.

"Well, make it fast. I've got news!"

My heart jumped, but not with fear. Her voice was joyous. "Okay, Mom, I'm awake!" And I was . . . more quickly than ever before.

"Did you see the morning papers?"

said she, tantalizing me still further.

"No, not yet . . . you know I just woke up. What's in them? What—?"

"Well there's a lot about the battle for Tarawa. They speak about Louis Hayward and Eddie. It's over—they're safe! And it says that most of the men who were in that battle should be home soon!"

There was a pause, then—"Mom . . . oh Mom . . ." And both of us bawled together over the phone.

The newspapers were right. Soon after the reports about Tarawa were published Eddie was home. I went to Minneapolis, to his parents' home so that none of us who loved him would have to be disappointed, would have to wait even an extra day to see him.

Our first meeting was nothing like I had thought it would be. I'd looked forward to that first sight of him with such great anticipation! Then, at last I was standing in the living room of his family's house . . . and the man I saw standing before me was not the Eddie I had known.

He was like a stranger. He was brown, brown as a berry, and terribly thin. The red and brown-gold hair wasn't there. In its place was a stubble, short as baby grass and sticking up just as straight. The bright glint in the eye wasn't there, either. No, this was a stranger—thin, dark, serious and far-away. And the closeness that I felt we'd had before he went away and, even more, in our letters, was gone.

It was hard for me to speak, because I felt the tears like a big knot in my throat. My eyes were stinging and all I wanted was to get away, but I didn't know how. Then I saw Pa leave the room. A little later Mom had to go and see about the cake that was in the stove. Suddenly Dorothy remembered that she must write to Frank that *very* moment. John had left earlier to pick up a projection machine.

We were alone. I was in a panic. I tried to say something but no words would come. And then . . . he wasn't a stranger any more. He was looking at me and they *were* Eddie's eyes, glint and all. He was grinning at me and it was the grin I knew. He took one big step toward me and said, "Hi!" And then he laughed and laughed, because, as always, he had sensed just exactly how I felt.

Now everything was wonderful again, more wonderful than ever. We were making plans, plans for our life together. We decided that since I had to rush back to New York to go to

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work, and Eddie was being sent to Washington, we would be married in the East. We talked about what we were going to do, and Eddie said how eager he was to get back to his work. He was raring to go. But he also spoke very earnestly about something else he wanted to do. He told me he wanted to make educational films.

Eddie has produced several educational films since our marriage. Two of them are my own special favorites. The first, "Human Growth," was sponsored by the E. C. Brown Trust and the University of Oregon. The second, "Human Beginnings," is just being completed. The research, script and technical supervision on these two films is the work of Dr. Lester F. Beck, Department of Psychology, University of Oregon.

These two films were made to help children to understand their growth, and to inspire an attitude of understanding from the adult to the child and of confidence in the child toward the adult.

Eddie worked very hard on these two pictures. But it was worth it. The approval of the immense majority of parents, religious leaders and specialists in the field of child study, has been very gratifying. But to me, most exciting of all is the reaction of the children.

All this time, of course, Eddie was acting in pictures in Hollywood. The last was "You Gotta Stay Happy" with Joan Fontaine and Jimmy Stewart. When it was finished he came to New York to appear in Irving Berlin's show "Miss Liberty." Now, though he loves the show and it is going stronger than ever, he has to leave it. He is due back in Hollywood to co-star with Lucille Ball in "The Fuller Brush Girl."

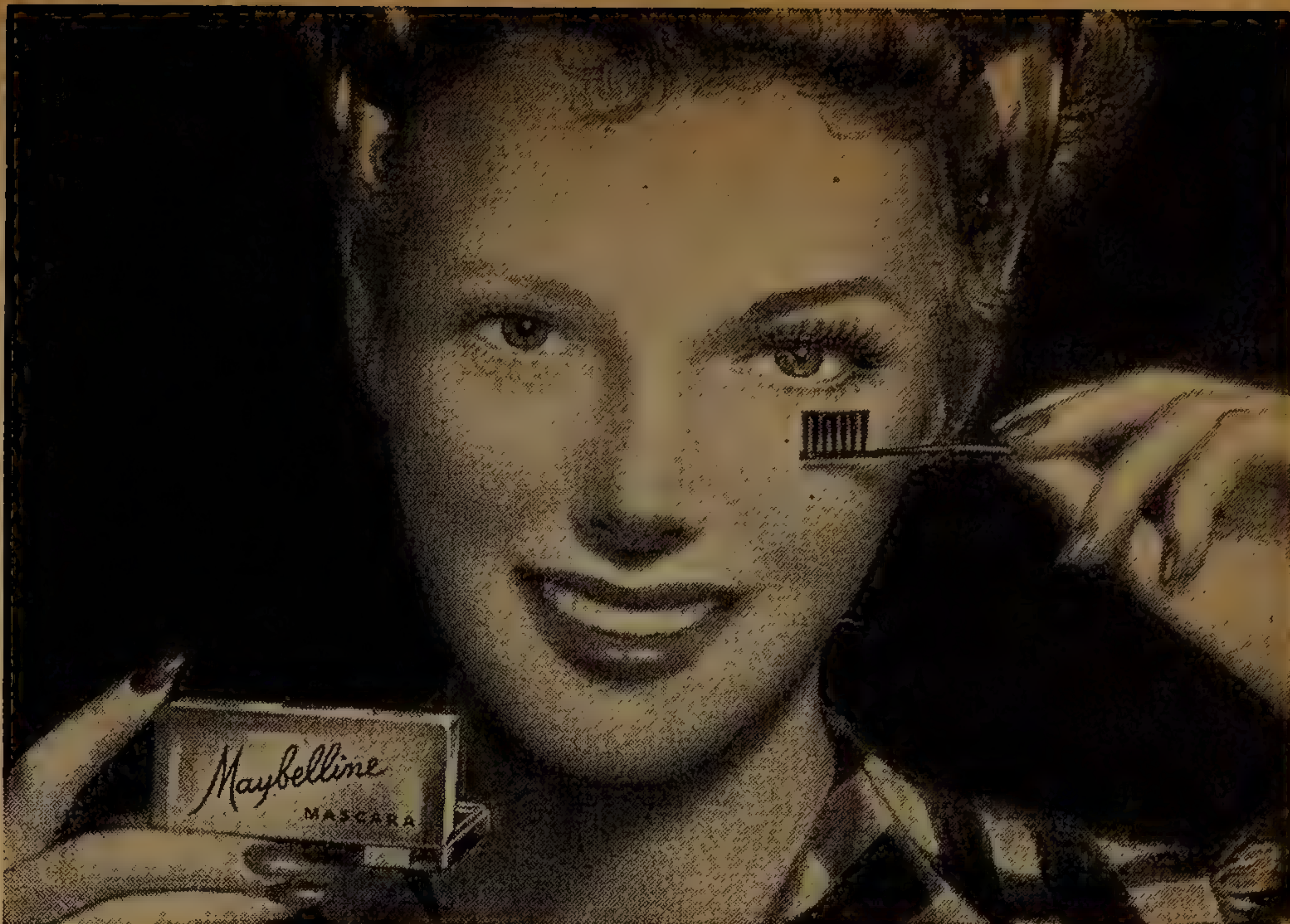
Several months ago Eddie started his own radio show over NBC in the mornings (in his spare time) and I think he's gotten more personal pleasure out of the program than almost anything he has ever done. The main reason is the letters he receives—such wonderful letters. Eddie reads every one of them and if sometimes there is a delay in answering them it is because he does the answering himself, always.

You are probably wondering when Eddie and I have time for fun, for being together. Actually we have fun all the time because we enjoy what we are doing, and we try to work together as much as possible. Then, every so often, we just steal time. I've been noticing that faraway, sea-going look in his eyes of late. We plan to take some time off when he finishes the picture with Lucille Ball, you see . . .

We'll get on our sailing ketch and sail to Catalina, to Emerald Bay, to Fisherman's Cove. When we find just the place we like we'll weigh anchor. Eddie will swim. I will lie on the warm deck with the sun on my back. Come dinner time we'll have fish right out of the sea, and big salads, and cheese. Then we'll sit on deck and look up at the mast with all the stars clustered around it, looking for all the world like a Christmas tree. We'll sit there and think about how lucky we are, and how hard we have to try to be good people in order to deserve all our blessings.

It won't be very long though before I'll hear Eddie say, "You know, I have an idea for the radio show. See what you think." That will mean that we are on our way back to our work life.

As I re-read this, it seemed to me to convey the fact that I'm stuck on my husband. Well, I guess it just couldn't help showing through in the writing, because I am. Indeed I am!



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A Stranger At My Side

(Continued from page 63)

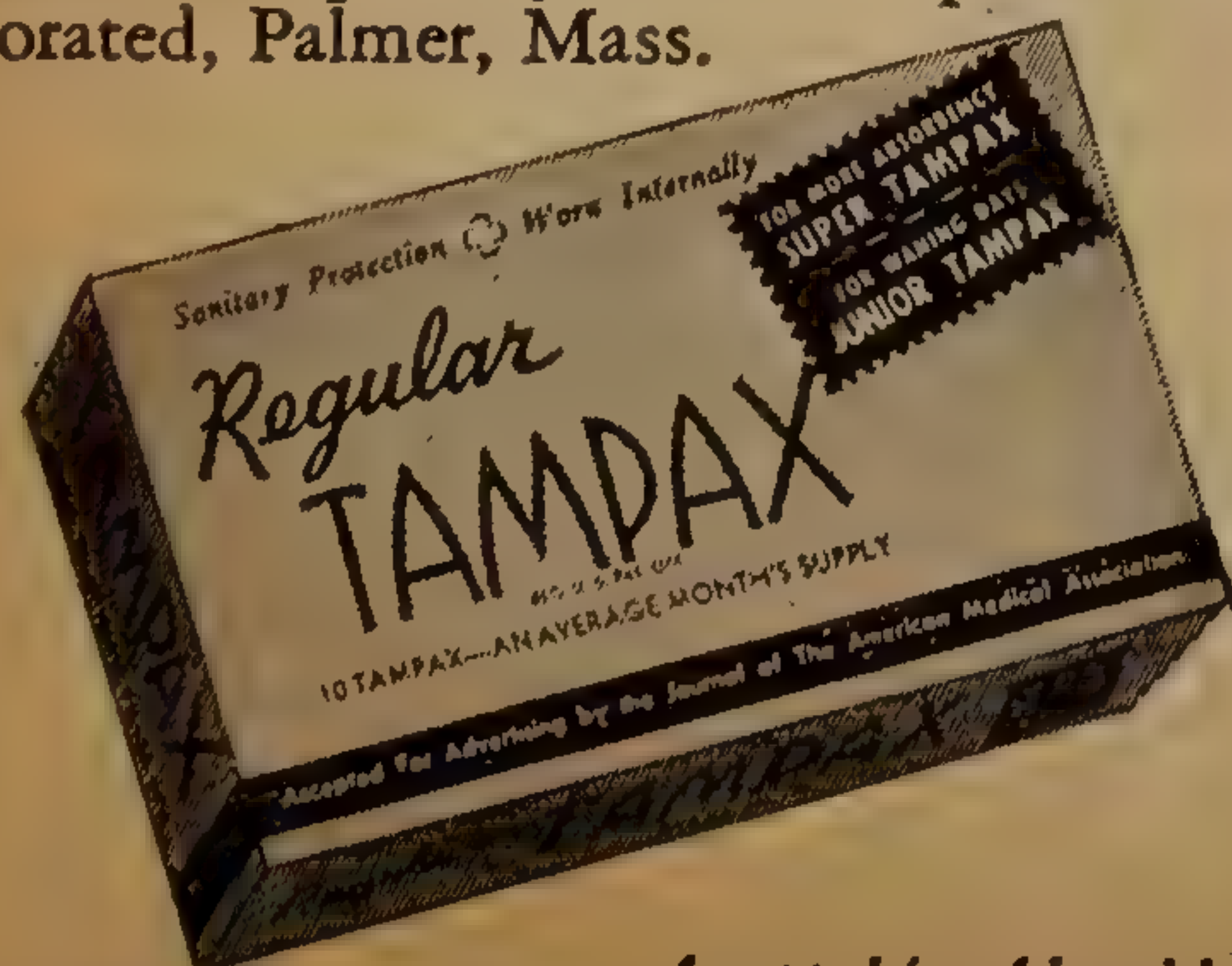


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says they're hard to find and expensive. Apartments ditto. Hope she's wrong!"

Familiar, even in Three Oaks, with the housing shortage, Anne grew nervous. She got Jerry to send on some New York papers, and studied the real estate advertisements carefully. They sobered her. Lucia Standish, it appeared, was right.

She began to cool toward the idea of uprooting herself and Jill. Three Oaks was where they belonged.

But Anne had caught herself up abruptly. If Jerry had a real future in New York, his wife and daughter should be there with him, of course. So she had written to him, advanced the date of her visit.

Looking—but not seeing—out the train window, Anne contrasted her feelings on that first trip to New York, more than a year ago, with her feelings now, on this present trip. So different . . . then, at the end of the first trip, she remembered, she had felt an almost bridal excitement when she got off the train and saw Jerry waiting.

"Let's go where we can breathe," he urged. "I just about made it down here, and then I was afraid this crowd would trample me before I saw you—"

"Yes, let's get out of it," she agreed, but even as they turned to push through, an imperious "Jerry—wait!" stopped them short. Jerry said in astonishment, "Lucia!"

"Can't let my friends spend their best years looking for a cab. Come along—I'll drive you to the Thomases'."

On the surface it was a thoughtful gesture. Jerry was quite overwhelmed. Later, when she had left them alone in the charming room which the Thomases had put at their disposal, Jerry mentioned several times how thoughtful it was of Lucia to pick them up that way. "And the Thomases," he pointed out, almost insisting that Anne share his gratitude. "Wasn't it grand of them to put us up?"

Anne tried to match his enthusiasm, but she sensed unhappily that her words were grudging and niggardly. She wanted to like New York; she wanted to fit smoothly into Jerry's new pattern of life, but she had a horrible, sickening fear that she wasn't going to.

After a few days of house-hunting she was even more discouraged. Of the few places that were available, the only

ones they could afford were dismal, patched-together shelters, out of the question even for renting.

Tired and for some reason apprehensive, Anne warned herself to be careful—she had begun to magnify little annoyances out of all proportion. At least that was what Jerry said. For instance she was disturbed by his disciplined reaction every time Lucia came into a conversation. Apparently in the short time he'd known her Lucia had managed to establish a very clear-cut relationship: herself the dictator, Jerry the disciple. Anne was shocked the first time she heard Jerry talking to Lucia on the phone.

"Is all that bowing and scraping necessary?" she had asked later. "Everyone talks to Mrs. Standish as if she were Queen of Ruritania."

Jerry said brusquely, "What on earth, Anne? Why, she's the most easy-going, democratic—well, after all, she is my boss in a way. The biggest Board member. She has a certain position."

"Really, Jerry!" Anne burst out. "What a stuffed-shirt kind of a speech." With an effort she controlled herself, and even managed an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry. I can understand being polite to her. But you and the Thomases seem to carry it beyond politeness—"

"Listen." Jerry closed the discussion effectively by taking his wife in his arms and touching her throat with his lips. "Why are we spending all this time on Lucia? Let's worry about us, darling—we've got enough to do with finding a house and getting Jill here, being a family again."

Anne returned the kiss, but below the surface she couldn't dismiss Lucia that easily. Nobody who knew her could do that. Watching, later that night, as Lucia swept in and took over the small dinner party the Thomases were giving, she saw that in one way or another Lucia managed to make herself important to everyone there. Some of them acted as if they were in her debt and the others she seemed able to dominate by sheer personal vitality.

"It's no use," she thought finally, in despair. "I don't like them, the Thomases or Lucia or any of them. They're not real to me—they're like painted tin dolls." She smoothed the skirt of her new dinner frock and wished, for the dozenth time, that old

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Monday—Friday ABC Stations

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Dr. Browne had come. At least she would have had somebody to talk to.

Old Dr. Browne . . . it made Anne uneasy to think about him. He was Jerry's associate, assistant really, at the Institute, and she had discovered thankfully that he was someone she could really like. She'd mentioned it while they were dressing, but Jerry had shaken his head.

"Browne won't be here," he had said.

"Oh, I'm sorry. He's not ill, is he? He does seem frail." Jerry didn't answer, and after a moment she said, "Jerry? You didn't hear me—I asked if Dr. Browne was ill?"

"I heard you," Jerry said. He frowned at the handkerchief he was folding, and didn't look at Anne when he spoke. "It's a queer thing and I for one don't get it yet, but Browne never does come to a social event here. He's not part of the circle, you might say."

Anne said, "Not part of Lucia Standish's circle, you mean."

"Well, she certainly has no use for him." He stumbled over his next words and brought them out with heightened color in his face. "So I—I wouldn't talk too much about him or—show too much interest."

Abruptly Anne took her mind off Jerry, and forced a smile. This was a party, and she was behaving insufferably, sitting in a corner pouting like a sulky wallflower. She stirred, started to get up, and saw that she was too late. Lucia Standish was coming to her.

"I'm upset about you," she said. "Jerry tells me no luck yet in the house-hunting department. Where are you two nice people going to live?"

"Three, please," Anne said swiftly. She lowered her eyelids to hide her sudden anger. Lucia knew perfectly well that Jerry had a child! She must! "Where do all these people live?" she asked. "Surely there must be room for one more small family?"

"They've been here so long," Lucia reminded her sweetly. "They're part of the town. Insiders can always get along here. But the newcomers . . ." she shrugged. Then her eyes lighted.

A feeling of almost morbid dread clutched at Anne's heart. "You've thought of something?"

"What a fool I am!" Lucia breathed. "I've got the very thing! Why didn't I—excuse me, I'm going to just ask Jerry—" and she was gone. The dread remained with Anne as Lucia skillfully cut Jerry out of a group and herded him into a corner, talking intimately and vivaciously, her head close—too close—to his dark, crisp hair. It formed into words that tolled like a knell against her heart. *Lucia wants Jerry, tolled the bell. Lucia wants Jerry and I can't stop her.*

Many times in the months that followed, Anne had questioned herself. Was it her very sureness that had precipitated the end? Had she been looking so morbidly for trouble that she might have invented it?

But how else could she have acted? You didn't stand by and let another woman give your husband a twenty thousand dollar house. Not when the woman was attractive, unattached, interested in your husband—and already had too powerful a hold on his life.

Jerry had said in exasperation, "But Anne, this house is perfect and Lucia's willing to lend us what we need for the down payment. What more can we expect?"

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be. She's lowering the price just for you—she's *giving* it to you! How can you have so little pride—"

Cold with resentment and hurt, he asked, "What then? We haven't found another place to live. What do you plan on doing?"

"I'm going back to Three Oaks." Because it sounded so stark, so final, she had added uncertainly, "We'll get it straightened out. I'll write..."

But they hadn't straightened it out.

The wall had grown higher, thicker, with each week that passed. The weeks became months; the seasons changed, and even six-year-old Jill had stopped asking if Daddy was coming home next week, or next month, or at Christmas time. They wrote, but their letters were worth nothing: Jerry was busy, he was now Director of the Institute.

And soon Anne was able to say that she, too, was busy. Jerry's old job as head of the Dineen Clinic had gone begging for a while, until suddenly one day it had occurred to everyone that Anne herself, with her years of hospital experience, was the logical person to take it over. So now, she wrote, she was very busy.

But she did not write that she was beginning to shape a life without him, for she didn't realize that herself till Sam Williams came along. Dynamic, with an almost swashbuckling aggressiveness, Sam had made no bones about the fact that, while he had met Anne because his firm was making some additions to the Clinic, his own interest in her was purely and strongly personal. Disturbed and shaken, Anne tried to rebuff him, but the contact had awakened her violently, shockingly, to a real awareness of the past few months. She had wondered, bewildered, "What is happening? Is my marriage over? Can a marriage just... crumble, blow away like a dead leaf—be forgotten? Why... I haven't seen Jerry in almost a year! We haven't talked, *we haven't even fought.*"

When the shock wore off she began to act in frantic haste. She must go to New York at once. She must see Jerry. Surely, face to face, they could come heart to heart again—surely they could break down that wall.

A sudden lurch threw Anne against the train window. She righted herself and looked around, dazed. Yes, here she was. She had done it, then. She was really on her way to New York. The unreality of her memories slipped smoothly into the reality of the rails beneath her, the hard wall against which her head was bumping. Exhausted, she dropped into sleep.

It was evening when the train pulled into Pennsylvania Station. Too late to call Jerry at the Institute. Catching this thought as it slipped through her mind, Anne warned herself, "Be honest. You knew all along what time that train got in! If you'd had any intention of seeing Jerry tonight you would have planned differently, and you know it." Well, she *was* being honest: she didn't want to see him, not yet. Now that the moment was almost upon her she felt a frightened desire to thrust it back. Suppose he was cold, resentful, unresponsive? Suppose he wasn't Jerry any more, but had remained that stranger from whom she had parted in such bewilderment those many months ago? How would she go on from there?

A few hours later, having checked in at her hotel and washed down a dry sandwich with a cup of dubious drug-store coffee, Anne stood uncertainly in the doorway of a third-floor apartment

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JOAN LANSING

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Of course, there are the "thrillers,"... such as "HANNIBAL COBB" (hey, ABC, having a half-hour mystery series right smack in the middle of the afternoon—2:30 EST—is a slick bit of hit programming) and the kids' delights... the mighty "CHALLENGE OF THE YUKON," "GREEN HORNET," dashing "JACK ARMSTRONG" and "SKY-KING." The kids tell me there's nothing better than that 5-6 P.M. (EST) "Adventure Hour" for excitement and thrills.

All of which brings me right back to the original fact of the matter—the American Broadcasting Company (through your local ABC station) makes daytime listening real *gay-time* listening. Drama, mystery, music, romance, quizzes, comedy, news and views, health and harmony... these and many more are in store for your leisure-pleasure during the day on ABC. It kind of makes your housework seem lighter and go faster when you're really *enjoying* something on the radio. At least, that's the way *I* feel... so...

Here's a coast-to-coast toast to variety and fun—ABC has great daytime entertainment for everyone!

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on the west side, facing a puzzled old gentleman who had answered.

"Dr. Browne—I'm so sorry to intrude," she said anxiously. "I hoped you'd remember me."

He peered at her and stepped back in surprise. "Mrs. Malone! Of course, come in, come in, my dear . . ."

With a sigh of relief Anne stepped inside and let the doctor take her coat and fuss her into a well-worn leather chair which dominated the tiny room.

She leaned forward tensely. "Dr. Browne, I'm not going to beat around the bush. I've come because I can't go to anyone else with something that's troubling me—deeply." She waited a moment to gain control of a treacherous quiver in her throat. "You must know how things are with Jerry and me. He doesn't even know I'm here. I've come because I can't allow this—this apartness, separation—I won't let it go on any longer. That's why you must help me. I want to ask you a question."

Dr. Browne moved uneasily in his chair. He cleared his throat. "My dear Mrs. Malone, don't ask me—I can't meddle between husband and wife. Jerry's young, he's—"

"Not that young," Anne interrupted drily. "He was a solid, responsible human being until he came here. We were happy, Dr. Browne . . . I'm sure you believe that. We had a home, a child, a life together. One doesn't just—let that drift away."

"That's it!" A sudden, eager response erased Dr. Browne's embarrassment. "That's the very thing I told him. He doesn't belong here, Mrs. Malone. You see that. You've seen it all along, perhaps—good! He's out of place, just as I always have been—" he waved his hand—"but it's over for me. Too late. But that's how I can see so clearly that he can still be saved. Take him back with you, take him back to that quiet town where he can be a good doctor and a good husband!"

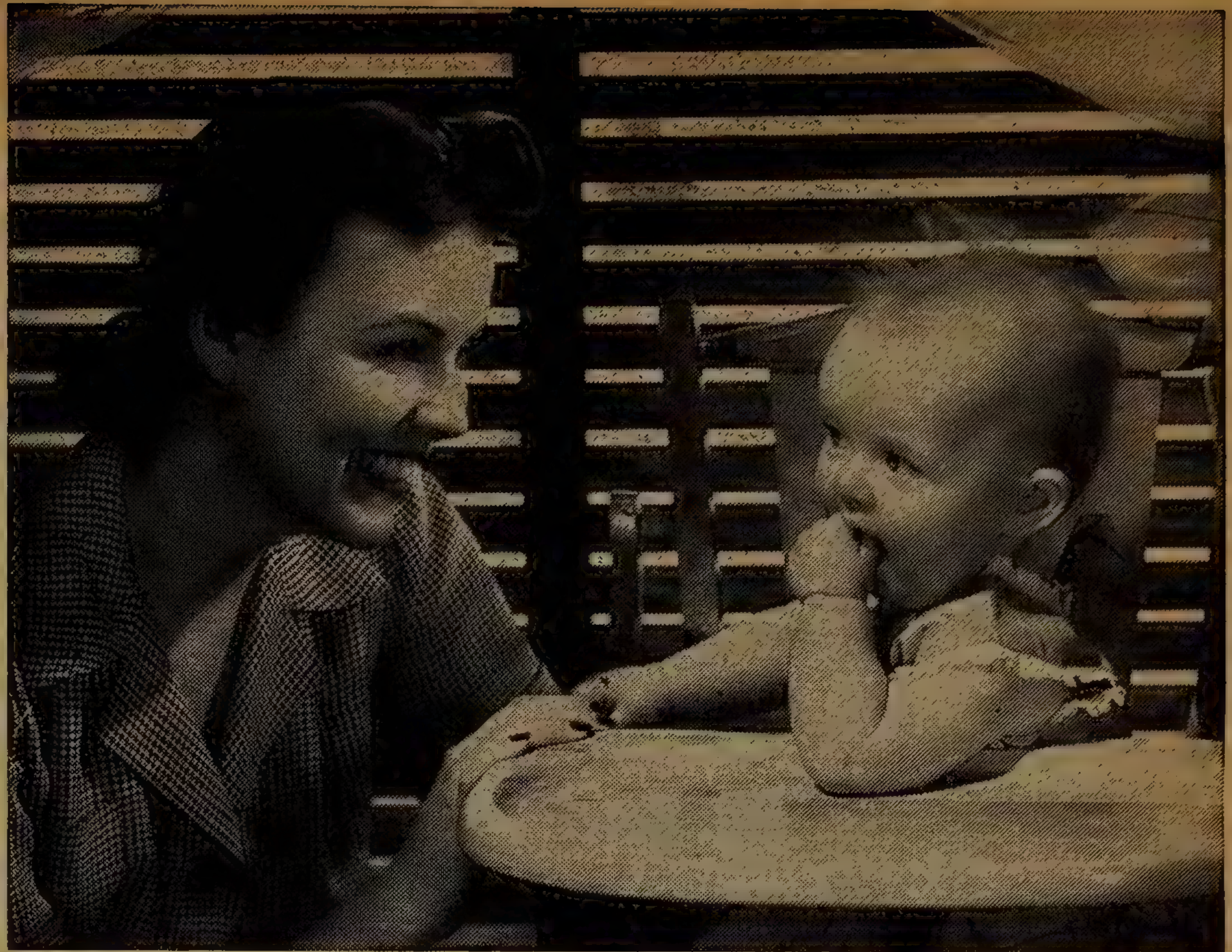
"I want to," Anne whispered. "Want to very much. But I couldn't live with myself if I thought I had ruined a real chance for him. You see, there's nothing in Three Oaks. Nothing but peace and a familiar round of patients. Maybe a little sense of achievement when you pull the neighbor's kid through a bad bout with pneumonia. Here there's so much! Exciting work, maybe a world-wide reputation to be made—"

"And plenty of hands to plunge the knife in your back when the time comes. There's nothing here, I tell you, nothing for any honest doctor . . . not at the Institute. Take him away if you can, I beg of you!"

The doctor's intensity was like a beacon pointing the way to decision. Anne felt that her unspoken question had already been answered, but she asked it anyway. "I will try my best if you can tell me one thing. Is Jerry entitled to this job he has—Director of the Institute? Has he any special talent, any qualifications at all, for a job as important as that?"

They exchanged a long look, and Dr. Browne's eyes wavered first. "Jerry's bright, a good doctor," he said fumblingly. Anne waited. The doctor fiddled with his pipe, sighed, "I'm afraid to be honest I must say what I believe . . . He has the only qualification that could have placed him in the job. He is Lucia Standish's friend. I—don't feel I ought to say more, even to you."

But he had said enough. *I'm punished, Anne thought. I asked and I've been answered. But how am I going to face what I've learned?*



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Anne knew the answers to all her questions. There was no confusion, any longer, for her. But could she make Jerry see what was now so frighteningly clear—that he could not retain his self-respect either as a person or as a doctor if he stayed here as a courtier in Lucia Standish's little kingdom? She could make him see it. *She must.* It was the only chance...

A merciful light-headedness took possession of Anne next morning when she went through the Institute's great metal doors. It was due to nervousness, but she was grateful for it anyway, for it prevented thought and kept her moving. It seemed only a moment before she stood at the door marked "Director, Private." She tapped and almost before the answering "Come in" she had entered and closed the door behind her.

The room swam before her. She was dimly aware of dark walls, deep carpet beneath her feet, a heavily draped window behind a massive, gleaming expanse of desk. It seemed a long time before her eyes came into focus, and she saw, sitting behind the desk, his eyes wide and startled... Jerry.

For a long minute they stared at each other. Then Jerry rose and came stiffly around the desk. Why is he walking so slowly? she thought. But of course he wasn't, it was only her own lightheadedness—that made it all so dream-like... she reached out her hands slowly, and touched his. Then he took her in his arms. He was there. It was real, not a dream.

"Anne," he said. "Anne."

She tried to nod, pressed her cheek against his, and pulled away, tension escaping in a sound that was almost a giggle. "Well, yes, it is Anne," she managed. "Except I feel so queer I can't be sure. Don't you?"

Jerry nodded. "Elevators in my stomach. Darling, I—I ought to beat you. Why on earth didn't you let me know? If it hadn't been for Browne telling me this morning I—"

"I know. I hoped he'd warn you. I just—I somehow couldn't plan that far ahead." She put her hand on his shoulder and searched his face. "I'd have found you if you hadn't been here."

A cool voice said, "But of course, Jerry dear—all wives come equipped with that sixth sense about their husbands, didn't you know?"

Jerry's eyes flickered, and Anne's heart gave a sudden bound. He said quickly, "Lucia, you and Anne know each—oh, of course you do. Give me a minute to get myself organized here."

The high back of her chair had hidden Lucia from Anne's first dazed look around the room. Now she rose and faced Anne, smiling cordially. "I forgive you for startling us, even if Jerry doesn't," she said, taking Anne's hand. "Maybe now we can get some work out of him. He's been mooning around like a lovesick schoolboy."

There was an intimacy in the way she said "Jerry" that brought a flush to Anne's face. She tried with suddenly tight lips to return the smile, but her hand in Lucia's was icy.

But Lucia talked on with a cordiality that seemed very honest. They must see a great deal of each other this time; the Malones must come for dinner, a cocktail party—"Oh, have lunch with me now," she added impulsively. "It's almost time. We'll celebrate madly!"

Oh, no! Anne thought desperately. Not these first few moments. I must have Jerry to myself. We've got to have time to establish contact again, we've got to be alone... her eyes sought Jerry's almost pleadingly. He took her hand and said easily, "Well, thanks a lot, Lucia, but I think—"

The eagerness faded from Lucia's face. "Of course, that was thoughtless of me. You'll want to talk. We'll make it later on. I'll ring you at your hotel, Anne." Her fringed skirt swayed against her trim legs as she went quickly to the door. "See you later, Jerry," she said, and again there was a shade of difference in her tone when she spoke to him. She waved and went out.

Jerry frowned slightly at the closed door. "She's hurt, I guess," he muttered. "But it was a stupid thing to suggest. Anyway she won't see me later—we're getting out of here, going someplace where we can get a look at each other. Oh Anne, darling. It's been so long. Why—"

Anne put her hand gently over his mouth. "Not here. I've got to get some food inside me or I'll fade away from sheer excitement. We can talk afterward—talk a whole year's worth..."

Oddly, though, they didn't do much talking. They went to a small, austere-looking place where the women wore hats such as Anne had never seen before, and several men greeted Jerry by name. And they found they couldn't do much eating either. They looked at each other and laughed every now and then without cause, and finally Jerry drained his coffee and pushed his dessert plate away.

They went out into a damp, foggy afternoon and walked in silence, arm in

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arm, until they came to Central Park. After a while Anne pulled herself out of her dazed, half-dreaming contentment and forced herself to start thinking again. "Jerry, we've got so much ground to cover," she said gently. "It frightens me."

He pressed her arm against his side. "Don't let it," he said. "I'm not scared any more—and believe me, I was. When Browne told me you were here I really—I couldn't imagine what we'd say or how you'd look—"

She said quietly, "You've hardly asked about Jill. She's missed you desperately."

"Oh, God." Jerry's jaw tensed. "Listen—we'll go back—we'll fly back tomorrow. I'll take some time off. Maybe I can help you settle up all the details—the house and so on—and then you can finish up there and I'll come back, start looking for an apartment. That ought to work out pretty well."

"You haven't—" Anne swallowed and began again. "Jerry, you haven't thought about coming back to Three Oaks?"

"Coming back? You mean for good?"

"Yes. For good." Anne stopped short and faced him. She said clearly, "Because I can't live with you in New York. Not as things are now."

He was plainly shocked. "Things? I don't get it. What do you mean, things?" He shook his head unbelievably. "I'm making more money than there is in Three Oaks. We can give Jill everything, take care of Mother, live like civilized humans instead of trudging along in a dismal routine. Where does Three Oaks come into this? You don't think I'd go back to the Clinic? To the job you're doing now?"

Here it is, Anne thought. *This is what I've been waiting for. I must stay reasonable . . . I must remember it's Jerry, and not be frightened. Jerry and I will always know how to reach each other.*

And yet when she found words, they were the wrong ones.

She said, "We can have all that you say. As long as Lucia Standish lets us."

He flung away from her. "Are you off on Lucia again? Anne, she's a friend, a good loyal one. But she's not God! She's only one of the Institute's directors. The way you talk she might own me body and soul. I assure you—"

Anne started to say "She does," but she clenched her teeth on the words and said instead, "I will not talk about her. This is our problem, yours and mine. What happens is between us. Don't bring Lucia Standish into it."

Later, exhausted and hopeless, Anne found bitter amusement in looking back to that first warm, dazed hour of reunion. *Why talk?* she remembered thinking. It had seemed that they were going to reach out after all, and touch each other over the barrier. Well—they'd had an hour of hope, anyway. The wall had gone up fast enough after that. And this time . . . finally.

She had tried at first to keep Lucia out of it, tried to remind Jerry of how they'd once lived in Three Oaks, happy, secure . . . together. But even for her the picture didn't come clear any more. Inevitably, as they argued, Lucia had to come into it, and with her the last chance of real understanding disappeared. There was no way, Anne saw, in which they could talk together about Lucia Standish. No language they both spoke which would convey Anne's fear of the way Lucia was taking over Jerry's whole existence.

"It's no use," she said finally. White

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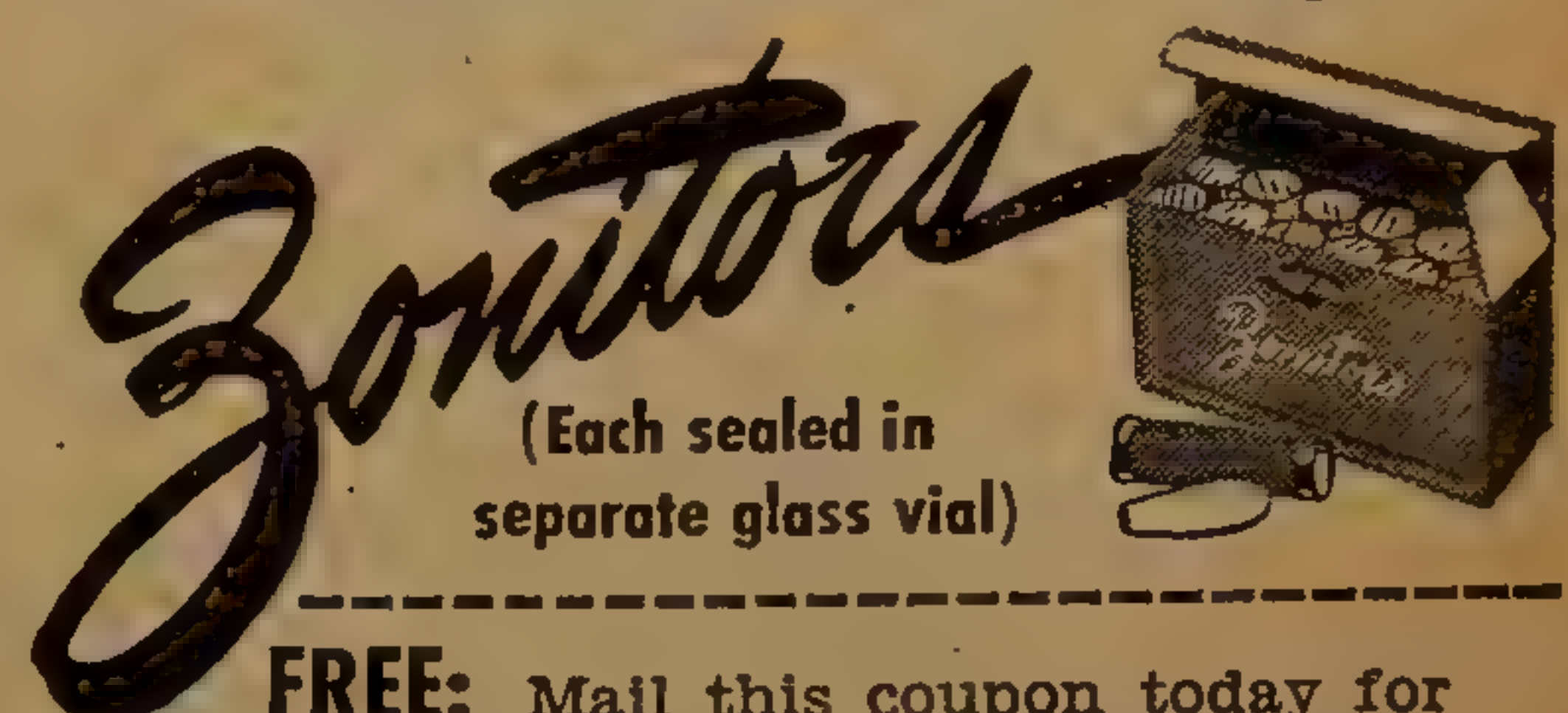
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and limp, she pushed back her hair and stared out the window into blackness. "Everything you say makes it plainer. That woman has taken you over. We'd be nothing but accessories to her neat little arrangement for living if we came here to live with you. Right now she may be willing to have me here." She faced him grimly. "What happens when she isn't willing any longer? When she decides to—to step in and close the deal? I haven't any illusions about her being able to do it." Then a sudden flare of hope brought her to her feet. "Jerry—if you'd agree to leave the Institute, and practice here—maybe that would work out. I'd leave Three Oaks for that, if I thought you were really getting somewhere here."

He groaned. "Anne—I can't! How can I start all over, breaking new ground? And the competition, you don't know what it's like in a town this size. It's impossible. I've got to stay at the Institute. I've earned the place."

Dr. Browne's eyes, candid and pitying, came before Anne. She said, "I wonder. Have you?"

"Give me a little credit, will you?" he said angrily. "I'm not a complete fool. I've got a few brains of my own."

He was pacing up and down the small hotel room in a frenzy of frustration at her stubbornness. Now he stopped and came over to her. "Look," he said. "There's one way. Let's try it for a while. You come here with Jill and Mother and we'll take an apartment. Just as if it were permanent. I'll go on at the Institute. Then in six months or so we'll see how it has worked out. If it doesn't—if it looks as though you've been anything like right about it all—" he shrugged. "I'll go back. But if everything works out the way I know it will—well, what do you say, Anne?"

There it was—the answer. Try. Jerry would try and she would try. If it didn't work out, they would have, at least, given their marriage a last chance. It seemed to Anne as if the sun had suddenly come out, as it will sometimes, for a brief moment, on a dark day. Yes, of course they must try—try anything, anything, rather than ending it now, here. It was the only good way, the only fair way. And then, at the end of the trial period, things would straighten out. If Jerry were right, they would stay—happily—in New York. If she were right, they would return to Three Oaks. Either way, it was a solution, the thing she'd been reaching for, hoping for, praying for.

Only—was it? And, looking at Jerry, she knew—knew that the plan he proposed was as fleeting, as delusionary a thing as brief sunshine in a storm. No.

This was no solution. This was only postponing, when already there had been too great a postponement, of the inevitable.

Anne looked at him for a long moment. "Are you serious?"

"Serious? Do you think I'd be anything else at a time like this? What's come over you? I'm Jerry—I'm your husband."

"Then it is too late," she said. She rose and moved a little away from him. "It's too late now for us to come together again. You've become dishonest, Jerry. You can't tell any more what's true and what isn't. If you could—if you were the old Jerry—my husband," she repeated, contemptuously, "you'd know you were just playing for time. Six months... then it would be a year. Then two. And it wouldn't really matter how things turned out, because you wouldn't let yourself see what you didn't want to see. I'm glad you said that just now. It... it helps. I don't feel quite so much as if I'd lost one of my arms... because maybe it was gone already, even before I got here."

She didn't look at him, so she never knew what expression she had brought into his face. He waited a moment, then said quietly, "Perhaps I had better go." He walked across the room and picked up his hat and coat. She heard and felt his steady progress toward the door, but she didn't turn. "Goodbye, Anne," he said. Then the door clicked gently, and there was absolute stillness in the room...

In the morning she was mentally vague, but strangely precise in her actions—like somebody operating under post-hypnotic suggestion. Competently she packed, phoned for a reservation on the earliest train back to Three Oaks.

There would be no backward looks. Not now, and never again. Even if part of herself stayed behind, stayed with Jerry on the far side of that impenetrable wall, she would learn to get along without missing it. Furtively she put her hand to her heart. There—it was still beating. She was still alive. When you were alive there must be something you could live for. Jill, of course: there was Jill to live and work for. And there was friendship—there was Sam, for friendship. He would be willing to take that, perhaps, and wait. There was her job. Thank heaven there was something she could do to help others. No... she would be busy enough. She need never look back.

If she looked back, her heart might simply break.

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Double Treat (Continued from page 51)

RICE CAKES

Makes 4-6 servings.

Wash under cold water:

1/2 cup rice

Place over direct heat in top of double boiler with:

2 cups boiling water

1/2 teaspoon salt

Boil for 1 minute. Place over boiling water. Cover and allow to steam 40 minutes or until tender.

Combine:

1 egg, beaten

1/3 cup chopped celery

1/4 teaspoon salt

pepper, paprika, nutmeg

Add to rice. Chill. Shape into flat cakes. Brown lightly on both sides in a well-greased skillet. Serve topped with creamed chipped beef or poached eggs.

CORNMEAL PANCAKES

Makes 6 servings.

Combine:

1 1/3 cups yellow cornmeal

1 teaspoon salt

Beat together:

2 eggs

2 cups milk

4 tablespoons melted butter

Pour into cornmeal and stir until well blended. Bake on a hot griddle. Stir batter each time before spooning on to griddle. Serve hot with butter or syrup.

CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

Makes 4-6 servings.

Place in a skillet over low heat:

4 tablespoons butter

1/4 pound dried beef, shredded

Cook until edges of the dried beef begin to curl.

Sprinkle with:

4 tablespoons flour

Blend well and remove from heat.

Slowly stir in:

2 cups milk

Return to heat and stir constantly, until smooth and thickened. Serve hot over rice cakes or toast.

FLUFFY OMELET SURPRISE

Makes 4 servings.

Separate

6 eggs

Beat yolks with a rotary beater until thick and lemon colored.

Beat egg whites then gently fold into egg yolk mixture.

1 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon pepper

1/3 cup water

Melt in skillet over low heat:

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Add egg mixture. Cook over low heat until bottom is firm and omelet puffs up. Place pan in a moderate oven (350°F.) 10-15 minutes. Remove from oven and spread with a tart jelly or marmalade. Fold in half and serve.

Awards Issue MAY RADIO MIRROR

Results of the third annual balloting for favorite stars and programs will appear in the May issue of Radio Mirror. Look for the special eight star color portrait cover.

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Falling More in Love

(Continued from page 42)

and a few weeks later a whole month in Hawaii.

We moved into a wonderful apartment—there are only three rooms, but they're big, and the view is magnificent. When we moved in the only furnishings we had were an ironing board, a television set—and pots and pans, but now we have lots of furniture.

We both were determined that for us, our marriage would come first. I knew I would go on with my career. Bob thinks that girls who have a talent should use it. Otherwise, he says they turn into "Helen Hokinson characters." But a girl is a girl and her most important interests must be her home and family, and a man is a man and he must be the head of the family, with the real economic responsibility.

Because Bob is the understanding sort of person he is, going on with my work while putting my private life first has not been difficult. I do the cooking, and the housework on the days I'm not working. On my broadcast days, Bob gets breakfast, makes it easy for me. We've even squeezed in a couple of trips to New York—but *between* broadcasts, because Bob wouldn't ask me to skip one of my regular shows.

We've had our minor disagreements, especially in the first few months. One of them was about sports. Bob is a passionate flyer, and I'm scared of planes, so we thought we'd try golf. We drove to Ojai—Bob beefing all the way that it was too hot in the desert, too cold in the mountains, too dirty and too far, and *why* wouldn't I fly?—and when we finally arrived we played nine holes of golf.

It was clear from the first that I would never be able to hit a ball straight, but I made it around the course—I made it but I got too tired, and the grass was wet, and I got my feet wet, and when we got home I had a strep throat and a temperature of 104°.

The snow was our next venture—snow and our first go at skiing.

I knew my limitations, and stuck to the gentle slopes. Bob headed right for the top of the highest hill, and down he'd come, time after time, with the most ridiculous look of steel determination on his face. Me, I'm lazy.

I never will forget my shock, the first morning in our apartment when Bob bounced out of bed at six o'clock and did setting-up exercises.

"Oh, no," I groaned, burying my head in the pillow. I'm a girl who likes her sleep, and would lie in bed half the day if I could. But Bob does his best work before ten in the morning. As it happens, it works out fine. I fix coffee and juice in thermos jugs before we go to bed at night, and Bob works for three hours in the morning while I sleep. If I were up, we'd play, and he'd get nothing done. This way, he's ready to enjoy breakfast just about the time I am up and ready to make it.

We have wonderful plans for the future. We bought a lot in Encino and will build the beginnings of a rambling modern type of ranch house, with big rooms and big windows, and a private office for Bob and when we start having our family we'll add more rooms.

Then I guess I'll find out if motherhood and a career will mix as well as marriage has blended with my job. I think it will be fun—in fact *everything* is fun—if you're Mrs. Robert E. Lee.

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My True Story

(Continued from page 29)

and double-crossing are two phrases that we refuse to recognize. Many of the same actresses and actors, who began with the show are still playing leads, although some of them who originally played child parts are now cast in romantic roles.

Funny things happen, from the casting standpoint. When a triangle story went into rehearsal recently, the two rival women in the story were discovered to be the present wife and the ex-wife of one of the actors. The director didn't have any trouble injecting a certain amount of venom into the dialogue between those two women, and I got the credit, as author, for certain subtleties which were not in the script!

The actresses and actors who play in My True Story are troupers in the real theatrical tradition. They help each other out in the hour of need and believe me, there are often hours of need.

Once a certain famous actress who was doing the narration noticed that the very old man who was playing a bit part looked familiar to her. He was shaky—she could tell that he was nervous, and he was so desperately shabby! The star went into a huddle with the director, and they discovered that this old man had once been an important actor. He'd been down and out, he'd lost prestige, he'd finally been forgotten by his public—and now, after a long period of illness, he'd managed through some accident of type-casting to win a role in his first radio show.

It meant a great deal to him to be on the air in My True Story—one of the key daytime shows. And so, when the credit was given over the microphone at the end of the performance, the star stepped aside and the old man's name was announced to the millions of listeners as the featured member of the cast! That bit of publicity brought an amazing amount of work to the old actor—he's now very much in demand.

We laugh a lot over the coincidences that follow in the wake of True Story. Listeners write to us asking "How the deuce did you know what happened to me in Keokuk, Iowa (or in Toronto, Canada—or in Dallas, Texas) twenty years ago... I never told a soul." People don't realize that story plots—when they're based on human incident—have a way of repeating themselves. Perhaps one of the basic successes of My True Story is the fact that it is really *Anybody's* True Story... If the incidents haven't happened to you and you and you, they *could* have happened—or maybe they *will* happen!

And there are tears, too. Fewer tears than laughs, thank fortune. I'll go from a riotous script conference to the mail basket and some letter from a True Story listener will tug at my heart-strings. The father whose son was a war casualty and who has heard that son come to life again in a True Story script... The invalid mother whose daughter has married and moved away—but who visited with her daughter's prototype between ten and ten twenty-five a.m.—on, we'll say, last Wednesday... and many, many others who have, for a brief while, re-lived some important part of their lives.

Like this morning's letter, with the shabby dollar bill... it made me realize anew that the program has become more than a radio show—it's a national institution.

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This I Believe

(Continued from page 26)

baby only a fifty-fifty chance to survive for Zoe had been bedridden with arthritis for twelve years.

What a tragic thing, I thought. But I underrated Zoe Peterson. I overlooked the moral fibre that makes giants out of invalids.

"I think it's wonderful that the doctors give me a fifty-fifty chance," she said. "For the past twelve years I've lived with much greater odds."

She added emphatically, "The baby is not an accident. It is wanted and it will be the best loved and appreciated baby in the world. All of my life I have wanted a baby."

Six weeks before the baby would normally be due, Zoe was in labor and went to the hospital. Her husband and parents waited outside the delivery room, taut with fear. Perhaps they comforted themselves with Zoe's words, "To have a baby is my dream. I have this rendezvous with life."

When the news came, it was a curious mixture of joy and grief, of the beginning and the end. Zoe had her wish. She gave birth to a healthy baby boy but in making her dream come true, she gave her own life. That is the story but not the end. For surely the heritage of courage that Zoe left her son will live on forever in his heart.

Just how good people can be is powerfully shown in the story of Mrs. Edwin W. Oster, of Baltimore, whose son was about to give up hope when stricken with a deadly disease.

It was Mrs. Oster's youngest son, Francis, and she had good reason to be particularly proud of him. He was a good scout, an industrious boy who raised vegetables for the family and was looked up to by neighbors for his courtesy and kindness. Not too long ago when his mother suffered internal injuries young Francis took on responsibilities beyond his years.

"You've got to rest," he told her. "I'll call you for breakfast."

And he did. Every morning till she got well Mrs. Oster came downstairs to find Francis had straightened up the kitchen and prepared breakfast before he walked two miles to school.

But that wasn't all. In the evenings he worked around the house, scrubbing the porch and floors, dusting and cleaning. Then, as Mrs. Oster wrote me, "Out of a clear blue sky, he fell painfully ill with rheumatic fever."

The bewildered mother heard the doctor explain this was no ordinary child's disease. Francis would have to live in bed for a long time.

"I guess it's pretty serious," Francis said, after the doctor left.

Mrs. Oster saw the tears in his eyes and his mouth set grimly in pain. She wrote, "I thought he would never smile again, Jack. And as the days went on he got worse."

Francis began to brood and every movement betrayed his anxiety. It was then that Mrs. Oster asked me to have the folks on Heart-to-Heart Hookup pray for his recovery.

So I asked radio listeners to pray for Francis. How many responded at that moment God alone knows but we do know that two days later the first of many thousands of letters arrived at his house. Each contained words of encouragement and urged Francis to place his faith in God.

As Francis read the mail he became

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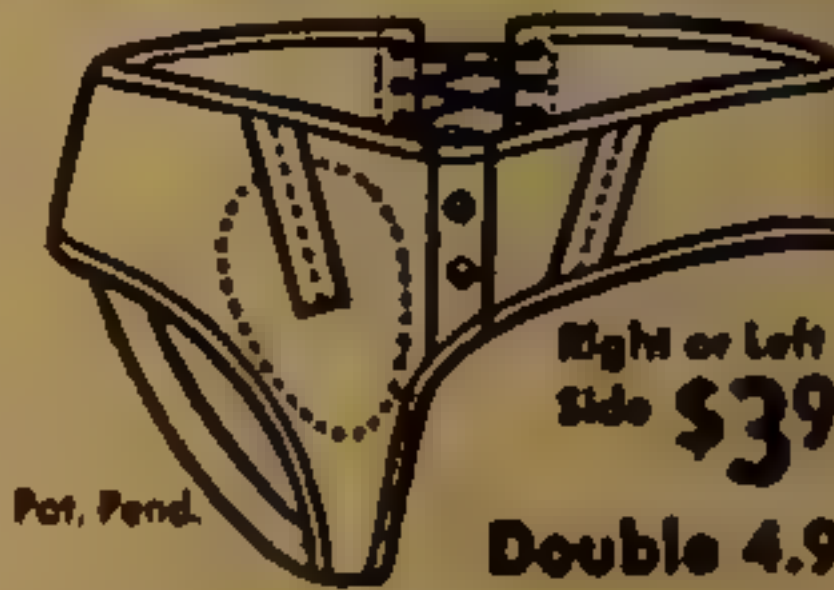
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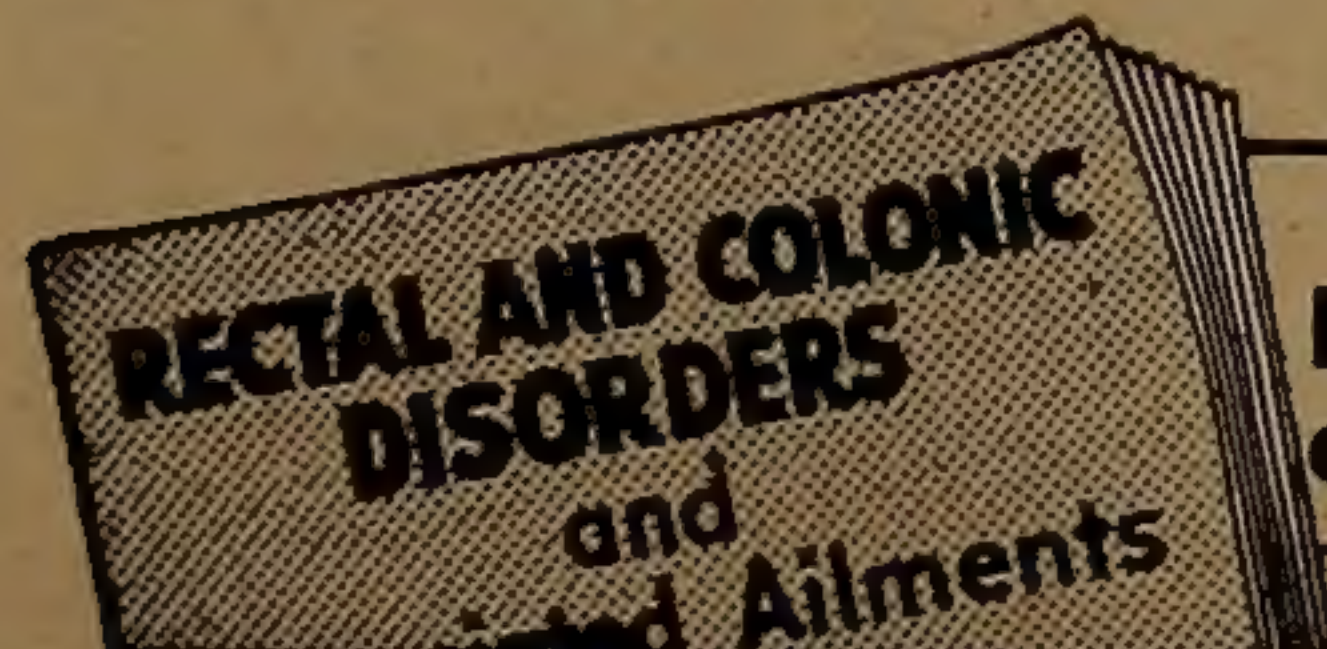
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thoughtful. Mrs. Oster saw his eyes warm up with life and for the first time in many months, a smile creased his face. She could almost see the fear fall from his shoulders.

But that wasn't the end. For months listeners to Heart-to-Heart Hookup continued writing and praying for Francis. Their courage and faith strengthened the boy's will to live. Soon he was walking and, incredible as it may seem, a year later Francis was outdoors playing baseball.

I've told the story of Francis Oster to my own wife and children. We have four: Carol, Shirley, John and Molly. Only Molly, two and a half years old, is too young to understand, but as my wife Margo says, "We mustn't forget to tell her when she gets older."

We stop thinking for our children when they are old enough to do their own. We try to give them security through love. But we never over-indulge them or buy their respect.

In our home in Yorktown Heights, the children have regular chores. We live in an old, rambling farmhouse that gradually we have been fixing up. The children take care of their own rooms and clothes and help with the house-cleaning. There is little regimentation in our home that we think necessary to make the children understand how it feels to be part of a group and share the responsibilities of others. Fun is fun but everyone, child or man, enjoys pleasure more by earning it and the easiest way to earn fun is to help the folks whose paths we cross.

But the most important lesson I hope to teach my children is faith in man for that is the best way they can serve God and themselves. I want them to respect the dignity and needs of their neighbors, a stranger on the street, and even the foreigner in a distant land. I like to tell them the story of a boy who lived in Detroit, named Sidney Hambly. Sidney picked up a newspaper while visiting in Cleveland, Ohio. The first headline to hit his eyes read:

FAMILY OF EIGHT FORCED TO LIVE UNDER CANVAS IN CLEVELAND PARK

Sidney Hambly didn't have a job. He was merely a schoolboy with a strong ambition to go to college so he could become a missionary. During his lifetime he had been able to save only \$400 and it hadn't been easy, for Sidney had used crutches most of his life and still wore leg braces. His decision, however, wasn't long in the making. Without telling even his parents, he sent his entire savings to the homeless family.

The gesture of this boy was an inspiration to the city. The Cleveland Press paid the family's medical bills and bought a lot to build a home for them.

Back in Detroit, reporters began to call on Sidney. When the people of Detroit heard, they organized a special dinner in honor of Sidney and gave him a medal and a savings bond. But at the dinner, the folks took so long to praise his good deed that Sidney never did get a chance to read his own speech.

He had prepared a little poem, so simple and direct that it very well sums up all I have tried to say to those who have lost faith. His poem read:

"I sought my soul;
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My God I could not see.
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